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The NEW PROGRESSIVE PARTY

What it is and

Why it is
by MR. MUNSEY

AUGUST

PRICE 15 CENTS

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NEW YORK AND LONDON

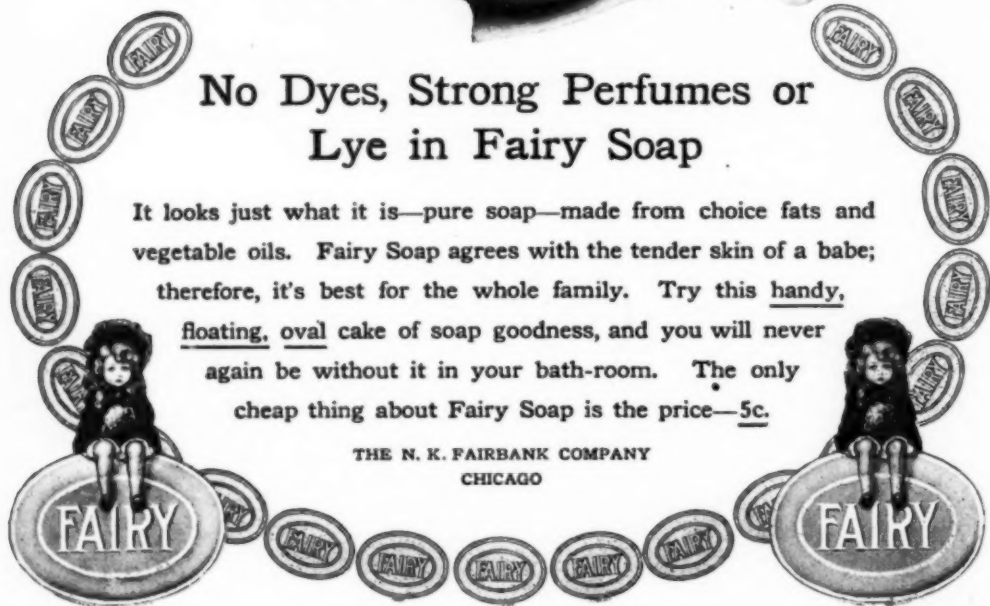
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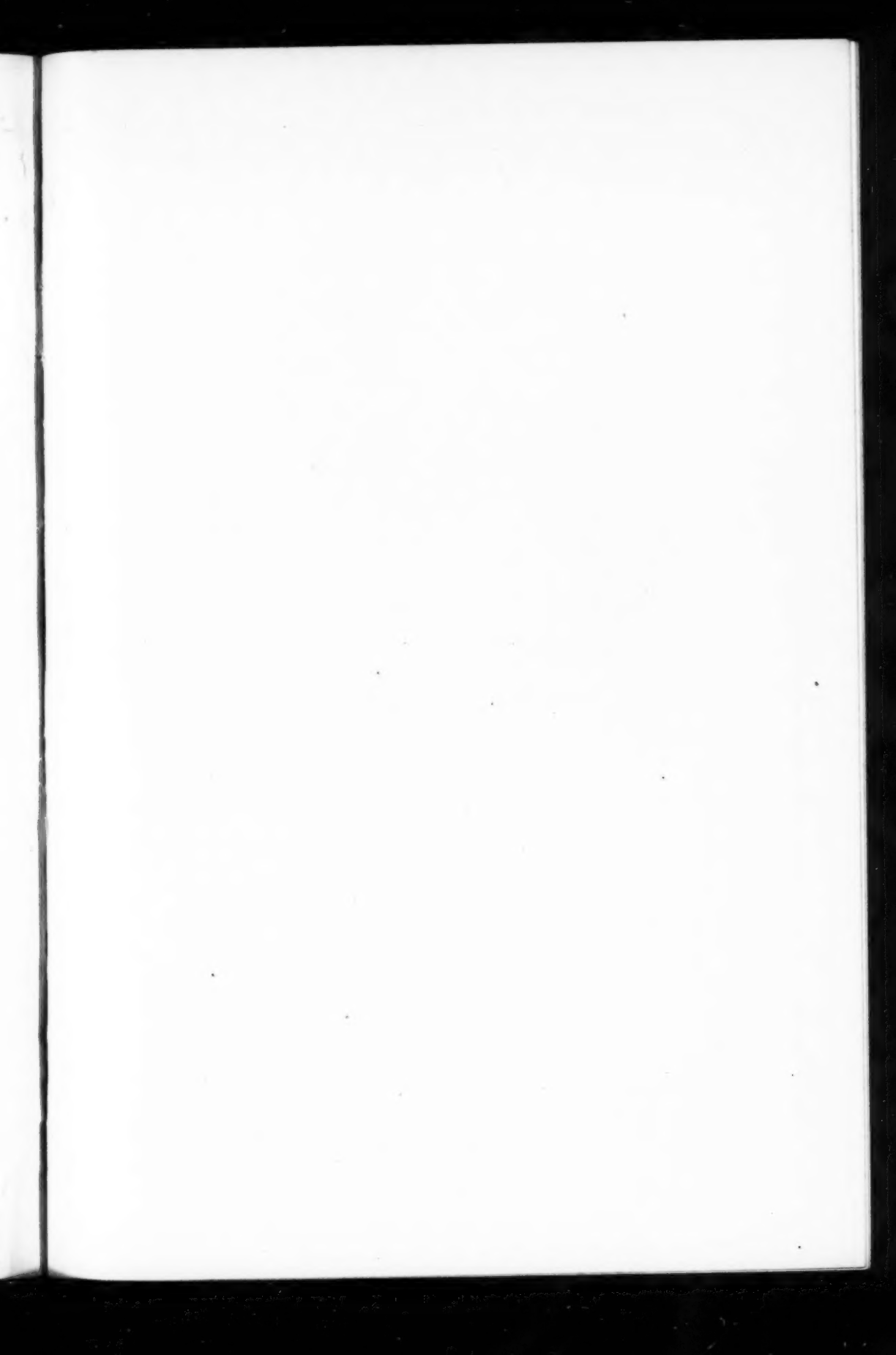


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ONE EVENING, WHEN I RAN INTO THE HERD ON THE EDGE OF A CREEK BED, WHERE HE DIDN'T
HAVE A GOOD CHANCE TO GET AWAY, I ROPED HIM
[See story, "When the Stroke Falls," page 795]

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XLVII

August, 1912

Number V

ROOSEVELT, THE FIGHTING LEADER OF THE NEW PROGRESSIVE PARTY

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

A GREAT political leader without a great political movement back of him can accomplish nothing; a great political movement without a great leader can make little progress.

To-day we have both the great movement

and the great leader. It is certain that no man in America appeals to the imagination of the people with anything like the force of Mr. Roosevelt, and it is probable that no man in this country ever equaled him in this respect.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT MAKING A MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS AT GRANT'S TOMB, NEW YORK



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A HUNTSMAN, ON ONE OF HIS HOLIDAY TRIPS IN THE WILDS OF COLORADO

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

He has been the champion of the plain people for more than thirty years—since boyhood, in fact—and never, in all his public career, from Assemblyman to Governor of New York, and from Governor of New York to President of the United States, has he once sacrificed the people that he might seek the favor of wealth and power of any kind, social or otherwise.

Moreover, he has not been merely a negative friend of the people. He has achieved for them in great measure—has achieved for all the people, rich and poor alike, in the wise legislation he has secured, and in awakening the public conscience to a righteous sense of civic duty and social justice.

It is because of this enviable record of achievement in reforms and big, broad statesmanship, and because of his unflagging interest in whatever makes for the general good of all the people, that he holds so great a place in the hearts of the American people.

Furthermore, Mr. Roosevelt is the type of man that stirs the blood of the people. He is the embodiment of democracy, the cowboy, the soldier, the huntsman, the scholar, the writer, the orator, and the statesman. He is a man of most unusual mental, moral, and physical courage. There are counterparts of Mr. Roosevelt in any one of these qualifications, but I know of no counterpart of him in this country, or anywhere in the world, combining the three in one.

Governor Sheehan once told me of a conversation he had with Mr. Roosevelt, standing before the mounted skin of a monster grizzly bear which Mr. Roosevelt had shot at close range—so close that the odds at one instant seemed greatly in favor of the grizzly. After a description of the dramatic fight, Mr. Roosevelt suddenly turned to Governor Sheehan and said:

"But, Governor, I shall never be satisfied until I have killed a grizzly bear with a knife!"

This incident suggests the physical cour-



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A CAMPAIGNER—A CHARACTERISTIC SNAP-SHOT TAKEN DURING THE PRIMARY CAMPAIGN IN NEW JERSEY, IN MAY LAST

From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT THE OARS, TAKING MORNING EXERCISE NEAR HIS HOME AT OYSTER BAY, ON LONG ISLAND SOUND



A QUIET PICTURE, SHOWING MR. ROOSEVELT WITH HIS FOUR SONS, IN 1904—THEODORE, JR., AND ARCHIBALD ARE ON THEIR FATHER'S RIGHT, QUENTIN AND KERMIT ON HIS LEFT

From a copyrighted photograph by Charles E. Hewitt, New York

age of the man—a courage that knows no retreat.

But his physical courage is not greater than his mental and moral courage. In the Legislature and out of the Legislature, in caucus and convention, and as President of the United States, he has held true to the

less onward march of giant corporations, in legislation for pure food, pure drugs, employers' liability, and social justice—nearly all of these were the result of terrific struggles with an unwilling and defiant Congress. No man, unless he had been a fighter of the courage and quality of Roosevelt, could



A STRENUOUS PICTURE OF MR. ROOSEVELT, SHOWING HIM AS HE HAMMERS HOME A POINT IN A CAMPAIGN SPEECH

From a copyrighted photograph by Paul Thompson, New York

line of duty and has fought his fights to a triumphant finish—fought with the same vigor, the same kind of courage, that made him wish to grapple to a death encounter, knife in hand, with a grizzly bear.

Nearly all of his great triumphs in rate-regulation, in bringing about the control of railroads, in forcing a halt upon the ruth-

less onward march of giant corporations, in legislation for pure food, pure drugs, employers' liability, and social justice—nearly all of these were the result of terrific struggles with an unwilling and defiant Congress.

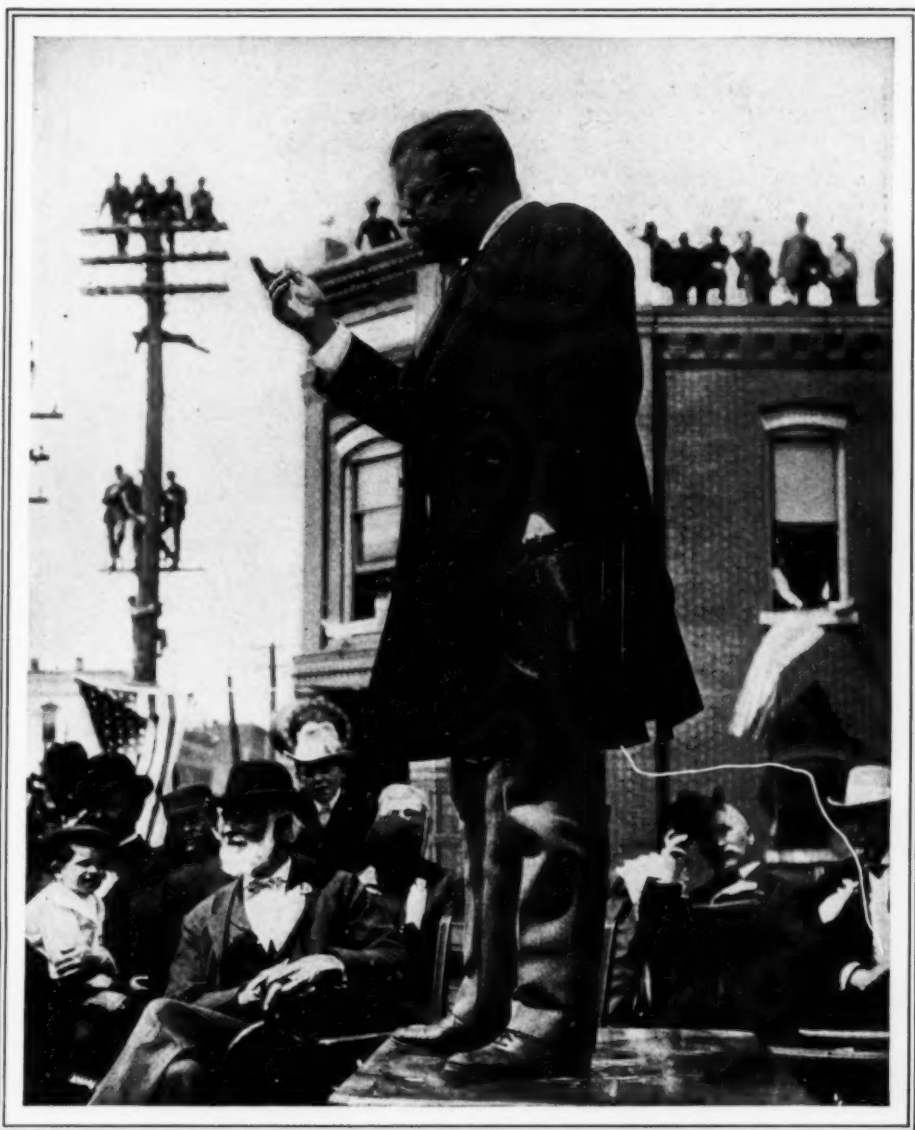
No wonder that a man of this type appeals to the imagination of the great American populace; no wonder that he stirs them to enthusiasm and loyalty.

This description of Mr. Roosevelt would



A CHARACTERISTIC CABINET PICTURE, SHOWING MR. ROOSEVELT PRESIDING OVER A CABINET MEETING IN 1906—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE TEN MEN ARE E. A. HITCHCOCK, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR; GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, POSTMASTER-GENERAL; WILLIAM H. TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR; ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF STATE; PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT; LESLIE M. SHAW, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY; W. H. MOODY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL; CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY; JAMES WILSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE; AND VICTOR H. METCALF, SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



AN EXCELLENT FULL-LENGTH PICTURE OF MR. ROOSEVELT, ABSOLUTELY TRUE TO LIFE, AS ONE SEES HIM MAKING ONE OF HIS EARNEST POLITICAL ADDRESSES

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

be incomplete, and would leave an erroneous impression, if I were to say nothing of the other side of his character. What I have said pictures him as a man of tremendous initiative, tremendous energy, and tremendous fighting force. But this is only one view of Mr. Roosevelt. As a friend, a neighbor, a good fellow, a charming com-

panion, a husband and father, he is likewise an exceptional man—not so exceptional as in his mental and physical powers, but very exceptional, nevertheless.

He has the keenest sense of humor and a most kindly and boyish nature. His wide reading, his ample fund of knowledge, and his vast experience with people and in great



A "CART-TAIL" TALK, SHOWING MR. ROOSEVELT SPEAKING FROM THE REAR PLATFORM OF A TRAIN DURING A JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

affairs has equipped him to be, as he is, one of the most entertaining of men. But beyond all this, beyond all the qualities and qualifications I have mentioned, he is a leader of men, a man who impresses his leadership on everybody, a man who inspires all about him, energizes all about him, and is an uplift to all about him.

It is because of this faculty that he is so

extraordinary as an executive and administrative genius. He puts the spark of life into everything he touches, implants it in every man about him, with the result that men of indifferent capacity, under the inspiration of his leadership, under the stimulus of his mind, take on some of the force that radiates from him and show the efficiency of really first-rate men.

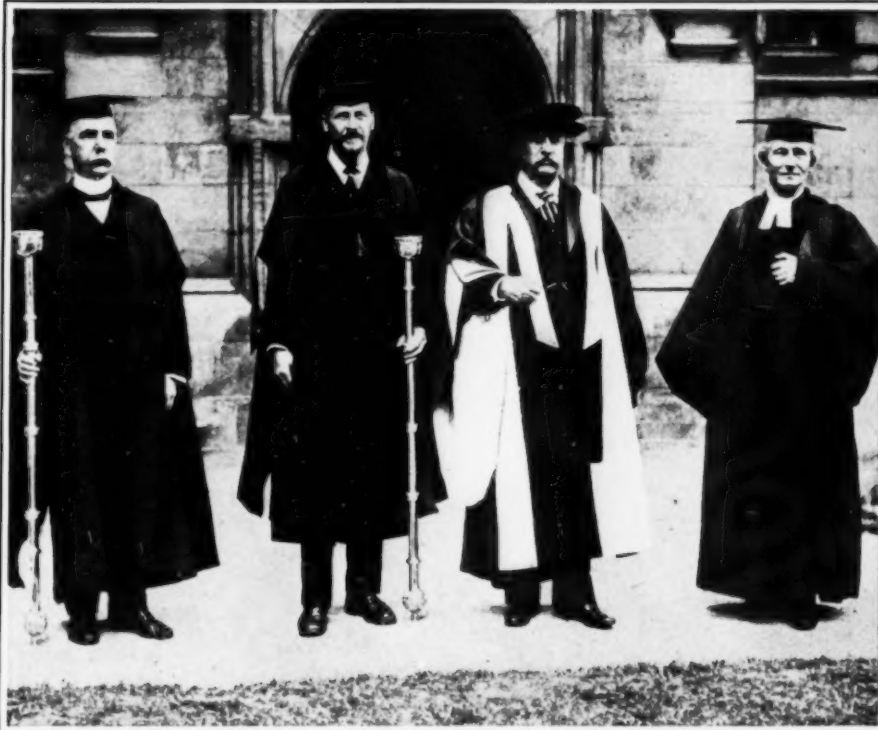


THE MOST FORCEFUL SNAP-SHOT PICTURE OF MR. ROOSEVELT DURING THE RECENT CAMPAIGN FOR DELEGATES TO THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION—THIS WAS TAKEN IN MAY LAST, AT PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

From a copyrighted photograph by the American Press Association, New York

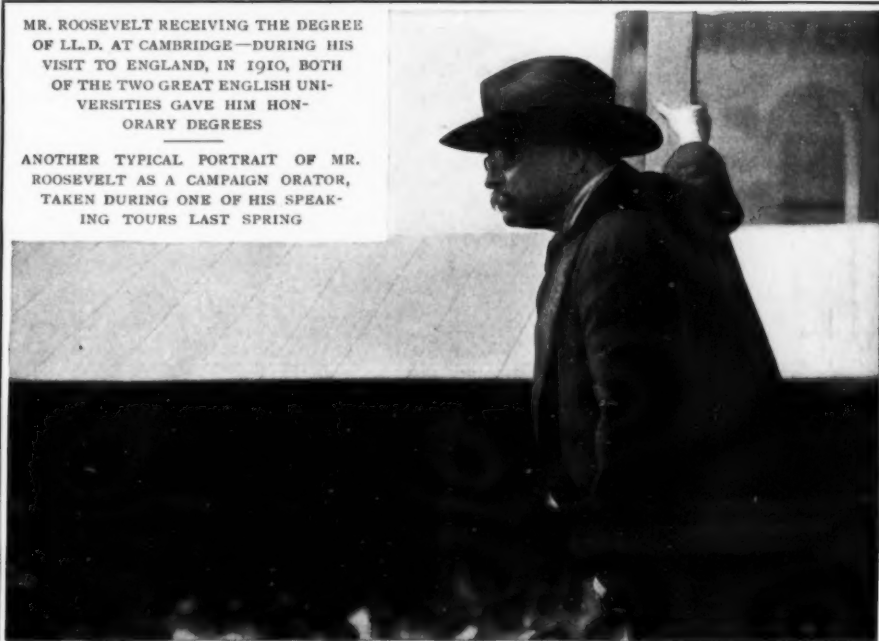


MR. ROOSEVELT AT OXFORD—IN MAY, 1910, HE LECTURED AT THE UNIVERSITY AND RECEIVED THE HONORARY DEGREE OF D. C. L.—THE ENGRAVING SHOWS HIM RECEIVING A PRINTED COPY OF HIS LECTURE FROM THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, DR. WARREN



MR. ROOSEVELT RECEIVING THE DEGREE OF LL.D. AT CAMBRIDGE—DURING HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND, IN 1910, BOTH OF THE TWO GREAT ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES GAVE HIM HONORARY DEGREES

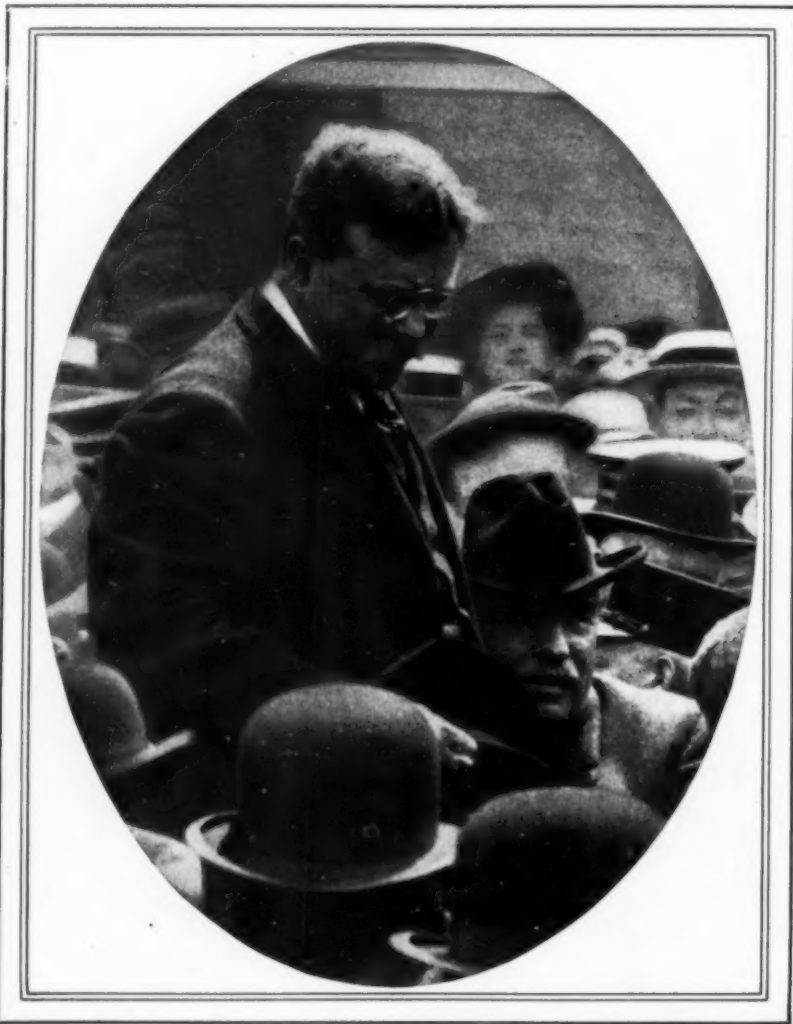
ANOTHER TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF MR. ROOSEVELT AS A CAMPAIGN ORATOR, TAKEN DURING ONE OF HIS SPEAKING TOURS LAST SPRING



This is leadership, big leadership, executive and administrative genius of the highest, the most superlative order. And this is the man of the hour, the man who stands

interests and vast, concentrated money power.

No political party ever started out with fairer prospects of growing into a great,



MR. ROOSEVELT AMONG A CROWD OF HIS ADMIRERS—A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN AT ATLANTIC CITY IN MAY LAST

From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

as the embattled and unflinching leader of the new political party, founded on the idea of progress and social justice, founded as a protest against boss control of political parties, and against the domination of political parties by corrupt, selfish financial

sound organization, an organization of the people and for the people, than this new Progressive Party. The cause is right, the leader is a man who leads, and the serious people of the country are earnestly back of both.



"THE PEOPLE HAVE THE RIGHT TO
RULE THEMSELVES, AND CAN DO SO
BETTER THAN ANY OUTSIDERS
CAN RULE THEM"



"IT IS THE PEOPLE'S DUTY TO RULE
IN A SPIRIT OF JUSTICE TOWARD
EVERY MAN AND EVERY
WOMAN"



"THE PRINCIPLES AT STAKE ARE AS BROAD AND
AS DEEP AS THE FOUNDATIONS OF
OUR DEMOCRACY"



"WE STAND FOR HONESTY AND FAIR PLAY. WE
WISH TO GIVE A SQUARE DEAL TO EVERY
CITIZEN OF THIS REPUBLIC"

MR. ROOSEVELT IN ACTION—FOUR TYPICAL SNAP-SHOTS

From copyrighted photographs by Paul Thompson, New York, and the American Press Association, New York

The illustrations in this article show Mr. Roosevelt in action as vividly as still-life photographs can portray a man. In these pictures you will see the strength, the determination, the tensivity of the man. You will see that back of his expression, back of his utterance, there is deep, intense sincerity

several times a day, without showing even a sign of fatigue. For instance, finishing at midnight in New Jersey, the next day he appeared at his editorial desk in New York, where he turned off a vast amount of accumulated work, and also saw many callers.



MR. ROOSEVELT IN A GONDOLA ON THE GRAND CANAL, IN VENICE, DURING HIS TOUR OF EUROPE IN 1910—HE HAD JUST VISITED THE ACCADEMIA, WHICH CONTAINS A FAMOUS COLLECTION OF OLD MASTERS

coupled with tremendous physical, moral, and mental force.

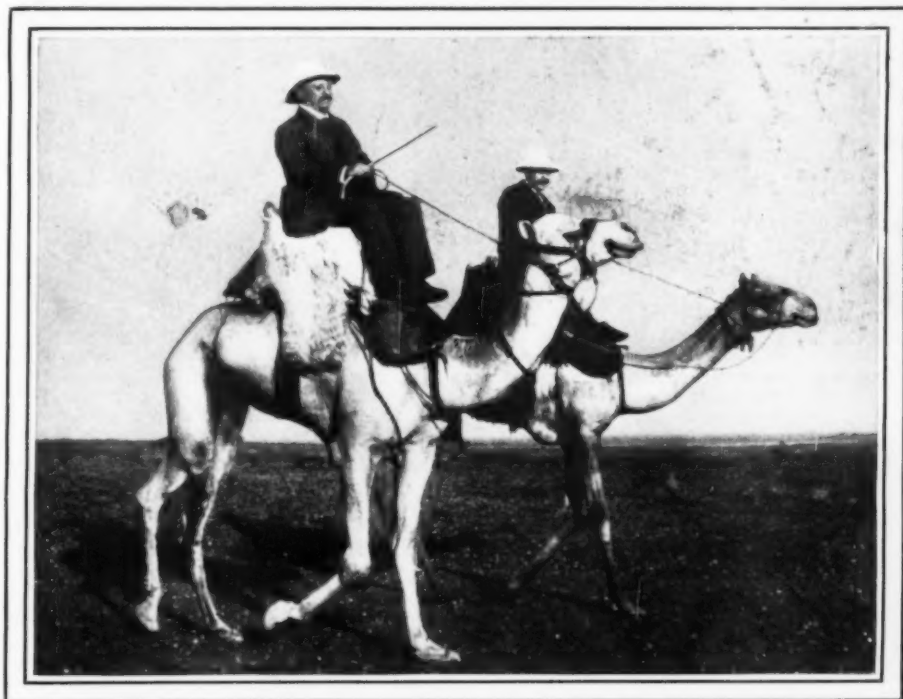
Mr. Roosevelt is now fifty-three years old, in the very prime of life. In his energy and his endurance he shows none of the wear and tear of work and years. Indeed, there isn't a fitter man in the whole country to-day. He came through the recent campaign for the Presidential nomination, undergoing the most tremendous strain, speaking as he did all over the country, and

Of the many great political fights in which Mr. Roosevelt has been engaged in his thirty years of public life, he now has on his hands the greatest of all. It is a titanic task to build a new nation-wide organization, covering our vast territory and reaching our population of one hundred millions. And in this instance the task is complicated, the difficulties intensified, by reason of the brief time remaining before the election on November 5. But all diffi-

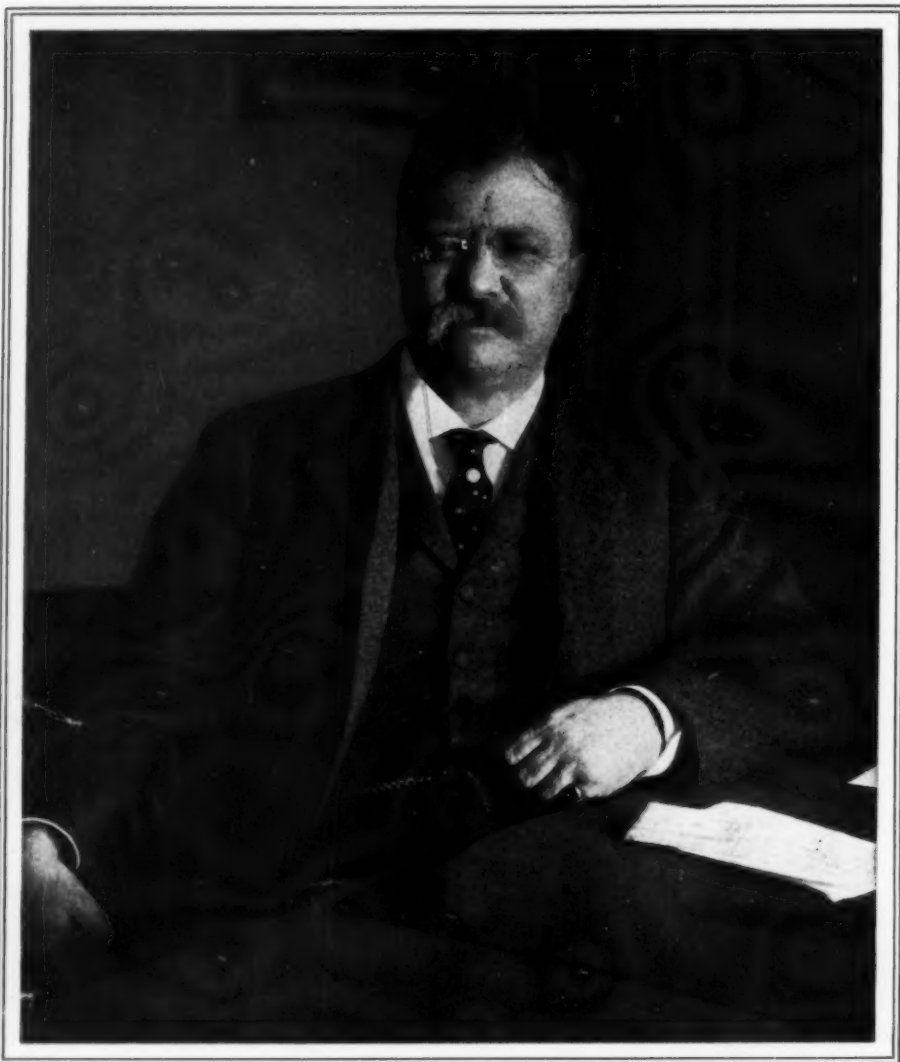


MR. ROOSEVELT AT HIS FAVORITE EXERCISE—HE IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC HORSEMAN, AND RARELY PERMITS A DAY TO PASS, WHEN HE IS NOT CAMPAIGNING OR TRAVELING, WITHOUT A GALLOP

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



MR. ROOSEVELT ON CAMELBACK AT KHARTOUM, IN MARCH, 1910, WITH SLATIN PACHA, INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT HIS EDITORIAL DESK—THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FEBRUARY 23, 1912, IN THE CALM OF HIS STUDY, IS AN EXCELLENT PORTRAIT OF MR. ROOSEVELT AS HE IS TO-DAY

From a copyrighted photograph by the American Press Association, New York

culties shrink when actual work begins, and the work has begun. In fact, it began in the minds of the Orchestra Hall audience in Chicago on Saturday night, the 22nd of June, even before Mr. Roosevelt had finished his great speech saying that he would accept the nomination of the Progressive Party. The leadership of Mr. Roosevelt was never seen to greater advantage and never better felt than on that occasion,

which is destined to mark a big place in American history.

The audience in that hall, when that meeting broke up, was ready to follow Mr. Roosevelt to any rational length in the cause for which he stood, to any rational length in a rebuke to the dishonesty and crookedness of the great convention in the Coliseum, that had passed into history but an hour before.

THE NEW PROGRESSIVE PARTY—WHAT IT IS AND WHY IT IS

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

THE new Progressive party that sprang into being in Chicago a week ago is in spirit a dozen years old. The insurgents who broke away from the Old Guard in Congress during the early part of Taft's Administration were at heart insurgents years before, quite as much so as when the rupture came and insurgency broke the back of Republican dominancy.

The split would have come six or eight years earlier than it did if Taft had been in the White House. But Roosevelt was wise enough and strong enough to hold the party together as a unit.

Roosevelt was then, as he is now, a progressive. He spoke the language that the progressives understood and that the people of the country of progressive ideas understood. The line of demarcation in Congress between the progressives and the reactionaries was clearly drawn. The ideas and ideals of the two were as far apart then as now.

Taft's nomination for the Presidency, four years ago, was vigorously opposed by the reactionaries. Taft had gone along in step for years with President Roosevelt as a progressive. In all his utterances, his bearing, his seeming convictions, he shared the progressive views of Mr. Roosevelt, and was put forward as a progressive candidate who, Mr. Roosevelt believed, was to carry on the progressive policies that had been inaugurated, and would do so conscientiously.

So Taft came into office as a progressive, and the fairest thing to Taft is the conclusion that he was at heart, as he was supposed to be, a genuine progressive. This view of him obtained throughout the campaign, and his own utterances, both before and during the campaign, confirm the belief that he was sincerely what he seemed to be.

THE BREAK IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

But Cannon, Payne, Aldrich, Hale, Gallinger, and Crane, with their powerful contacts, presented a stronger front than that of the progressives, with the result that Taft was landed on the stand-pat side almost immediately after his inauguration. And so the break came, and the progressives refused to obey the party lash further. Thus it was that they became known as insurgents, and thus it was that they ranged themselves in rigid opposition to the reactionaries.

Taft undertook to compel the allegiance of the progressives by withhold-

ing patronage from them, and by otherwise using his power to discipline them and bring them under party control. But they would have none of it, and openly defied the President. They had no further confidence in him and no good feeling for him.

The vote of 1910—the first Congressional election after Taft went into the White House—showed that the Republican party had gone to pieces in the first two years of the Taft Administration. It suffered a frightful defeat all along the line from one end of the country to the other. Strenuous efforts were made between 1910 and the opening of the recent campaign for delegates to the National Convention to reinstate the party and to reinstate the President with the people.

But the Administration was "in bad" with the plain people. Mr. Taft was "in bad" with the plain people. They never forgave him for going over to the stand-pat wing of the party, having received his nomination and election as a progressive.

They never forgave him for the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, and they had many counts against him. The people themselves are progressives by more than eighty per cent, and they believe in a square deal, believe in a man standing true to the contract he made with them in the campaign that elected him.

So when the recent campaign for the nomination for President came on, Taft had no following with the progressives. This time it was the conservatives, who had fought his nomination four years before, who now stood for him.

La Follette essayed to make a fight for the nomination as a progressive, but he made little headway against the combined forces of the Administration and the interests. It was obvious that Taft would get the nomination unless some one was brought in who commanded the confidence of the people. It was equally clear that, if nominated, he would be overwhelmingly beaten at the polls in November.

WHY MR. ROOSEVELT ENTERED THE CAMPAIGN

Then it was that the patriotic Republicans of the country combined to urge Mr. Roosevelt to enter the campaign. It was months after this effort started before Mr. Roosevelt finally yielded to the demand and threw his hat into the ring.

So the new Progressive party is not the caprice of an embittered moment, and is not a thing of personal ambition. The tremendous power of the Administration, backed by political bosses and the machine, and backed by the money interests and the press of the country, made Mr. Roosevelt's campaign for delegates well-nigh impossible. But because of his achievements, and because of the confidence the American people have in him, he accomplished the impossible, winning the votes that legitimately and honestly placed him in nomination.

Then it was that the political bosses, in control of the situation, in control of the machine, framed up a plan to overthrow the will of the people. The convention itself was a farce, carrying out to the letter the high-handed program that had been agreed upon. This served merely to complete, there and then, the definite separation of the two wings of the Republican party and compel the founding of a new party.

Nothing could longer postpone the inevitable. The difference in ideas and ideals within the Republican party was so great that harmony between the two factions was impossible.

The old party is a boss-ridden, boss-ruled party. It is opposed to the preferential primary and seeks to deny to the majority the right of self-government.

The new party is founded on the idea of the square deal, of social justice, and of majority rule, a rule that is made possible by the preferential primary, for which it stands unswervingly.

THE OLD REPUBLICAN PARTY A SECTIONAL PARTY

The new Progressive party will be a nation-wide party, not a sectional party. The Republican party was started as an antislavery party, and as such was a sectional party—and as such has ever remained. Its part in the war between the North and the South, and its part in the reconstruction period after the war created in the minds of the Southern white men so deep a prejudice that it has gained no respectable footing in the South in half a century. And if it were to live it would doubtless make no more progress in another half-century.

The straggling representation it has in most of the Southern States makes a sorry spectacle, consisting for the most part of patronage-chasing office-holders, some white, some black, together with a small and uncertain following of negroes who get by with the vote.

The new Progressive party will start with a clean slate, without prejudice for or against it in any section of the country, either in North or South, in East or West. It will start free from political bosses and political derelicts. It will be a party of the people and for the people. It will be a young man's party. It will stand for sane, sound progress everywhere and in everything, without slavish prejudice in favor of what is or what has been. It will be a party of to-day and of the future, not a party that lives on the traditions of its past.

Achievements of other periods that were in themselves good, and perhaps great, argue nothing for to-day or to-morrow. The conditions and problems are all different, and the men back of them are all different. The new Progressive party has no history to fall back on, and wants none. Its achievements must be its ancestry.

The new Progressive party will not be hampered and clogged by party conventionality or party prejudices. Common sense and justice must be the guides to its acts and its plan of procedure.

WHAT THE NEW PROGRESSIVE PARTY STANDS FOR

The new Progressive party will stand for a clean-cut economic policy and a broad, constructive policy, without which our industries will languish and idleness fill the land. The new party will stand for conservation of our natural resources, and will foster whatever methods look toward greater productivity of the soil, which in turn will have a helpful effect on the problem of the high cost of living.

The new Progressive party will encourage thrift and will urge in every practical way the elimination of waste in our industries, in transportation, and in our commerce.

The new Progressive party believes that women should have equal suffrage with men, because it is right and just that they should have it.

The new Progressive party believes in laws that will clarify the muddled business situation of the country, and make it perfectly clear to the business man what he can do and what he cannot do. Furthermore, it believes strongly

in such laws as will protect the small business man and the small manufacturer all over the country against the concentrated power of great organizations.

It believes, too, that our banking and currency system should be so readjusted that the small business man and the small manufacturer will be able to get the banking accommodations he requires, subject to the measure of his credit.

The new Progressive party, on the other hand, does not believe in the destruction of big corporations, but it believes in controlling them and making sure that they do not destroy the competition of the small man or smaller concerns. It holds that in certain lines of industry the big corporation is necessary, and that without it we cannot compete with foreign manufacturers; that these large establishments can produce at a cost which will put their products into the hands of the consumer at a lower price than he can possibly get them by any other process of manufacture. Large establishments with ample capital reduce manufacturing costs and minimize wastes in many directions.

But this new party holds that the government must have a firm control over such aggregations of capital and power, and must see that they are not hostile to the small manufacturer and the small business man.

The new Progressive party believes in a navy that will insure peace, that will give us a rightful position among the powers of the world, and that will make the Monroe Doctrine an actuality.

The new Progressive party believes in governmental superintendence over the investments offered to the American people. With the lack of supervision that has always obtained, and that still obtains, many millions of dollars—perhaps as much as a hundred millions—are annually fleeced from wage-earners and others by fake mining and other worthless promotions. The State of Kansas has taken it upon herself to protect her citizens in this respect, with good results; but thoroughly effective work can only be done by the national government.

A RIGHTEOUS REBUKE TO DISHONEST POLITICAL METHODS

These are some of the ideas and purposes of the new Progressive party, but, in addition, there rests upon this party the duty of administering a righteous rebuke to the Republican party for the infamous steal perpetrated at the recent Chicago Convention, and of registering a protest against similar steam-roller proceedings in many of the States in the election of delegates to that convention. At no time in our political history have conscienceless boss methods been pursued as recklessly and defiantly as during the last six months in the Republican party.

It was, from the first, a rule or ruin policy with the stalwarts, without regard to or consideration for the success of the party in the coming election. It was a certainty with all thinking men that Taft had no chance of reelection to the Presidency this fall. But he had the machinery in his hands, he had the patronage in his hands, and he had back of him the Old Guard to a man, the party bosses and all.

For American citizens who registered in a well-defined majority their preference for the nominee for President, to accept the findings of the Chicago Convention without decisive and effective protest would be cowardice and would show a spineless subserviency to outrageous bossism inconceivable in a free, independent people.

The convention that just placed Mr. Taft in nomination was without substance, a mere shell. It in no sense represented the Republican voters of the country. The control of the convention was made up chiefly of Southern delegates, of the seventy-five subservient followers of Bill Barnes in New York State, of fraudulently seated delegates, and of men from our outlying possessions, Hawaii, Alaska, the Philippine Islands, and Porto Rico, which cast no vote for President.

With the exception of New York, Taft had only a straggling vote in the Northern Republican States, the States that must return Republican electors if any are to be marshaled for the old party. There never was anything clearer than that the Republican party of the North wanted Mr. Roosevelt as the nominee for President, and the Republican party of the South does not count because it has no voice in an election.

An honest interpretation of the people's wishes by the National Committee and by the Convention assembled would have placed Mr. Roosevelt in nomination by a tremendous majority. Both National Committee and Convention, however, chose to hold to their prearranged program, without regard to the wishes of the people, and with the result that followed.

If there were no other cause for a break with the old party, the disgraceful and farcical Southern delegate situation and the fact that the Republican party is but a sectional party would be quite enough to warrant the separation that has come, and the founding of a new, nation-wide party that will avoid race issues, and be free from old war-time prejudices, and, too, that will be able to make legitimate contest with the Democratic party in every State of the Union.

It is perfectly clear that the Republican party hasn't the courage or the moral force or the sense of justice to force a solution of the disgraceful Southern delegate problem.

THE EVILS OF THE ONE-PARTY SYSTEM IN THE SOUTH

As the situation is to-day and has been for half a century, the Southern States, having one-quarter of our entire population, are practically without national political representation save by a single party, the Democratic party. This is neither a wholesome condition for these States nor for the Democratic party itself. A party that does not feel the spur of opposition does not reach the highest standards. They are attained only by contest and combat with an opposing force.

Another bad phase of the present situation is the fact that in a national election the Democratic party "holds pat" the vote of the solid South, thus making it necessary to carry only a few Northern States to win. The converse of this is that the contesting party, to succeed, must carry an overwhelming majority of the Northern States, thus centering the battle-ground in a few of the close Northern States, and making the fight too intense for either good morals or good business. And a further evil of this condition is that it continues sectionalism, and there should be no sectionalism in America.

There is no reason, in a great big country like ours, why the people of all the country should not have national parties on which they can divide according to their ideas, and not with regard to sectional prejudice.

If the Republican party, as one of the two great dominant national parties, cannot enter the Southern States and command a following among the best citizens of the South, then clearly it is not a nation-wide party and should give way to one against which there is no fatal prejudice and which

has in it the ideas and ideals that will appeal to the South as well as to the North and the West.

THE NEW PARTY BIGGER THAN ANY MAN

The new Progressive party is not a Roosevelt party, as many persons seem to think. It has good reasons for its coming and good reasons for its development and continuance—reasons that make it bigger than any man.

Mr. Roosevelt is merely an incident in its creation, just as Taft's surrendering to the reactionaries was an incident in its creation and just as the Chicago convention was an incident in its creation. There have been many other contributing causes, thousands of them, conspicuous among which are the Southern delegate farce, the political boss, big interests, and the reactionaries.

That Mr. Roosevelt is especially important to the new party at this juncture is certain. He has a great following. The plain people have confidence in him and believe him. They believe in him and in his achievements. His leadership, therefore, of the new party will at once give it place and standing with the voters of the country.

At best, Mr. Roosevelt is but an instrument in the founding and outworking of the new party. He will give to it according to the measure of his earnestness and capacity; others will do the same.

The new Progressive party is a nation-wide party, not a sectional party, not a one-man party. It is a party believing in sincerity and honesty and simplicity in governmental affairs, a party seeking modern methods for a modern people—not archaic and cumbersome methods of government, simply because they are or have been.

Nothing is good enough because it is or has been; it is good enough only when every reason, independent of prejudice, indorses it and says it is right.

NOTE—*This article is written on June 29*

COME BACK TO THE LAND!

THE thresher's purr comes down the field as it sacks the yellow grain;
The straw-pile grows and the chaff-dust blows in the wind like golden rain;
Bull-throated shout the toiling men in tongues that are strange and new,
While we sweat and strive and curse and drive. Our sons—oh, where are you?

Weary at heart we pause and gaze across the earth's brown breast,
Where our acres lie that meet the sky while crimson paints the west;
And we call for you, our absent sons, in the teeming haunts of men,
Where blood runs pale and the airs blow stale—come back to the land again!

Come out from your smoky cities, your man-made, stony hives,
Where lust and greed have sown the seed that fruits in empty lives;
Where men are measured by their hoards of stealth-begotten gold;
Where mothers shirk their mother-work; where wives are bought and sold.

Would you grow a race of clean-bred men and women deep of breast,
Whose sons shall stand for their motherland when the nation needs her best?
Would you sow your seed far down the years, would you save that hardy strain
That won the fight when right made might? Come back to the land again!

Jacob Fisher

EDITORIAL

A QUESTION

IS A MAN WHO IS HONEST IN HIS DEALINGS BETWEEN MAN AND MAN, AND HONEST IN FINANCIAL MATTERS, BUT WHO IS DISHONEST IN POLITICS, ENTITLED TO BE REGARDED AS AN HONEST MAN—IS HE, IN FACT, AN HONEST MAN?

The question MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE wishes to raise is whether the same standards of moral honesty should not be applied to politics as well as to the phases of life where the laws of the land define clearly the line of demarcation between honesty and criminality. May it not be that the public conscience is not awakened in political matters to the standards obtaining elsewhere. But is this good enough?

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will be glad to receive brief letters from its readers in answer to this question with a view to publishing, in full or in part, those that seem to answer the question best.

OUR POLITICAL PARTIES—A THUMB-NAIL HISTORY

IN the one hundred and twenty-four years of its national existence, the United States has had five political parties powerful enough to elect one or more Presidents. It may be interesting at this juncture to give a very brief resumé of their history.

First in power were the Federalists, who secured the adoption of the Constitution and elected our first two Presidents, Washington and John Adams. Their party—which, as its name implied, stood for a strong centralized government—was opposed by the Republicans, who emphasized the rights of the States. The Republicans were victorious at every Presidential election from 1800 to 1824, during which time the Federalists, largely through the odium they incurred by their opposition to the War of 1812, broke up and disappeared.

A new alinement was formed by the gradual severance of the two wings of the Republicans. These were at first known as National Republicans and Democratic Republicans, the latter representing the more radical and popular element of the party, while the former had Federalist leanings, and were charged with aristocratic tendencies. Under the leadership of Andrew Jackson, in 1828, the Democratic Republican wing was organized as the Democratic party, while the National Republicans developed into the Whigs. During the next twenty years, the Whigs elected two Presidents—Harrison in 1840 and Taylor in 1848; but otherwise the Democrats, whose chief strength lay in the Southern States, were in continuous control of the government.

The later chapters of our political history are familiar to almost every one. As the sectional issue became more and more a burning one, it called into be-

NOTE—All editorials in this department were written before the end of June.

ing the Republican party, which absorbed the remnant of the Whigs, and won its first success by electing Lincoln in 1860. The Democrats, though rent asunder and rendered powerless for a time, rallied after the Civil War and won the national elections of 1884 and 1892. The Republican party, its original mission accomplished with the conclusion of the war, has lived on, partly through its personal and historical prestige, and partly as the champion of protection. With the two exceptions noted, it has carried every Presidential election since its earliest victory, fifty-two years ago.

It is indeed a remarkable fact that our two great modern parties should have occupied the field for half a century with no great question of political principle to form a well-marked line of division between them. It suggests a query as to how long a party can last without losing its motive-power and ending its usefulness.

ARBITRATING BUSINESS MEN'S DISPUTES

MORE money and more time are lost through business litigation, perhaps, than by failures and bad debts. Men with commercial differences seem to be constantly flying at one another's throats, and invoking the long, tedious, and costly processes of the law. These processes not only tie up capital which might be liquid, constructive, and useful, but serve to hamper business and to create personal ill-feeling.

To meet this situation, the New York Chamber of Commerce has put forward a plan which should commend itself to the attention of every community. It has established an arbitration committee, to which any business man, whether a member of the chamber or not, may come with his grievance and submit it to men who possess ample experience, and who are both judicial and practical.

The fee paid to the arbitrators is fixed at a very moderate figure. The hearings may be held in private, and a dispute which would be protracted for months, or even years, in the courts, is frequently settled in a few hours, to the satisfaction of both parties.

This voluntary adjudication, which, of course, becomes legal and binding, does wonders in removing heat, passion, and prejudice. Two prominent merchants in New York not long ago selected one of the arbitrators of the Chamber of Commerce, and submitted their papers to him. Before the action could come to formal discussion the disputants found that their points of difference were not so great as they thought, and amicably disposed of the matter themselves. In this way the committee of arbitration really becomes a committee of conciliation.

Here, then, is one way to circumvent that ancient and persistent evil—the law's delay. The New York plan should be widely imitated, and every city should establish a tribunal that will bring promptitude, economy, and good sense to the adjustment of business disputes.

THE TRAINING OF MOTHERS

WHILE we have talked and written and agitated a great deal about the conservation of our natural resources, the French have taken the lead in a conservation more important than all this—namely, the training for motherhood. Puericulture, or the science of rearing children, is

taken very seriously in the Gallic republic, and is a matter of deep public concern. One reason for this anxiety is the fact that last year the number of deaths in France was nearly thirty-five thousand more than the number of births.

The French are following that celebrated statement of Oliver Wendell Holmes—that a man's education should begin a hundred years before he is born. As a result, the girls in school are taught their coming duties in the home as mothers of families and heads of households. More stringent laws are placed about the foundling. All children under two years of age whom their mothers cannot raise are placed under the protection of public authority. Homes of rest have been established, where women may gather strength for childbirth. An institute of puericulture has been affiliated with the University of Paris, and thus this great work goes on under definite and dignified auspices.

Of course, all this is simply part of that larger science of eugenics, in which reposes the future of the human race. In the United States there is a lack of frank and free discussion of this all-important subject. We should do well to study what France is doing to guarantee for the future a healthier, sturdier, more efficient society.

MAN-TO-MAN CHRISTIANITY

MOST people long ago realized that Christianity was not mere theological dogma, but could be made an intimate, helpful, man-to-man agency for cheerful uplift. The case of the Sunday Evening Club, in Chicago, is an inspiring example of this very thing. There is nothing just like it anywhere else in the world.

If you know Chicago at all, you know that the so-called Loop District is the region of big hotels, great stores, and large business activity. On its outskirts, too, are those sad sanctuaries of the young of both sexes—the boarding-houses, with their tragedies of hall bedrooms. Here congregates a motley population which finds Sunday, and especially Sunday night, a long, lonely, unsympathetic stretch of profitless time. The weaker succumb to temptation; the stronger join the large host of the unhappy. How to find some clean, helpful diversion for the legion of the Loop was indeed a problem.

Into the situation was projected a very energetic and capable young man named Clifford W. Barnes. He had been a protégé of the late President Harper, of the University of Chicago; had battled with the evils of the slum at Hull House; and was a practical sociologist, with his feet firmly planted on the earth. Once, during a year's residence in Paris, he had conducted an informal Sunday evening service for English-speaking students in the Latin Quarter, and had thereby successfully established an outpost of the spirit in that abode of irreligion.

In the Loop District he thought he saw a condition not unlike that of Paris. He decided to repeat his foreign experience. With the aid of some prominent business men, he founded the Sunday Evening Club "to maintain a service of Christian inspiration and fellowship in the business center of Chicago." He hired Orchestra Hall, where the concerts of the Thomas orchestra are given, and began to hold his meetings every Sunday night. He advertised them in hotels and elsewhere. For a time, in the early stages of the movement, every guest who registered at a Chicago hotel of consequence up to midnight on Saturday found, by Sunday noon, a personal letter in his box, inviting him to the service.

To-day overflow crowds attend the meetings. They are made interesting and practical by talks from men who are taking some significant part in the world's work. The speaker may be engineer or statesman, Gentile or Jew, American or foreigner. There is good music, and there is no aggressive proselyting. At the end of the service it is announced that any one who wishes to join the church—"any church," mind you—will find a committee in the hall ready to assist him.

One by-product of this club is a men's league, which is attacking the great problem of the right kind of citizenship. But a valuable and more immediate result is the setting up of a haven for the lonely in the very heart of a great city.

A MIRACLE IN HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT

NOT long ago, the civic authorities of Schenectady appointed Miss Helen Keller a member of the local board of public welfare. Behind this simple statement is a miracle of human achievement almost without parallel, for, as most people know, Miss Keller is deaf, dumb, and blind. In the face of this well-nigh insuperable handicap she has been brilliantly educated; she has become a force for progress in society; and now a full-fledged city, recognizing her talents, makes her one of its advisers.

Miss Keller's career is just one more example of what will-power can achieve. Doomed to spend her life in darkness and silence, and having only her marvelous sense of touch to lead her to intelligence and learning, she has triumphed and become useful to her generation. There has been nothing spectacular or sensational in her experience. It has been a question of work, character, and determination.

Here, then, is an inspiration for all the world, and particularly for that part of it which is dissatisfied with the scheme of things, and which believes that through circumstance, infirmity, or some other reason it is not fairly equipped for the great struggle. Miss Keller began with crushing afflictions, yet she has risen supremely over them.

BREAKING HOME TIES

THE multiplication of amusement parks, the thousands of moving-picture shows, the kaleidoscopic introduction of new gewgaws to entertain, are green lights to Americans, signifying "Caution!" Street-gadding, the lack of discipline among the young, the increase of divorce, the general weakening of the moral fiber, the increase in the cost of high living, are red lights, signifying "Danger!"

Behind all these is the passing of the home, the breaking of the family circle, gathered around the center-table under the glow of the student-lamp. Such scenes are rare to-day; in our cities, which contain an ever-increasing percentage of all our people, they have ceased to exist.

The maddening rush of business breeds a desire for recreation enjoyed on the run. The modern apartment, with its lessening of household duties, invites the mother and wife to occupy her mind with things foreign to home life. It turns the child into the teeming street, the dirty alley, or the public playground, depriving it of that early self-reliance and introspection that comes from staying within the home and creating one's own world.

Under the conditions of to-day, the individual is submerged, the home tie is broken, personal responsibility is destroyed. Political preferment is determined by the machine, social standing by the club. The kindergarten, or the street, trains the child. The community spirit and neighborhood pride, once considered the keystone of all things, social, moral, and political, no longer count. Our neighbors neither know us nor care about us; why should we care what they think?

It is the disruption of ties that will be hard to reknit! God bless the old-fashioned mother and father, with their old-fashioned home, where we were wont to gather at the end of every day's activities, sufficient unto ourselves and fearful of "the world, the flesh, and the devil"! Would that it could be restored!

SOME SIGNS OF AUTUMN

AUTUMN, with its sear and yellow, with its tinge of chill and its night wind, with its rustling leaves, with its echoes in the forest, with its frost upon the pumpkin, should emerge from its lair some time in September. Officially, it should come in little gusts of turbulent weather, not gently from out the woodland or softly from the dell, but quickly, harshly, and stridently around the shoulder of the mountain, sighing through the cañon, swirling and moaning under the eaves of the old barn, scurrying through the tired and withered garden. Thus autumn should make its entry.

However, there is much evidence, if one is to consider Chicago and Baltimore, that autumn has already set its thin, cold fingers here and there. A stately politician, waving like the bay-tree in the trade-winds, feels the dark-brown tinge upon him. A statesman, here and there, gesticulating like the palm, feels the sap of his desire receding into the ground. A gaunt, defiant, political oak, against whose branches the storms of half a century have beaten unavailingly, feels the bark of his sturdy resistance peeling under the nip of the assaulting winds. A nominated flower, fanned by the gentle zephyrs of State pride, begins to lose its lustrous color.

An office-seeking muskmelon, reposing in the furrow of public service and ripening in the sunshine of special privilege, becomes heavy with the burden of its prosperity, and, because of a slight touch of frost, cracks its stem.

Verily, there are signs of autumn elsewhere. The débutante, swinging in her hammock 'neath the weeping willow-tree, has received the first cold glance from the summer boarder, who, frugal of his time and conscious of the approaching winter, is tactfully withdrawing for the season. The gay young Lothario, resplendent in his flannels, posing upon some picturesque beach or leaning blithely upon his golf club, observes the icicle of maidenly indifference to his proposed return to city life.

The clinging ivy of ambition, loosened by the simooms of disapproval, is slipping from the towers of temporary greatness. The lilies, who toil not, neither do they spin, will droop their shining petals, wind a cloak of silence about their frail stems, and subside for the season.

The sun will be tardier in its coming and set a little earlier, and darkness will fall more swiftly; but those who escape the sirocco of self-satisfaction and reach the storm-cellar of self-preservation will, in all probability, get through the winter and live to welcome another spring.

Beware the signs of autumn, and observe the significance of humility!

THE AGITATION OF DAVID MAWES

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "SOME BEANS," "THE LIVE WIRE," ETC.

WHEN the address was finished, David Mawes did not join in the perfunctory hand-clapping, but remained motionless on a rear seat in the hall, staring blankly at the speechmaker of the evening.

David's meek face was paler even than usual, and he kept rubbing, in a dazed sort of fashion, a shabbily gloved finger across his unobtrusive chin. The officers of the Civic Betterment Club were talking on the platform steps with the speaker, a tall, lean man, gray at the temples. David did not know him.

Dr. Kellogg, the treasurer of the club, waddled along the aisle and touched David's shoulder.

"Anything wrong with you, Mawes?" he asked, with a professional glance.

"Thanks — nothing — nothing at all!" hesitated David, rising stiffly. "Who is that man on the platform, doctor? I was too late to hear the introduction. Is that Mr. Scott?"

"No, Scott couldn't come, so he sent that man as a substitute, at the last minute." The doctor frowned and twirled the heavy watch-chain on his capacious waistcoat. "We are greatly disappointed," continued Kellogg. "That man's name is John Tyack. I believe he runs a mission, in the slums, down in New York. We have got to put him up to-night at the hotel."

"So Mr. Tyack will be here to-morrow morning, will he, doctor?" David asked.

"Guess so," grumbled the doctor. "But the sooner we ship him out of the village the better, I say. Why, the fellow's an agitator—a rank agitator! We don't want such troublesome folks here in Shornhill."

"That's right—an agitator," assented David thickly.

He went down the corridor toward the stairs. Tibbard's real-estate agency, where he had been the clerk for twenty years, was

in the same building. David passed the door of the office on his way to the street, and he blinked at the lettering with eyes which could hardly read.

The cool night air somewhat revived Mawes. He gazed wistfully for a moment in the direction of the hotel; soon, however, he shook his head. His craving to meet and talk with John Tyack was almost a physical need, but David decided to try to wait until the morning, when he might find Tyack disengaged.

Although the quiet village street was empty, David's fevered imagination peopled it, as he walked along the sidewalk. He was like one who, after a lifetime's blindness, suddenly and miraculously sees. To David's disordered vision, the roadway was thronged with gaunt men, bent by labor; with weary, patient women; with joyless children, born to poverty. John Tyack had said that these plodders must be helped, and every flaming word he had spoken seemed calculated to fire the sensitive soul of David Mawes.

"Whose life," groaned David, "has been so useless as mine to mankind? Whose life so narrow? What good have I ever done?" He paused, with a hand on the latch of his gate. "And who is more free than I," he added, "to serve among the helpers, under John Tyack? I'll do it! He has made me understand at last! I'll do it!"

David scowled thoughtfully at the two-storied wooden house beyond the gate. The house lacked repainting; but around it a flowering garden made a brave show in the summer. David Mawes and his sister, Angela, had inherited this little property from their grandfather, and they lived there together. Neither of them had ever married.

II

In the morning, when David came down to breakfast after a sleepless night, he

looked soberly out of the open window at Angela in her garden. She loved her flowers, but she used few of them to enliven the Mawes house; most of them were carried regularly to cheer lonesome sick-beds in the village.

"I'm ready, Angela!" he called, rather unsteadily, for since the kindling of his great resolve he had not seen her until now.

"Yes, yes, dear, I'm coming!"

Angela's voice was always bright, although her sweet face was grave and placid as a nun's. She was only a year younger than David, who was forty. Nevertheless, her figure was still girlish and slender, in her simple lavender gown.

"And how was the meeting, Davie?" questioned Angela, pouring the coffee. "Was the famous Mr. Scott as interesting as his books?"

"Well, Scott didn't turn up. But he sent a substitute—a marvelous speaker." David nervously crinkled the table-cloth. "His name was Tyack—a marvelous man!"

"Tyack?"

"Yes, Mr. Tyack, the most marvelous—"

"Why!" broke in Angela, with gentle confusion. "How strange! I once knew a family of that name. It was in the South, when I was teaching school there."

David coughed, to conceal a faint sigh of relief. During the night he had thought of their uncle's home in Chicago as a refuge for Angela; but he had neglected to remember that long ago she had been a teacher, for two or three terms, at a distant boarding-school. He was glad now to comfort himself with the vague idea that she might have a profession, an independent means of livelihood, after he had left her.

"Oh, yes—when you were teaching school," he repeated absently.

She gave him a brief smile and fingered the single rose at her breast.

"You are wretchedly pale, Davie. You mustn't worry so. Don't forget that we'll have not the slightest cause to worry in a little while, when the mortgage is paid. We're certain to pay it in a little while; I can actually count the months. And everything will be easy for us then, here together, until we die."

"I suppose that's true," muttered David, pushing back his chair.

"You'd better order our winter coal to-day," said Angela briskly. "It's cheapest just now, you know."

He glanced down at her with abrupt apprehension, wondering if he ought to accept this excellent chance of telling her that next winter they would need no coal at all in the old house; that he would be in the New York slums; and that she—but David faltered. So he kissed Angela, according to their custom, and walked out.

The landlord advised him that Mr. Tyack was not in the hotel at present.

"He's gone for a tramp, David. Yes, sir, this Mr. Tyack, he said that he didn't get to the country often, and that he wanted to make the most of it. He reckons to take the four o'clock express."

David scribbled a short note, begging for an interview at noon. Then he climbed the stairs to Tibbard's office, and unlocked the door, for the last time, as he hoped.

Fortunately, it was Thursday, a day which Tibbard always spent in an adjoining town. Mawes plunged with furious zeal into the task of bringing his books and files up to the latest possible date. Soon everything was perfectly ordered, for David had always been an industrious and valuable workman. Mr. Tibbard, in fact, had promised him a substantial rise of salary next year, and had hinted, with assuring solemnity, at a partnership. Such a future, however, was now of no significance to David Mawes.

He leaned back in his chair, and his thoughts flew again to Tyack, and Tyack's noble crusade.

Would the leader enlist him in the ranks? Why not? He was ready to follow the banner of such a hero, even on hands and knees. David scrutinized the clock eagerly. His mood was approaching the hysterical.

His eyes happened to fall on a memorandum slip which was nearly hidden by the blotting-pad. The memorandum referred to a document which David, jumping up with a start, recollected that he had left on his dressing-table. Horrified by this carelessness, he snatched his hat and locked the office door.

Noontime was only half an hour away. David, in his agitation over the imminence of the interview at the hotel, did not wish to encounter Angela. He glided like a ghost up the front stairs of the Mawes house, and perceived the document on the table by his bedroom window. But when he reached the window, David staggered and grabbed the flimsy curtain, aghast and staring.

John Tyack was sitting beside Angela on a bench in the garden.

III

IN spite of his amazement, David was able to note that his sister had rarely seemed so charming. The garden bench was backed by a vine-covered trellis, and against the deep green of the vines Angela's tenderly smiling face blushed like a radiant flower. David believed that he had never seen such color in her face.

Tyack bent close to her, as if talking softly and earnestly. Once she raised her hand with a pretty gesture of yielding protest; a minute afterward, she gave Tyack the rose from her breast.

Mawes tremulously supported himself against the window-frame. He recalled Angela's confusion when he mentioned Tyack's name at breakfast. A wild, overpowering suspicion dizzied him.

The notion that Angela could ever have a love-affair was practically new to David. He had not dreamed of such a thing since her girlhood. Her later life always had appeared to be contentedly rooted and complete—in the care of the old house and the garden, in her tranquil village activities, in her profound affection for her brother. But now David felt, with desperate certainty, that he could not mistake the meaning of the picture beneath the window.

"Confound him!" moaned David. "And he has a persuasive tongue, too! I remember that. Somehow I remember that!"

He remembered it very indistinctly. A hot spasm of jealousy had scorched his mind quite bare of everything except a sickening dread of losing Angela forever.

David turned from the window and went hesitantly down the stairs, toward a side door which opened on the garden. His better nature began to assert itself. He tried to think only of his sister's happiness.

"At the cost of my own happiness, hers must be made sure," he tried to think; but as he crossed the parlor he imagined the cozy room without the overflowing work-basket and the little rocking-chair, and his heart failed.

"Ah, here's Davie!" pleasantly exclaimed Angela. "Come, Davie, and know John Tyack. You see, he is one of my Charleston Tyacks, after all."

David shook hands, mumbled something, and seated himself on a camp-stool.

"Miss Angela and I, sir, were good friends in the South—I dare not tell how long ago," said Tyack. "You can't fancy my delight when I met her in the street just now, and when I saw that time has so courteously passed her by."

"Oh, dear me!" laughed Angela. "These Southerners! He has already given me the most outrageous flattery, Davie, and I have nothing to pay him for it with, except a rose."

Tyack smiled expectantly at David, as if waiting for a word from him. David inwardly condemned his own surliness, but said nothing.

"I shall let you judge, sir, whether it was flattery," offered Tyack. "I'll repeat for your benefit the account of my morning. I started for a walk, and happened to find your cottage hospital. Such things appeal to me, and one can always learn a trick or two, you understand. So I introduced myself."

"The matron had once been a district nurse on our East Side, and she was kind enough to say that she had heard of me. She showed me around. Isn't it a cheery, homelike place, Mr. Mawes?"

"I've never seen it," responded David lamely. "I don't know much about it."

"Well, it is quite unique in my experience of charitable hospitals," went on Mr. Tyack, "because of the countless bright touches which make it cheery and homelike. I complimented the matron for them."

"Oh, those are all due to Miss Angela!" she said; and that is how I discovered that your sister was living in Shornhill."

"But the matron didn't stop there. She told me—"

"Please, please!" interposed Angela, flushing.

"The matron told me more," Tyack pursued. "Told me of the inspiration of Miss Angela's daily presence in the place; told me how, for her, poor men and women whisper awkward, humble blessings from their pillows."

"And it is not only in the hospital that the poor bless Miss Angela," said the matron to me. 'Go to almost any house where there is poverty and illness in the village, and you will find that Miss Angela has been ahead of you in her quiet fashion—sensible, efficient, and kind.'"

"I'm afraid that Miss Holleston is a flatterer, too," murmured Angela.

"Well, Miss Holleston was unaware that

"I was your friend," retorted Tyack; "and she's a seasoned expert in charity work, mind you, not given to enthusiasms. Perhaps an outsider, like Miss Holleston, can estimate what is going on here more justly than any one else."

"Yes, you're right," said David. "I, for instance, didn't appreciate — didn't quite guess—"

His voice thinned away to a distressed silence. He reasoned sadly that it must have been this very trait of Angela's which had revived John Tyack's love for her.

Angela examined her watch.

"John is lunching with us, Davie," she announced. "Therefore, I'm off to the kitchen."

"And I to the hotel for ten minutes," said Tyack, putting on his hat. "I have to send a telegram. I'll arrive late in New York to-night, and my wife will be anxious."

"Your what?" gasped David inaudibly.

IV

For a moment David was almost stunned by his deliverance. When he raised his head, he saw that Mr. Tyack was at the garden gate, alone. David, happy and voluble, moved along the path.

"Mr Tyack, wait!" he entreated.

The visitor halted.

"I want to — to thank you," avowed David, stammering with relief. "For — for what you said about Angela, that is. It was something that I hardly realized. I'm so tied down by work that I hardly—"

"That's quite natural," remarked Tyack. "You do well to work for such a woman, Mr. Mawes, if you'll allow me to say so. Were it not for you, would all Shornhill be helped by her in this fine way? I think not. It is your privilege to set the pearl. By working for Miss Angela, you are nobly serving your kind. I believe, with reverence, that you are serving God;" and then, as if ashamed of his earnestness, Tyack hurried off.

David's eyes filled. He stumbled across the lawn. On the piazza steps, he turned to look with gratitude at Tyack's retreating figure.

"Why, I clean forgot my note at the hotel!" he mused suddenly. "Lucky that Mr. Tyack can never guess — will never know—what it meant."

The telephone hung under the front stairs, and he went toward it; but he stopped in the parlor, and his hand caressed lovingly the back of the little rocking-chair.

"What are you doing, Davie dear?" called Angela, in the distance.

"I'm going to telephone an order for the winter coal," said David.

LAURELS

I AM a man; yet youth still nods to me;
Mid age, my friend, sits near. We think and see;
And this man sayeth: "What, then, hath he done?"
And that: "What hath he won?"

Little of either, gentles! In your scale
My name is weighed as but of those who fail;
Yet what is this success of fame attained?
Of gold from others gained?

Tell me, do those who lose or those who win
Better maintain what manhood dwelleth in?
Whose be the semblances that glitter far,
Whose be the things that are?

I know not. Only this I say to me:
"Hast thou kept fair the honor born in thee?
Hast injured none? Canst smile even at thyself?
Hast little greed as pelf?"

And these be thine—nay, if unto thy soul
Thou still canst whisper: "Lo, there lies the goal!"
Then shall I marvel, even in our days,
That failure wears no bays.

Duffield Osborne

GOETHALS, BUILDER OF THE PANAMA CANAL

BY HUGH THOMPSON

ONE day last June a sturdy figure of a man, with close-cropped white hair, a grizzled stub of a mustache, and a bronzed and ruddy face, walked across the elm-shaded campus at Yale wearing mortar-board and gown, and with the parchment of a collegiate degree in his hand. In front of him strode a Cabinet officer; behind was a great English landscape artist; all around were men who were helping to shape the educational destiny of our time.

Yet it is probable that no person in that distinguished group, which represented such varied and far-reaching service, was quite so worthy of the bestowal of honors as this erect, resolute-looking individual, who seemed almost embarrassed by the academic commendation he received. He was Colonel George W. Goethals, chief engineer of the Panama Canal, who is bringing to a successful consummation Uncle Sam's four-hundred-million-dollar job—the greatest engineering feat of all ages.

Only a week before, Columbia had given him her tribute of esteem; and on the day following the ceremony at New Haven, Harvard added her contribution to the honors that were piling up about this silent, keen-eyed pioneer of real world progress, who had left for a brief period the humming zone of his dictatorship.

Colonel Goethals's presence in the United States, and the approaching completion of his gigantic task, combine to focus interest on a unique personality—unique because he has permitted himself to be dwarfed, so far as the public eye is concerned, by the great work upon which he is engaged.

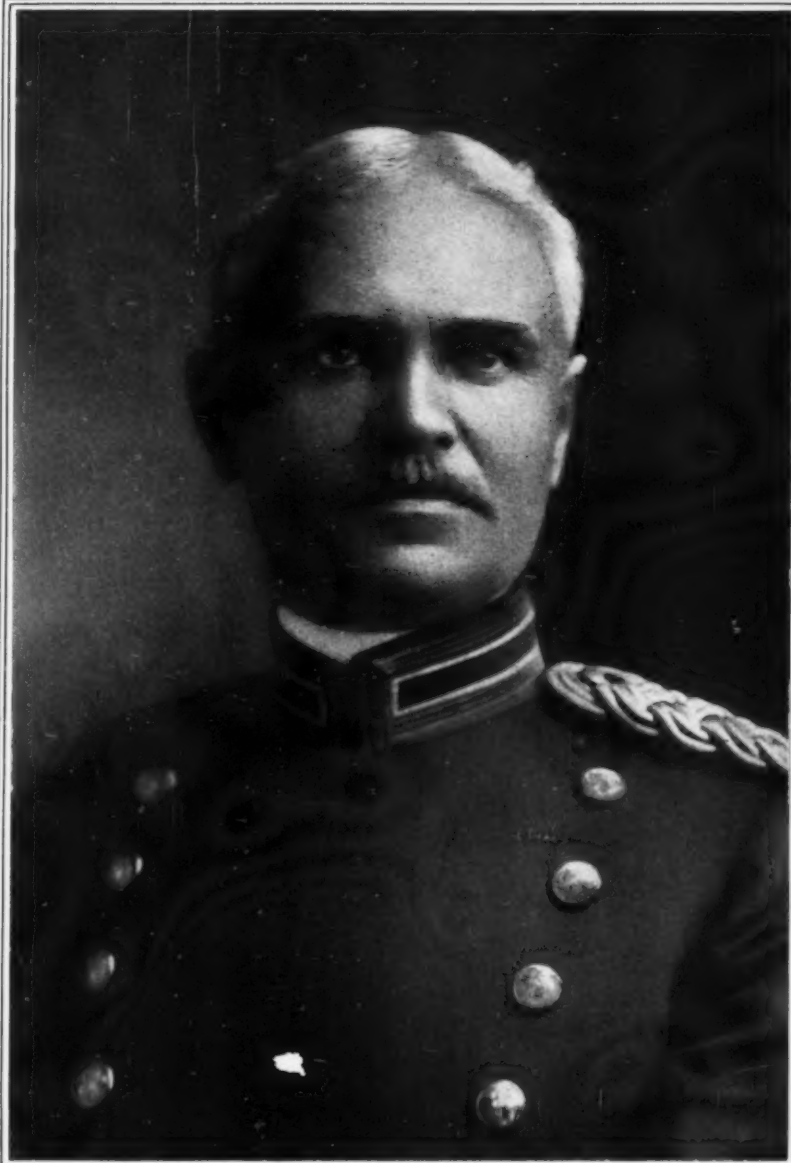
Scarcely five years ago, comparatively few people outside of the army knew who Colonel Goethals was. Men of international reputation who had tried their hand

on the canal job had been featured in a more or less spectacular way by magazines and newspapers. Engineers like John F. Wallace and John F. Stevens had descended upon the isthmus with tremendous prestige, and with the echoes of elaborate farewell banquets still ringing in their ears. But one after another they fell away from the task, and it remained for this modest army officer, with none of the high lights of industrial and financial prestige behind him, to take up the tangled reins and bring order, direction, and distinguished performance out of a chaos which for the moment seemed well-nigh overwhelming.

While ream upon ream has been written about the Panama Canal, very little has been published about the real character of the man who has been in direct charge of the work for the last five years, and who must inevitably go down in history as one of the great master builders.

People who have not beheld that gigantic cut through the backbone of the link between the continents can form no adequate measure of the stupendous work that is being carried forward under the direction of Colonel Goethals. Alongside of it, the labor of the Pyramids was a mere incident, while the digging of the first Suez Canal, in the long years ago, was as a summer diversion.

The man who rules the isthmian zone is lord of a host of forty thousand toilers, who speak half a hundred tongues. He is czar of as picturesque a foreign legion as ever fought under an embattled flag. No campaign of heroic conquest ever had for its spoil a prize greater, or of more enduring significance, than this contest which has been waged against geography, climate, and every obstacle that human or inanimate nature can put in the path of the constructor.



COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE PANAMA CANAL

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

This modest, unassuming officer of the United States Army is bringing to triumphant completion the world's greatest engineering project. Colonel Goethals has been chief builder of the isthmian canal since he took charge in February, 1907, at an early stage of the work.

What sort of man, then, is this unassuming colonel of engineers, who can achieve where the million-dollar experts failed? You will not find about him the fund of anecdote and story associated with other men who are doing tasks far less important. One reason for this is that Colonel Goethals is a singularly and genuinely modest man. Like Cecil Rhodes, the "travail of his spirit" breeds deeds, instead of speech.

You get some index of the man by hearing the first thing he said to me. I had asked him what rule he had laid down for himself when he took up the canal task.

"You know," he said, graciously but firmly, "I will talk to you about anything under the sun except myself."

There are not many biographies of him, either. For a quarter of a century, or up to the time when he went to the isthmus, his whole career was merely part of the larger routine of the army officer's life. His achievements were set forth in unemotional army documents. Like many another big man, he was content to bury himself "in the service."

The bare biographical data about him are that he was born in Brooklyn, in 1858; that he studied in the College of the City of New York; that he graduated from West Point in 1880. The fact that he "made" the engineering corps is the best evidence that he stood high in his class; because, in his day at the Academy, the two ranking men had the option on this branch of the service. Now, with larger classes, the first ten men have it.

From the very hour of his graduation he has labored hard. His initial experience in lock-construction was at Marietta, Ohio. It was in the eighties, however, that he got his first real contact with canal work, for he was put in charge of the Mussel Shoals construction on the Tennessee River, not far from Chattanooga.

He was one of the first engineers to serve on the General Staff. He helped to build part of our Eastern sea-coast defenses, and was stationed in Washington when destiny, in the form of the Panama Canal, beckoned him to the great opportunity.

CALLED TO A GREAT TASK

Conditions were peculiarly ripe. Down in the Canal Zone, a host of workers labored on the big ditch. Men who had thrown bridges across hazardous streams, who had tunneled almost impenetrable

mountains, who had unraveled baffling engineering tangles, had found themselves well-nigh helpless in the face of staggering conditions in this tropical pest-hole. It was not so much the actual physical problem—for the engineering task is comparatively simple—that discouraged the Stevenses and the Wallaces. The worst obstacle to progress was a human one.

The heterogeneous host of employees, recruited from so many lands, and speaking so many tongues, had been torn by dissension, and was, to say the least, a poorly organized mass. To cap all this, a hydra-headed commission sat in authority. Seven different views as to the condition of affairs were constantly clashing. Small wonder that the great engineers who had tried their hand had thrown it up and quit! Meanwhile, Congress and the whole American people were hurling southward the eternal question:

"When will the canal be finished?"

Such was the state of affairs when Colonel Goethals went to Panama in March, 1907, shortly after his appointment as chief engineer. When he made his preliminary trip over the zone, he said to himself:

"This task is too much for one man."

But after he had been there for several weeks, and had gone over the work day after day, he came to the conclusion—to quote his own words:

"The construction of the Panama Canal is simply a succession of details."

So he began to master these details one by one, and the result, as everybody knows, is that under his direction the great work is likely to be completed more than a year ahead of schedule time. It is expected that a ship will be able to go through from sea to sea by the end of 1913.

A GREAT WORKER AND HIS METHOD

How has all this been brought about? When you meet Colonel Goethals at close range, you see one reason why. Behind that courteous, friendly exterior are unyielding will and granite persistence. He is the great humanizer of the zone. His army of forty thousand soldiers of toil call him "the old man," for in one sense he is a little father to all of them.

A concrete illustration will show the methods of this remarkable officer.

On one occasion, when he was absent from the isthmus, the engineers of the Panama Railway rose in revolt. One of

their number had, by criminal negligence, killed a brother engineer in a rear-end collision, and had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment. His associates were indignant. Colonel Goethals was on his way to Panama. Pending the chief's return, the warden of the penitentiary put the prisoner in the hospital.

On the colonel's arrival, he ordered the convicted man returned to the cells. He was waited upon by a deputation of the engineers, who demanded the prisoner's immediate liberation.

"If that man is not released to-morrow," they said, "every engineer on the isthmus will go on a strike, and your whole work will be tied up."

Colonel Goethals's blue eyes blazed. Pointing to the telephone on his desk, he said to the spokesman, in his soft, musical voice, with its Southern flavor:

"Would you mind calling up the penitentiary and seeing if your friend is still there?"

"Do you mean to say that he is back in prison?" asked the leader.

"I not only mean that," replied the colonel, "but he is going to stay there."

"Then we will all walk out to-morrow, and not a wheel will turn on the isthmus!"

"Very well," replied the officer, rising from his seat. "You men are out of the service. I will stop every train in the zone until I can get new engineers from the States. Good day!"

He turned to his work. The delegation was paralyzed. They had been accustomed to the usual temporizing with labor, and had expected a complete backdown. They found firmness and vigor, without either unfairness or discourtesy. They backed out sheepishly, and the next morning every man was at his task.

On another occasion, the steam-shovel men went on a strike for more pay. One day fifty-four shovels were busy throwing dirt; the next morning only four were plugging away. This work requires skilled labor. Most men would have yielded, because the chief task on the isthmus was literally to make the dirt fly. But Colonel Goethals is not the compromising kind. He manned his shovels with clerks, bookkeepers, and even stenographers. In three days the backbone of the strike was broken.

At seven o'clock every morning he is at work. He never gives any advance notice of his movements, and is liable to appear

on any section of the job. One forenoon he may be at Gatun, the next in the Culebra Cut, and the third at the Pacific end. He spends every week-day forenoon out in the open, interviewing foremen, inspecting machinery, literally getting over all the great work. He carries in his head every detail of the vast project, and no subordinate has ever been able to deceive him as to a single foot of progress made or unmade. He devotes his afternoons to correspondence and visitors, and often his light burns in his office until midnight.

Six days he labors, and on the seventh, instead of resting, he institutes one of the most unique and characteristic features of his governorship. For, at half past seven o'clock, in the great barnlike office-building, there assembles one of the most picturesque tribunals in the world. Here Colonel Goethals sits as a court, and "all who will may enter, and no one is denied." The humblest ditch-digger has a right to come before his chief and air his grievance.

This is an old habit of the colonel's. From the time when he was in command of a company of men he has always been accessible to his subordinates, and he has believed implicitly in this accessibility. The result is that when a man on the zone believes he has a trouble, he feels that he can take it to "the old man" and have it out. And he does.

Before him files a motley array of humanity. You will see an engineer who claims that he has been discriminated against, a draftsman who thinks he has been worked too hard, a forlorn husband worrying about the silence of a far-away wife, an electrician who wants advice about taking an advanced course of study, a clerk who wants to be a chief, and so on. They represent all shades and grades of society and emotion.

The colonel has the Lincoln sense of "firmness in the right." He can use the iron hand relentlessly and ruthlessly, but always with an abiding justice. In short, he is a beneficent despot.

Such is Colonel George W. Goethals, chief engineer and chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, president of the Panama Railway, and civil governor of the Canal Zone. But stripped of all these titles, he is a simple, modest, unassuming army officer, who is doing a world task brilliantly, modestly, and effectively, as part of his duty.

THE RED BUTTON*

BY WILL IRWIN

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY," ETC.

XVII

THERE was something the matter with Betsy Barbara. Even before she spoke, Rosalie recognized that.

"I'm afraid Constance is going to pieces," said Miss Lane, relieving her mind at once. "She worries me to death. She *will* go to the Tombs. When she leaves there, she's like a rock—Mr. Wade is perfectly bully, and he seems to inspire her with his own confidence. But the moment she gets back here, she just wilts!"

Here Betsy Barbara herself seemed to break; the tears came, and with them a little hard burst of laughter. The experienced Rosalie took her to her own room, wheeled her on to the couch, and banked her comfortably with pillows.

"Now cry it out, my dear," she said.

Betsy Barbara cried it out. Rosalie herself spilled a few tears, so that she ceased for a time her caressing monosyllables, for fear of the unsteadiness in her own voice.

"I ought not to let myself go like this," said Betsy Barbara, when the storm was over. "I'm as ashamed as I can be. At least, I never let Constance see how I feel; but sometimes when I'm alone—"

"I know, dear, I know!" said Rosalie, bustling about with water, towels, cosmetics, all the restoratives of the feminine pharmacopeia. "There's two kinds of people in this world, dearie—the posts and the rails. You an' I are posts. There's times when a post would like to quit, an' be rebuilt, an' sag down an' be a rail. Now let me put this on your face, dearie, an' you'll come to dinner as fresh as ever."

She bathed Betsy Barbara's face with long, motherly strokes.

"But it's such a dreadfully long time to wait!" sobbed Betsy Barbara, her eyes giving signs of a clearing shower. "And

when I think of the trial, and the awful strain on Constance—"

"If there ever is a trial," replied Rosalie. "Why, he hasn't even been indicted yet. You don't understand the game, or you'd know how much that means. They don't dare indict him with the little tiny bit of evidence they've got. It's long, but the longer the night the brighter the day, I say. An' just when it seems you haven't a drop of strength left is the very time you get strength from somewhere. I've got my own ideas about where it comes from—but there! That's religion, an' we ain't talkin' religion. Of course, you're goin' to let me help you."

While Rosalie spoke, she had mechanically handed Betsy Barbara the atomizer. Mechanically, Betsy Barbara took it and sprayed her pearly throat with toilet-water. Mechanically again, Rosalie gave her a square of chamois, white with face-powder. Mechanically, Betsy Barbara passed it over cheeks and nose.

"Thank you—you have helped a great deal already," said Betsy Barbara, emerging from these ministrations a delicious, white-faced little clown. "I don't know what I should have done without you," she added, as she dusted off the superfluous powder with little dashing touches of her hands.

"Oh, that's nothin'. I'm a horse for carrying troubles—other people's. I haven't chick or child or husband or relation, which is why I never carry around any serious worries of my own. But I've found enough an' to spare of other people's since I took over the remains of this Hanska murder case. If murderers only knew," she added, dimpling, "how much they put out a person's way of life, they'd count ten first, and never do it!"

Betsy Barbara, smoothing her brows and brushing powder out of her lashes with her

* This story began in the May Number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

finger-tips, smiled at this pleasantry, grim though it was.

"I didn't know," she said, "that the case greatly bothered any one here except Constance and me—or not since Mr. North was released, at any rate."

"Well, I wish that *was* all," began Rosalie.

She paused here for a second, her body frozen to a pose. So she always paused upon the birth of a new idea. Had she known of this habit, she would have practised to control it; for she had studied, during thirty years of trafficking with man's emotional expression, to let no external sign betray her real thought—unless she wished to betray that thought. But this was such an infinitesimal trick of manner that none of her friends and acquaintances, not even her shrewd-eyed fellows of her old craft, had ever discovered it.

We, however, who behold and study Rosalie Le Grange from a special standpoint, may observe it and make comment. As we thread the mazes of her diplomacies, it will be a guide to our feet.

"Mainly," resumed Rosalie, after this significant little pause, "it's Miss Estrilla. The whole affair has got dreadfully on her nerves, she being sick as she is—all run down."

At mention of that name, Betsy Barbara looked up suddenly. Some harder emotion, Rosalie observed, seemed to pierce the thinning cloud of her grief.

"Yes?" said the girl in a non-committal tone.

"The shock got on her nerves. She was away up on the top floor that night, hearin' everything and seein' nothing at all. That always makes it worse. She wouldn't even read the papers afterward, an' I never mention the case to her—nor do you, dearie. I soon found out that she's like you an' me—she's the kind to worry about other people's troubles. An' it's queer, but one little thing bothers her a whole lot. She heard about Mr. North comin' home drunk, an' she's afraid that he'll go wrong with liquor, thinkin' about his arrest. Tell me," she added, suddenly shifting the line of attack, "he has really cut out liquor an' got busy, hasn't he?"

Rosalie, reading Betsy Barbara's mind by the process of observing expressions and making swift deductions thereon, perceived that the girl was about to say:

"What affair is it of yours?"

She perceived, also, that the better part of Betsy Barbara, the part which impelled her to her philanthropies of service, had put down that vixenish reply.

"Yes," said Betsy Barbara, "I think he won't drink any more. He's too busy with his agency."

"How's it going?" asked Rosalie.

"Splendidly, I hear," replied Betsy Barbara. "He's getting promises of some very good business already."

Rosalie resumed her best motherly expression.

"Now I'm just as sure as I can be," she said, "that you were the person who made him do it. When I first thought over the case of that young man, I saw what he needed. An' he's got it, all right! Guess you can count on him. When a man really has the habit, he's gone; but when he hasn't, all he needs is something more interesting to do."

"I think so," replied Betsy Barbara, relieved that Rosalie seemed to be prying no further into her relations with Tommy North.

"I'm sure of it. Well, gettin' back to Miss Estrilla. She showed to-day in a little talk with me that Mr. North was on her mind. I notice you don't go up there much. If you could stop in once or twice, just like you used to, an' about the second time let it out natural about Mr. North's takin' a brace an' goin' to work, it would be a blessing to her. Of course, it must be led up to—an' you mustn't say anythin' about the murder. She just can't stand that."

Betsy Barbara did not show the enthusiasm that Rosalie expected. She hesitated. It was genuinely puzzling.

Rosalie's memory, playing like lightning over this turn in girlish psychology, called up a set of facts which she had hitherto observed without correlating them. Of late, though Señor Estrilla by no means neglected his sister, his visits to the parlor had become more regular. Twice she had seen him talking to Betsy Barbara in the hall. It was Rosalie's impression that he had waited there to find an opening for a *tête-à-tête*.

"Is it Mr. Estrilla, an' not Tommy North, that she's doin' this maneuverin' to cover up?" she asked herself mentally.

All this had passed with the swiftness of thought—when thought travels the electric wires of such a mind as Rosalie's. But now Betsy Barbara was speaking:

"The reason I haven't been there, Mrs. Le Grange, is frankly because of Mr. Estrilla. He's so—so overpowering, I guess I mean. Of course, I don't take him seriously, and yet he does look at me so and pay me such extraordinary compliments! I don't know exactly how to handle that kind of man," she ended with a little nervous laugh.

Rosalie waited.

"Of course, you understand, I *like* him. I can't exactly let him see how much I like him, for fear he'll think it's—" she paused and laughed—"it's the way he seems to want me to like him."

"He's a dear," said Rosalie with genuine warmth. "Can't say when I've seen a young man that an old woman like me feels more like wantin' to play around with. But it is bothersome to you, I can see—especially when there's a nice young American man that you feel some sort of responsibility for."

Betsy Barbara bristled a moment at this allusion to Tommy North; but—as Rosalie had foreseen—the feminine instinct for confession was stronger than the feminine instinct for concealment.

"I've had a hard time to keep Mr. North from seeing it. Not that it's any of his business, exactly, or that I think he'd care particularly; but just at this moment Mr. North really needs me. If he thought that Mr. Estrilla—well, it might spoil all I'm trying to do for him."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Rosalie, without a trace of irony.

Betsy Barbara went on in a nonchalant voice.

"These two men are nothing to me, of course. Mr. Estrilla is a very interesting person. He's handsome, and in the right way—if you know what I mean. I love his little accent and his witty talk, and I think his singing is simply adorable. As for Mr. North—" Betsy Barbara paused; then her voice ran glibly to its carefully careless conclusion. "He's only a very good friend."

"It's Tommy North, all right!" was Rosalie's mental comment.

"Well," she said aloud, "those things are like anything else. They look worse a ways off than they do when you're facin' them. Slip me a word if any of it ever really bothers you, an' I can probably help. You wouldn't care to do what I asked for Miss Estrilla?"

"Oh, yes, I can surely do that!" replied Betsy Barbara, her generosity reviving now that she had opened her mind a little.

"That's a good girl! Now, remember—wait a while before you get it in. I don't want her to suspect that I tipped you off. Goodness! What are those girls doin' in the kitchen that makes such a smell?" And Rosalie sped to her household duties.

The next evening, as the little party in the parlor adjourned, Betsy Barbara called Rosalie aside to say:

"I did as you told me. In fact, as soon as I began talking about Mr. North this evening, Miss Estrilla asked me herself how he was doing. So I gave her the whole story—about the agency, you know."

"Did she seem relieved?" asked Rosalie.

"No," said Betsy Barbara, musing. "'Relieved' isn't exactly the word. It was really queer the way she took it—she was so interested. Why, she just listened *breathlessly*."

As Rosalie finished her session with the phonograph that night, and began to take down her hair, she talked to herself under her breath.

"Well, Miss Estrilla connected up the two things, all right—that spirit dope about the whisky-bottle with the little talk I planted in Betsy Barbara Lane. Clever of me to think of Betsy Barbara. But I've got to go slow—slower and more careful than I ever did in my life!"

XVIII

IN a remote corner of Central Park, Rosalie was holding a conference with Grimaldi, her specially assigned detective in the Hanska case.

He was a small Italian of the blond northern type, a throw-back to some remote Gothic or Lombard ancestor. He showed his race, however, in contour, in manner, and in certain personal peculiarities, as the care with which he waxed his mustache, the loud color in his shirt and cravat, the neatness of his small, pointed shoes. Schoolmaster that he had been, linguist that he was, he spoke English in academic form, but with trimmings of police slang.

"I think," said Grimaldi, "that the real name is Perez."

"How did you get that?"

"It took a little time to do it. First I frisked his room. I went in as the gas-inspector."

"Which was takin' risks," admonished Rosalie.

"Not the way I did it. The real inspector is my friend. I had his permission to impersonate him."

"Pretty good!" commented Rosalie. "An' you found nothin' about—what I'm after?"

"No. That was the suspicious thing—I mean, the absence of any sign of identification looked curious to me. I didn't have much time, so I went straight to the favorable places. This Estrilla, or Perez, had only four or five books. There was no writing in them, but the fly-leaf was torn out of all the old ones. I examined his clothes. They look English to me—certainly they aren't the work of an American tailor, nor yet a Spanish. Perhaps you don't know that a tailor generally sews somewhere behind a pocket a little tag giving his own name and the name of the customer?"

"Don't I?" inquired Rosalie.

A hundred times she had used that peculiarity of tailors as a part of her "mediumship."

"Well," said Grimaldi, "they are gone."

Rosalie looked her surprise.

"Gone, every one of them—ripped right out," the detective went on. "You could see where the threads had been. The same with the hats. But I found one thing which didn't amount to much, except that it was an opening. He has a camera. I don't know why I examined that, unless it was a hunch. It was foreign-made. American boxes are manufactured by a trust, and they all look alike. Down by the range-scale I found a nickel plate, such as agents always put on cameras. It read:

"J. Lichenstein, cameras and camera supplies, Port of Spain, Trinidad."

"Where's that?"

"Trinidad is an island off the coast of South America—near Venezuela. Port of Spain is the main town. It's a British possession, but there are many French and Spanish residents. I had taken the precaution, when I started out, to have the police photographer get a snap-shot of this Estrilla. I took the picture to—well, never mind who he is. He's lived all over South America. He knows every Spanish colony in town. He helps the police as a stool-pigeon, which is why I'm not telling his name. He gave me what may be an iden-

tification. He's almost sure that Estrilla is a Spaniard from Port of Spain, named Juan Perez. The Perez family were cacao-growers in Trinidad. The head of the family was named Miguel Perez—I suppose, though, you aren't interested in the family."

"That's just what I want to know," said Rosalie.

"Miguel Perez was this man's father—if the stool-pigeon is right in his identification. The stool-pigeon was down there about three or four years ago. At that time, Miguel Perez had just died, and this Juan had inherited the business. It seemed that he wasn't getting on well with it. At least, that was the gossip. That's all—oh, yes, the stool-pigeon remembered one other thing about Miguel Perez. He'd had an early romance with an English girl—navy people. Miguel Perez married her, but she didn't live very long. After that, he married again—a Spanish girl from Caracas—and Juan Perez was the son of that second marriage. That was about all he could remember."

"Still, the camera marked 'Port of Spain' seems to fix it, somehow," Rosalie suggested.

"It seems to; but of course you can't be certain. He may be a relative and have a family resemblance."

"Your friend didn't know whether old Miguel Perez had any children by his first marriage—to the English girl?"

"He didn't say, at least."

Rosalie congealed to a pose with the advent of an idea.

"Tell me," she asked, "when a father and a mother are of different nationalities—talk different languages—what language does the baby learn first, the father's or the mother's?"

"Oh, the mother's, always."

"So if there was a child from his first marriage—to the English girl—he'd talk better English than Juan Perez?"

"He'd pronounce it better, anyway. There's no reason why, with such a start, a child brought up in Port of Spain, which is an English possession, shouldn't speak as good English as—" Here Grimaldi was about to say, "as you"; but a sense of truth restrained him. "As anybody," he concluded.

"And a mother always talks to her baby in her own language?"

"Oh, of course."

"An' if any foreigner—you, for instance—gits real excited an' talks quick, what language does he use?"

"Oh, his own first tongue! When I'm really angry, I always begin to swear in the dialect of Piedmont."

Rosalie mused aloud; and in that musing she cleared up for us one of her mysteries of method.

"It does look to me," she said, "as if I'd wasted a lot of time brushin' up my Spanish with the Martinez Phonograph Method. Still, it's bound to help here and there. Listen," she added, to Grimaldi, "I did a turn once—never mind what—on the Mexican border—El Paso, San Antonio, an' places like that. Circumstance was such that I had to learn as much Spanish as I could; my business called for it. I've been studyin' it again lately. You understand Spanish, don't you?"

"As well as I do English."

"Then," said Rosalie in Spanish, "how does this sound? Is it good conversational Spanish? Tell me what you think."

"Well," said Grimaldi, "it runs all right, but any one would know you weren't Spanish-born. Still, it's pretty good, and I suppose you could fool a Spaniard for a few words. What are you trying to do—with Spanish?"

"Oh, nothing!" replied Rosalie carelessly. "Well, I must go on. Keep him shadowed, an' when you git anything new, you know where to find me. Good-by!"

XIX

At home in her own room again, Rosalie pondered long, a nervous finger picking at a musing lip—pondered until she stood frozen with a new idea. Those rings of Miss Estrilla's—she had long wanted a look at them; especially that big diamond, with a curious onyx and gold setting, which she wore on her left hand.

The forgotten visiting-cards in wraps laid aside at the door; the initials on a bag; the posy in a ring—by slight clues like these she had found the way to old roads of the mind in all her years of professional endeavor. Rosalie had noted Miss Estrilla's care of that ring; noted how she washed her hands without removing it. Chance, therefore, would never give the opportunity. Rosalie herself must make it.

She meditated. Again her finger stopped its drumming on her lip, and she congealed to a pose.

"Molly," she was saying to the maid, half an hour later, "I guess I'll take up Miss Estrilla's dinner to-night."

As if by an afterthought, she picked up a late edition of an evening newspaper and laid it on the edge of the tray.

"I've brought your dinner myself," she said to Miss Estrilla.

She put down the tray, adjusted the napkin, bolstered the invalid with the pillows, and took up a cup of bouillon.

"There, now, I'll help—oh, dearie, I'm so sorry!"

For Rosalie had stumbled slightly in approaching the couch, and the bouillon had splashed over the napkin, the spread, and Miss Estrilla's hands. Mrs. Le Grange bubbled apologies as she hurried about the room, getting cloth, towels, warm water. Miss Estrilla was very gracious, but Rosalie continued to apologize as she began to scrub her hands.

"Didn't burn you, did it?" asked Rosalie.

"No; but it's very sticky," replied Miss Estrilla.

"I can't get under those rings—let me—there, my dear."

Rosalie deftly removed the rings, laid them, without a glance, on the edge of the tray, and continued to chatter as she scrubbed.

"I brought you up the evening paper," she said. "You can't read it, but I thought you'd like to see the pictures of that new Spanish tenor they're makin' all the fuss over. You asked me about him the other day—remember?"

She had finished wiping Miss Estrilla's hands, and now she gave her the newspaper, the photograph of the tenor folded to the front. Miss Estrilla took the bait. She moved the paper close to her eyes.

In that second the deft Rosalie had made three motions and used her quick perceptions. There was a line inside the big ring:

MIGUEL + VICTORIA, 1873.

"Now we're ready for dinner," said Rosalie. "Shall I send down for more soup? No?"

In that moment Miss Estrilla seemed to miss her rings. She perceived them on the edge of the tray, and slipped them upon her fingers.

Before she left, Rosalie spun and tied another thread of the web she was weaving so deftly and yet so cautiously.

"I hate even to mention it," she said, "but I've been feelin' them comin' on to-day—my spells. I know you said I could have 'em in here alone with you, but I haven't wanted to bother you. I sensed the beginnin' of one this afternoon. I beat it this time by workin' hard an' shuttin' my teeth. If it really gets me—if I can't hold it off any longer—I'm likely to be in here 'most any time."

Miss Estrilla, her face and her emotions hidden from view by the eye-shade, answered in a voice which began calmly, evenly:

"I should be very glad—whenever you wish!"

There was a little break on the last word. Rosalie noted that. Something was at work under the calm surface. Could it be eagerness?

Rosalie did not return at once to the dining-room, although the rattle of dishes and of voices invited. She sought her own apartment, sat down on the bed, her chin in her hand—and began talking faintly to herself.

"Identification was straight, all right. It's them!"

A pause.

"Think of draggin' mother-love into such a thing!"

A pause.

"Well, ain't you faked with this mother stuff all your life? Looks to me like some of that lady business had sunk in."

Another pause.

"But I never did it before to turn a trick like this!" She shuddered. "I'm a softy—what will I ever say to Martin? I can't!"

Twin steps sounded on the stairs; through the half-open door came two voices—those of Betsy Barbara and Constance. Evidently they had paused at the landing on their way down to dinner.

"You mustn't go to pieces now, dear. You mustn't! You need to keep every ounce of your strength for the trial!"

"But it's the suspense!" Constance's voice, usually so soft and low, was shrill with tension. "Oh, I can't go down and face people. I have to hold myself in all the time to keep from screaming! It's killing me!"

"Now, dear, remember to be strong for the rest of us," said Betsy Barbara. "Come, dear. You must come!"

The voices drifted on. Rosalie raised her face from her hands.

"Well, it's one or the other, ain't it?" she said to herself. "But life's awful—awful!"

She never faltered again. She forgot that little crisis, as we all forget so many of those momentary crises of the will upon which hang great ultimate decisions. Neither she nor Constance realized, when all was over, how much depended upon those few words, caught by accident through a half-open door. Constance, indeed, never knew; and Rosalie forgot.

XX

Two days later, in the middle of the afternoon, Rosalie Le Grange was again in Miss Estrilla's room, suffering from incipient "control." Her eyes stared, her limbs twitched.

"I'm sorry," said Rosalie on her entrance, "but I've got it again, an' I can't conquer it. Do you mind if I lock the door? I wouldn't be disturbed for a farm—don't know what it might do to me!"

She plumped down into a chair, giving a yawn which shook her whole body. Gradually she relaxed. With one heaving sigh she settled back. Her eyes closed; she fell as into sleep. And presently she was babbling—first in the barytone of Dr. Carver and then in the liquid accents of Laughing Eyes.

Let me omit the preliminaries. They dealt only with trivial things—such little affairs of the house as occurred to Rosalie's mind, working in flashes under her sleeping exterior. She had growled and babbled for five minutes before Laughing Eyes suddenly announced:

"The lady is sick—the pretty lady. Spirit wants to talk to the lady. Pretty spirit! I feel like a great big queen was here—Vic—Vic—Victoria."

The voice of Laughing Eyes stopped. This was a device of Rosalie's. She wanted to listen; and the microscopically minute thing which she heard satisfied her. Miss Estrilla had been breathing regularly. Now, on the mention of that name, her breath caught.

Rosalie's voice, her whole facial expression, her manner—if one can attribute manner to a woman who appears to sleep—underwent an abrupt change. The voice deepened; the lines of the face fell. It was Dr. Carver who spoke.

"Victoria is not strong," said the voice. "I sense that she brings consolation. She

says that things are bad, but they will be better by and by. It is a mother's influence. Miguel—"

Here Rosalie stopped; and again she noted the irregular breathing from the couch. It was an eternal quarter-minute before she spoke again. This time the voice was a man's, but lighter and higher than that of Dr. Carver, and it spoke Spanish.

"*Animate, hijita mia!*" it said, and died away.

A silence again.

"He is gone," said the voice of Dr. Carver. "A spirit wants the young woman who lives below this room—"

The séance drifted away into a series of imaginary messages for Miss Harding. But once again Miguel floated into the talk, dropped a word or two of easily pronounced Spanish, floated out again. Presently, Dr. Carver came no more; the babblings of Laughing Eyes became disconnected monosyllables, and died out altogether. Rosalie lay as if asleep.

She lay for five minutes; she lay for ten minutes.

"Won't she ever wake me up?" thought Rosalie.

Miss Estrilla moved now and then; now and then her breathing caught. And suddenly—she was not breathing at all. Rosalie steeled herself for the shock of cold water, if that were to be the awakening. The shock came, but in another form.

"I am going to kill you!" said the voice of Miss Estrilla, in Spanish. "I am pointing a pistol at your head! Come to me—at once—or I shall fire!"

Thirty years in the profession which deals with deceptions both minute and monstrous, thirty years of simulated emotions, had given Rosalie one great practical talent—control of mind, muscle, and nerve. It had given her, too, a courage born of self-confidence, of the well-grounded faith that she could master any situation. It had modified her instincts; it had changed nature.

Her impulse, under sudden shock of surprise, was to continue, naturally and easily, just what she had been doing. That tided her over the moment of crisis. Her eyes remained closed, her color changed not, her breath came as regularly and evenly as before.

There succeeded the critical moment when the control of instinct was gone, and the less dependable control of reason re-

asserted itself. That was hardest of all. She must remember to keep her breathing regular and her limbs composed; above all—and this is a feat possible only to an actor of parts or a professional medium—to keep the color in her face.

She accomplished this last by the simple device of sinking her chin close against her collar. It was easier as the moments passed. Nothing had happened, nor was there any movement on the couch. It became certain that Miss Estrilla was putting her to a test. Rosalie waited. Her left foot was falling asleep.

It came as she had expected—the second test. Clearly and distinctly, in English, Miss Estrilla said:

"You are a fraud. I am pointing a revolver at your head. Wake and hold up your hands, or I will shoot you!"

Rosalie slumbered on, in seeming; and this time it needed no effort of will. But the foot sent a thousand tiny twinkles of pain and discomfort up her ankle. She was meditating how she might manage a natural awakening, when Miss Estrilla shook her and said in her natural voice:

"Mrs. Le Grange! Mrs. Le Grange! Wake up!"

Rosalie came to full consciousness most artistically and effectively.

"What was it? Dear me, my foot's asleep! Ow!" she said. She rose and hobbled about the room. "Did I stay out long? This just takes the gimp out of me—I won't be fit for a thing to-morrow, an' it's scrub-day, too! What have I been talkin' about—or did I talk at all? They've told me that sometimes I never say a word."

"Oh, a great many things."

"Well, I must have, I'm that tuckered out. Excuse me for askin', but was it about anybody in the house?"

"I think so." Miss Estrilla paused. "There were a few words for me."

"Indeed! Well, of course, that's natural, you bein' right here. Don't set too much store by it, my dear. Take my advice, and don't let yourself get to dependin' on the spirit. You never can tell how it will act. I remember Mrs. Blossom. She's dead now, but she was the best professional I ever saw. Do you know, I've seen her sit with a person an' never bring a spirit that person wanted? They'd all be for a sitter Mrs. Blossom had yesterday. Then again she'd bring the sitter's own spirits right away. More often a person had to come to

her three or four times before things started. Some sitters draws 'em, I guess, just like some mediums."

The other woman pondered awhile upon that, while Rosalie made Swedish gymnastic movements with her sleepy foot. Miss Estrilla twice set her lips to speak before the words came.

"You did bring something for me," she said; "just a little—and it was something I wanted to know. Do you think you can find more next time, if—"

"Now, my dear!" put in Rosalie. "Don't ask me that! I thought you were sensible. If I'd thought it would take such a holt on you, guns and pistols wouldn't have drove me into this room with my spells. I can't tell you how hard I've been tryin' to stop this thing, which is bothersome, to say the best about it. Let's unlock the door while I think about it." She crossed the room. "I've old sitters hangin' round every week beggin' for just one more demonstration, but I'm firm. I've let it come these two or three times, just because I couldn't help it. It would be askin' a lot."

"But it would comfort me," replied the invalid weakly; and there were tears in her voice. "And oh, you don't know how I need comfort!"

"Poor dear! I know how it is. You're sick, an' I suppose you have your troubles. We all have 'em in this world; but when a person's sick, she jest lays an' lets 'em roll up in her, like. Well, now, let's see." Rosalie paused, as if considering. "Why don't I want to practise any more? It's the name an' not the game that's botherin' to me. I tell you what I'll do. I won't try, an' I won't force it, but seein' this is private like, I'll stop resistin' the influence when it comes over me. An' I'll always beat it straight here. Perhaps it was sent to do us both good! That's settled. Now, can't I do anythin' for you?"

As she swept about the room, setting things to rights, there came a knock at the door. Rosalie was about to open it, when an exclamation from Miss Estrilla stopped her.

"Listen," said Miss Estrilla. "If that is my brother, say nothing to him. He is—prejudiced."

"Why, of course not!" replied Rosalie. "An' don't you! I'm more anxious than you can be to keep this thing shut up. I'm the one that's got something to lose."

It was, in fact, Molly the maid, announcing the doctor; and that visit gave Rosalie excuse to withdraw.

XXI

THAT night Rosalie held another of her outdoor conferences with Inspector McGee.

"Well, I'm comin' out with it," she announced. "I've got to tell somebody. Everybody confesses at least once, which a cop knows better than I do. I guess I've got your case started, Martin McGee!"

"Then this fellow Wade—"

"You make me," said Rosalie, "you make me want to shut my mouth an' never tell you anythin' at all. Wade! A cop can't keep two ideas in his mind at one an' the same time, any more'n a horse. Martin McGee, you listen, an' don't you say a word until I'm through!"

With a logical consecutiveness almost surprising in Rosalie, she started her case from the beginning. Tommy North's clue of the rhinestone shoe-buckles, which had set Rosalie on the trail; the discovery that the coverlet on Captain Hanska's bed had been wet with rain from the open window—

But here Inspector McGee broke his tacit pledge, and spoke.

"I explained that," he said. "I told you they opened the windows to let in air after they discovered the murder—when that Mrs. Moore fainted."

"Not rememberin' that it had stopped rainin' when the body was found. It had stopped when I came in," replied Rosalie.

"Had it?" inquired the inspector.

"Now who's smart?" crowed Rosalie, and she proceeded with the finding of the little red button on the fire escape, the discovery that Miss Estrilla had among her possessions a pair of red, strapped shoes with a button missing, and the final fact—that the button matched.

Inspector McGee received that dramatic information with a long whistle of amazement.

"That sick woman!" he said. "Gee, and I'd thought of examining her; but there didn't seem to be a chance on earth. I'd thought more about that brother of hers. But, of course, he'd left the house before the quarreling stopped—while Captain Hanska was alive—and didn't come back until after they found the body." He pondered a moment. "But that ain't real evidence—yet!"

"Give me a chance," replied Rosalie.

She pursued her narrative, setting forth her discovery that Estrilla was an assumed name, and the discoveries of Detective Grimaldi about the history of the Perez family in Trinidad. She proceeded then to the séances, and to Miss Estrilla's attempt at frightening her out of control.

"An' say," added Rosalie, "if you don't think that minute or so was about the tightest squeeze I ever had, you miss a guess, that's all! It near broke me in two. I was so tuckered out holdin' onto myself that I feel it yet. I had to pretend that my control had weakened me."

"Is that all?" asked McGee.

"Yes. Ain't it enough?"

"Well, it's suspicious; but there's no real evidence—nothing you can convict on. Just because one of her shoe-buttons was found on the fire-escape, and she's living under an assumed name, and the entrance to the room was through the window, it's no proof that a sick woman came down the fire-escape and killed a big man standing up in front of her. You can't make a jury believe that. Suppose I pinch her—and her brother, too—and give 'em the third degree?"

"See here, Martin McGee," replied Rosalie. "What have I been takin' all this trouble for, spendin' my good time to get her to believe I'm a medium, if I ain't to be trusted to run this case? You can have your third degree afterward, when I'm through with mine."

"That's so," replied McGee. "Well, anything I can do to help?"

"Yes. How long does it take to get a man to Trinidad? Or is there anybody in Port of Spain that you can use?"

"I've had a man there a week. Another case—missing burglar."

"That's good. Very important?"

"No. I guess he can be spared."

"Luck's with us, if nothin' else. This is a three-times winnin'. Now you just cable him—wait a minute, I'll write the message—got a pencil an' paper?"

They were in a side street. A lamp-post threw a shaft of light across the stoop of a vacant house. Rosalie seated herself on the lowest step, braced the note-book which McGee produced, and, with many a purse of lip and brow, composed the following message:

Drop everything and get full information on the late Miguel Perez, cacao-grower of Port of Spain, and his family, especially Juan, his

son, and a daughter, probably half-sister of Juan, name unknown. Details about life of the family specially wanted, and the smaller the better. Learn everything you can about first wife. Suggest pumping old family servants. Wire in full as you get the dope.

"There!" concluded Rosalie. "An' a lot I'm goin' to cost New York City for cable-tolls!"

McGee laughed as he put the note-book carefully in his inner pocket.

"There are several jokes on me to-night," he said. "Well, if it turns out that Wade didn't do it, I'll be kinder glad. I've hated that fellow, and yet I've kind of come to respect him, too. Say, this is one case where you can't keep out of court and the papers, ain't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Rosalie. "Maybe I can fix it to slip out and leave you all the credit—as usual."

The dig told.

"Well, I never asked you to," replied Inspector McGee in some confusion.

"That's right," acknowledged Rosalie; "but tellin' you about it once in a while keeps you in the right frame of mind."

"Say!" said Martin McGee, returning to the main subject. "When they put this Estrilla woman through—if she's the one—I can see the papers. 'Woman against woman. Ex-medium sends victim to the—'"

"Don't say that!" exclaimed Rosalie. "For Heaven's sake, don't!"

She had been walking elbow to elbow, leaning a little upon him. Now she drew away; and much more that Martin McGee had intended to say remained unsaid that evening.

XXII

COULD we have sat with Rosalie Le Grange through thirty years of her "mediumship," we should have found in all her assaults on the secrets of the human heart a certain sameness.

There are, after all, only a few main roads to the intelligence of man and woman. Rosalie traveled these roads again and again, varying the method only by those infinitesimal shades which the artist knows. Her approach to Señorita Perez—known so far in these pages as Miss Estrilla—differed in no essential from her approach to a thousand love-lorn shop-girls, troubled mothers, perplexed business men, during her thirty years in her old trade. She

simply refined her methods a little, as she had always done, for her "first-class customers."

First, there was the approach—a mist of hocus-pocus illuminated here and there with the glint of a secret, surprising fact which the medium "could not possibly know." This was a period wherein the dupe was unconvinced, but fascinated. Some professed to be amused; and they showed it by giggles, which died prematurely into long silences. Some pretended to be unconvinced; but they proved their dawning conviction by brutal denials. Some put tests to her, obvious and subtle, according to their natures.

None had ever attempted so daring and so clever a test as Miss Estrilla, with her pretended revolver; and this was a bit of evidence, a guide-post, which would have made slender appeal to Inspector Martin McGee or to any jury that ever sat in judgment. Yet to Rosalie, skilled in weighing factors which no male policeman would ever perceive, adept at reading whole volumes of fact from the incidental drooping of a lip or lifting of an eyebrow, this was the most pertinent bit of evidence she had yet discovered. For those who had most to conceal, most to lose by the revelation of their souls to a blackmailer or a spy, were the very people who put such tests to her; and the harder the test, she had always found, the deeper and blacker the ultimate secret.

Could we have followed Rosalie through all those years, we should have discovered another most illuminating fact, throwing a strong light on that contradictory and complex character. It was her impatience, as time wore on, with certain blasphemies on human affection which she had committed more or less lightly during the period of her beginnings.

It is a dreadful thing to barter with the yearnings of parents for departed children, of a bereaved wife for the husband gone before—with man's deepest and highest—and all for the paltry fee of a discredited profession. In her early period, Rosalie had committed this sin of the heart lightly, without inner blemish. Then—as always in youth—her morals were the morals of environment. The thoughts of youth are not voices, but echoes.

When the time came for her to think on her own account, when out of her infinitely diverse characteristics she began to form

character, Rosalie Le Grange salved her conscience with the reflection that she was, after all, doing these people good; that she never hinted, as others did, for big game; that she took only a legitimate fee, and gave in return consolation and good advice. That served her into her reflective forties, the period when we have walked over the summit of life, when in lonely dawns and wakeful midnights the thought of man's ultimate end pierces all our meditations on the future. In those somber lights, things become plain to which the brilliant light of full, active days blinds us. And Rosalie, adept at reading other hearts, had read her own.

For there was a strong streak of the Scot in Rosalie. From the race of warlocks and dreamers on the edge of the infinite had she drawn her taste and talent for mysticism, her genuine clairvoyance—whatever that may be. From it had she taken her love for mystery, her deep, hidden leaning toward romance. From it, finally, had she taken a conscience which, like a tree wind-planted in the cleft of a rock, grew and matured to bear fruit in spite of an adverse environment.

In her forties, conscience mastered her. She could no longer traffic with grief to the shame of her own heart.

In her revelation to Martin McGee she had concealed one fact, as it was her habit to conceal the very springs and sources of her actions. She had not told him that she had left the business of professional "mediumship," when a turn in her romantic life brought fortune, for conscience, and for conscience alone. The hidden excitement and romance of the profession, the contact with other and strange minds, the opportunity for busybodying, for guiding destinies—all these appealed; but she could no longer endure the treacheries and sacrileges of her method.

Here, now, when she had thought to put it all behind her, she found herself embarked on the most treacherous adventure of all. She was playing with human affection, not for the ultimate comfort and consolation of the dupe, but for an end of which she dreaded to think.

She had fought that out, it is true, on the afternoon when she heard through the half-open door Constance's weak appeal to Betsy Barbara. She faltered no more, except in her lonely communings with herself; but her very distaste for the work

drove her to hasten it, as one drinks a noxious draft at a single mouthful. Under the pretense that her obsession was driving her, that she had bottled it up too long, that "it just had to come out of her," she multiplied the séances with Miss Estrilla to the point of danger and incaution.

On the second day after the session in which Miss Estrilla had tried the test of the fictitious revolver, she was back again. This time—having assurance that her line of attack was the true one—she brought both Victoria and Miguel. Victoria, according to Dr. Carver, was the stronger; she spoke much, though vaguely. Miguel dropped only a few phrases—now Spanish, now English.

During this session, Miss Estrilla never moved or spoke; but Rosalie, daring a look through her long lashes, perceived that the woman's attitude was tense, rapt.

In such long preliminary passages with a difficult sitter—so Rosalie's experience had taught her—there is a certain moment when the dupe crosses the line between prudence and absolute credulity. In a quiet, self-contained person like Miss Estrilla, this moment comes, generally, with the first question. After that, the course is as easy as lying. The dupe, once the defenses are broken, is eager to believe. Where before the skeptical mind turned every new and irregular fact to the disadvantage of the medium, now the eager mind turns every fact to her advantage.

"Every sheet's a ghost," Rosalie had remarked time and again. "Hardest thing is hold 'em back. There's nothin' they can't swallow!"

In this, her third séance, Rosalie was proceeding as cautiously as an elephant on a bridge, waiting for that first and vital question.

It came at the fourth sitting.

By this time, Rosalie had begun to receive cable reports from Port of Spain. Detective Hawley, it appeared, was a policeman of singular fidelity, or of singular acumen. Taking literally the order about "little details," he had filed one of the most curious despatches in the annals of the New York police department. It glittered with gems for Rosalie Le Grange.

Especially was it strong in facts concerning Miss Estrilla's relations with her father. Their rides together when she was a little girl and the family was conspicuous on the island, the circumstance of an

accident to one of the horses, even pet names and small coin of domestic intercourse—all this Hawley set forth fully. Beyond doubt, he had found the "old family servant" mentioned in the telegram of instruction, and had milked him dry.

So at this fourth séance Rosalie brought not Miguel—that were too great a strain on her Spanish—but Victoria. She introduced her, as usual, with vague sentences, growing always more definite, and crystallizing finally into the vital, startling fact. Rosalie was speaking freely now, her pose that of a dead trance.

"Do you remember," she asked, "the time they carried you home, as if you were dead, from the stable, and you revived and spoke to me when they brought you in the door? Do you remember, Margy dear?"

The telegram from Detective Hawley had informed Rosalie that the baptismal name of Miss Estrilla—or Miss Perez—was Margarita; that her mother used the name in its English form, and her father in Spanish.

"Do you remember, Margy dear?" repeated the voice of the "spirit" through the entranced lips of Rosalie Le Grange.

"Yes," said Miss Estrilla, so suddenly that it nearly shook Rosalie out of trance. "I remember, mother dear! What was his name—that horse?"

"Still a little skeptical; but it's the last gasp. I'll fix her right now. Lucky I've got it!" said the mind of Rosalie Le Grange, working rapidly behind her mask.

"We had Billy and—but it wasn't he—it was that black horse, Vixen, which you *would* ride against my wishes!" said the voice.

Rosalie heard Miss Estrilla heave a long sigh; heard her settle herself against the pillows, as if quite overborne by emotion.

But Mrs. Le Grange did not proceed directly along the road of treacheries which she was traveling. Victoria went away with the capricious suddenness of all Rosalie's spirit friends. The voice of Laughing Eyes, the child control, burst in.

Upon Miss Estrilla, Rosalie used Laughing Eyes sparingly. With an ignorant and overimpressible sitter she was an invaluable feature, this Laughing Eyes. To a person of greater discernment, the child impersonation was likely to be ridiculous. Rosalie usually employed her, therefore, only to fill in the chinks, to occupy the time while she was thinking. For, after thirty years of experience, she could pro-

duce Laughing Eyes with her left hand, so to speak. The child patter came by instinct; it required no effort of the conscious will; her mind was free to think and plan.

Now, however, she wove Laughing Eyes into her web.

"Lady is gone!" said the child spirit. "Pretty lady! Another spirit—oh, I see pretty things! They shine—oh, go away! Come back! No, he will not stay."

She paused here. Miss Estrilla spoke again, and in such a tone that Rosalie knew she might hurry to her climax.

"Can't you bring him back, Laughing Eyes?" she said. "Oh, please bring him back! Tell him, oh, tell him, that I am not angry!"

A dry sob shook the silences of the room.

"No. He is afraid. And he is weak in spirit!" babbled Laughing Eyes. "Maybe he will come again—maybe!"

Laughing Eyes giggled and babbled of Miguel and Victoria and a dozen spirits impertinent to Miss Estrilla. Yet always, in her babblings, she seemed to hold the atmosphere of truth; she referred casually and in remote ways to a dozen facts about Miss Estrilla's family and her past.

Presently her voice died away; and Rosalie lay silent and impassive, waiting for Miss Estrilla to wake her.

XXIII

IN the following séance—held the next afternoon at the special and plaintive request of Miss Estrilla—Rosalie Le Grange reached at last the very kernel of the matter.

She brought John.

She had prepared for this vital move by a special and subsidiary line of play. She had been cultivating Constance Hanska. With arts all her own, Mrs. Le Grange broke through the reserves of that distressed widow. From discussion of the murder, Rosalie led her on to details of her married life. From that, she lured Constance into deeper confidences, which involved the personal peculiarities of the late Captain Hanska, such as his way of speaking, the quality of his voice, and his methods with women.

When Rosalie settled down to the fifth séance, she had in her mind a picture of John H. Hanska which was good enough for any of her purposes. The preliminaries were over; Laughing Eyes had gone her babbling way back to the land of spirit; Dr. Carver held control.

"A spirit has been trying to communicate, but he is a new spirit, and not yet strong. He says that the lady's sickness is not of the body. It is of the mind. He, too, is not happy yet. John was his name on the flesh plane—it is hard—we over here must make an effort—it is a strain on us, as on the medium—I get an 'H.'"

In the ensuing silence, Miss Estrilla gave one hard sob.

The silence lasted for half a minute. Rosalie strained and struggled as if a tumult were going on within. Then came a man's voice, higher and softer than that of Dr. Carver.

"I am John," Margaret. I cannot stay long. I am not strong—they tell us over here—that we must forgive—even as we are forgiven. But—I will come again—"

"Oh, John, I am trying to forgive! Oh, do you understand? Wait!" gasped Miss Estrilla.

But John spoke no more.

"He may grow stronger after a time," said the voice of Dr. Carver, "if this poor earth vessel through which we speak does not break."

So finished the pertinent part of that session.

The séances were coming every day now. Miss Estrilla wished it, and Rosalie granted her request with an appearance of indulgent reluctance.

The next day, "John" intruded again. This time, it appeared, he had grown strong enough to speak consecutively.

"I have not full power yet. But it is coming. I grow stronger. But the shock in my breast—I feel it!"

That was a venture. Rosalie waited to see what reply it would draw.

The reply came, quick and puzzling:

"Did that come first, then? Oh, surely you didn't feel that?" asked Miss Estrilla, as if in a fever of anxiety.

Rosalie, thinking like lightning, felt herself, for the moment, at her wit's end. Upon the answer to that question everything might depend. It were best, she concluded, to humor Miss Estrilla; to give her what she wanted; but to make the wording vague. She let her body heave, as if John were retaining control with difficulty.

"No," said the voice, "that was not first. It had come already. But somehow—I knew."

"Oh, thank Heaven!" cried Miss Estrilla.

John departed, on this. Dr. Carver and Laughing Eyes spread clouds of mist, intellectual but rosy. They went; Rosalie entered that apparent sleep with which she concluded her "trances." As she lay there, with nothing to do but think, this new perplexity revolved itself in her mind. What meant that sudden question. "Did that come first?" The trail was leading into wildernesses of which she had never dreamed.

Rosalie held three more séances with Miss Estrilla before she reached the final, vital one to which all her diplomacies had been leading. Let me omit the lumber and packing, as yawns, mumblings, long passages of sleep, solemn orations of Dr. Carver, babblings of Laughing Eyes, revelations concerning the family life of Miguel and Victoria. Let me but report those little dialogues between John, in the spirit, and Miss Estrilla—or Margarita Perez, in the flesh—to which this hocus-pocus was only an approach.

John is speaking through the lips of Rosalie Le Grange; and Miss Estrilla is answering.

"I am stronger now. The flesh influence is not yet wholly gone from me. There was much on my soul. I find it hard to forgive. And yet I know I must—little lady!"

Rosalie had learned from Constance that "little lady" was Captain Hanska's pet name for a woman in tender relations, and she let it out as a venture.

"Oh, John! But consider how much I have to forgive. Ah, did you ever love me? You never answered my letters."

"I loved you perhaps too much. Over here, we cannot lie. I was carried away—and I was married—"

"Yes, every one knows that now. You deceived me. It is harder for me to forgive that than the rest."

"Yes—but I loved you too much—to risk telling you."

"Was that why you kept the jewels, then?"

A hard attack came into Miss Estrilla's tone. It was more than a question; there was irony in it. Rosalie thought rapidly. That diamond buckle on the staircase—"the jewels"—here was a new and startling correlation of facts. She must venture no further; she must have time to imagine and to plan.

"I cannot tell you now," said the voice of John. "I am—growing weak—I sinned—"

"Oh, he's gone away!" broke in the voice of Laughing Eyes.

Another séance. John is speaking.

"Ah, I really love you—but I find it hard to forgive."

"Don't you understand, John, that it wasn't revenge? It was duty."

"I know. There is much that I do not understand, but I do understand that. In the flesh, I was always attracted by the glitter of jewels."

This was a lead into territory only partially explored; and the road opened.

"I think there were two parts of you, John. But oh, the better part loved me, did it not?"

"Yes, loved you truly, little lady."

"John, if you had stolen them outright—but to use my love!"

"I am going. I am not strong enough yet to endure reproach—"

"Oh, I will not reproach you again! You must forgive. You know how little you have to forgive. Wait, John, wait!"

John is speaking.

"They give me new strength every day; but this poor, ignorant woman is weakening. Why did you try to get them as you did?"

"What was I to do when I found I had no claim under the law? What was I to do after you wrote me that letter?"

"That happened before I passed out. I could not see you then; and I have not seen clearly since. I am not like the better spirits. My soul was not good when it left the flesh. But I think you came to New York just to get the jewels."

This was a venture on Rosalie's part. Still, there were ways of retrieving the mistake, if her guess was wrong.

"Yes, it was my plan, not Juan's. I have been more foolish than he. Every day I spent in the room above you I was afraid you would discover me. Yet when I thought of you down there—I loved you still! But my eyes were really sick. It was because I cried so much—but I promised not to reproach you."

"Little lady, I was bad, but I loved you. I think if I had seen you, I would have restored them."

"Oh, John! That is hardest of all! If you had, you might have died, but we

should have been saved this, and your conscience would have been right. John, I cannot die and join you now! I dare not, because it would be wrong—and because of Juan!"

Rosalie noted how the name of "Juan" came in again. For caution, she must veer away from that lead at present.

"I think that I felt you near me at times."

"Did you, John? Did you know I was in your room once when you were asleep? Do you remember how you slept through the fire at home? That was why I dared. There was light on your face. I wanted to kiss it!"

"If you had—and wakened me!"

"If I had—if I only had!"

Miss Estrilla wept bitterly; the voice of John answered with caressing, reassuring words.

"But, John, why can you not forgive? Don't you know all?" continued Miss Estrilla, when she had control of her voice.

"Not all. We do not wake to the spirit at once. After the shock, we are in a mist for a time. I knew nothing until I was looking down on the people who surrounded my body—a long time after. Then there were mists and dark spots. I saw one of the jewels on the floor, beside the door. I could not see you—nor Juan. I must know—this is hard—I am growing weak—"

"Wait, John, wait!" cried Miss Estrilla, for the first time losing control of herself. "John! Come back! You must come back! I've something to tell you that's killing me! John, John, you must know that he didn't mean to do it!"

With all the will-power that she had, Rosalie kept herself from the slightest movement when she heard that simple, startling pronoun, "he." It was time to close this séance. She summoned Laughing Eyes, who bade Miss Estrilla good-by in a weak, failing tone; and then she settled into her concluding trance.

In the two sittings, Rosalie had been awakening from trance of her own accord. Now she slumbered on for only two or three minutes before she let her eyes flutter open, her face resume expression.

Miss Estrilla had controlled her weeping. To Rosalie's cheerful "Well, was I out long?" she returned no answer.

Rosalie looked at her sharply.

"I'm afraid you shouldn't do this any

(To be continued)

more—in your state of nerves," she said. "Only reason I've kept it up was because it seemed to be doin' you so much good. But to-day you look all tuckered out. An' me—a wet rag is cast iron beside my feelin' this minute. Tell me, was it long after I stopped talking before I woke up?"

"No. It was shorter than ever before."

"H-m! Well, those that know me better than I know myself have watched my trances. They say that when I wake up soon after the spirits go, it means just one thing—it means I'm runnin' down. This mediumship is like a bucket in the rain. You pour out the water, an' you've got to wait awhile for the bucket to fill again. When I begun sittin' with you, I had more in me than I thought. Fact is, I'd just begun to *overflow*, which is why I couldn't stop that first trance from comin'. But now it's about spilled out. Trance ain't a relief any longer. It's been a strain on me for three sittin's, an' now that it's beginnin' to tell on you, we'd both better stop it, I guess."

Miss Estrilla raised the eye-shade; and Rosalie saw that she was weeping again.

"Oh, just another!" she pleaded.

"Couldn't you, Mrs. Le Grange? There was something more I wanted to ask. Something," she went on, "which would seem trivial to you; but to me—"

"Now, my dear," interrupted Rosalie, "I don't want to know anything about what the spirits are sayin' to you. That's your secret." She appeared to hesitate over a decision. "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I've probably got jest about one more sittin' in me, an' then I'll be through. Sometimes, by sort of reachin' out toward the spirit on the night before—I can't make you understand, I guess, you not bein' mediumistic—I can make the trance stronger—bring more, they tell me. I'll git in touch with the spirit to-night, an' I'll set with you to-morrow for the last time this spell. Then I must quit. I'm keepin' a boardin'-house, not practisin' professional."

"I'm very grateful," said Miss Estrilla; "more grateful than you can ever understand."

"I know you are. That's why I'm doin' this, I suppose," said Rosalie. "There ain't any too much gratitude in this world. I feel as weak as water—an' I must look after the ironin', too," she added, as she moved listlessly toward the door.

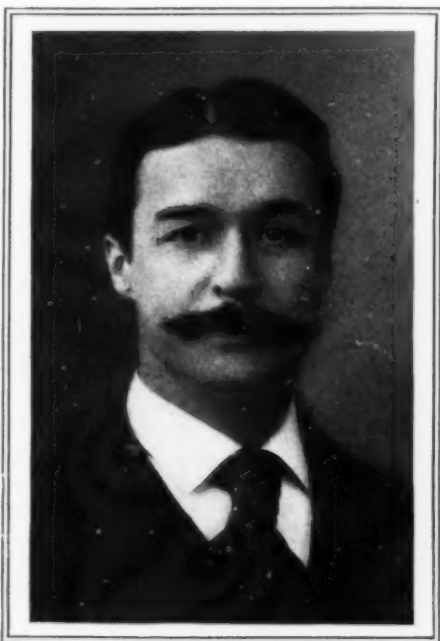
THE MILLIONAIRE YIELD OF BOSTON

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WHEN those sturdy Pilgrim Fathers set up their abode on that pear-shaped peninsula which was the original site of Boston, they builded more than the bulwarks of liberty. They laid the seeds of American wealth which the enterprise and courage of their descendants spread to the remotest ends of the republic. The story of the Boston fortunes, therefore, is not only the narrative of New England financial achievement, but is likewise—and to a very remarkable extent—part of the

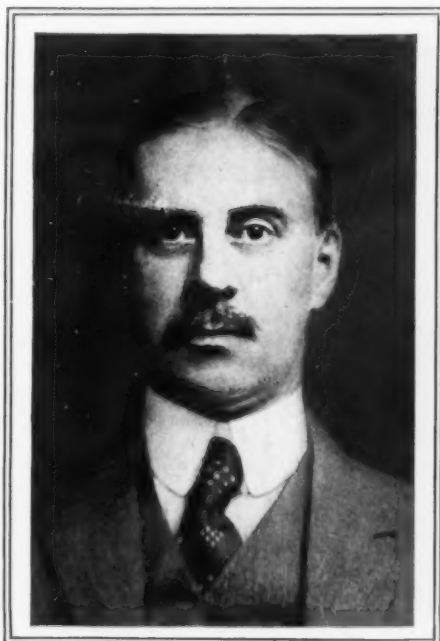
larger record of the development of the nation.

To be the historian of the American millionaire is to be more than a mere chronicler of accumulated dollars. It means, in its most significant aspect, the unfolding of a thrilling panorama of progress studded with militant figures who made history as well as money. You emerge from your task with a fresh wonder at the human resource of a country that can produce such types and such contrasts. This conviction is



ROBERT WINSOR, HEAD OF KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.,
ONE OF THE STRONGEST OF THE YOUNGER
MILLIONAIRES OF BOSTON

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston



JAMES J. STORROW, THE MOST ACTIVE OF COLONEL
HIGGINSON'S ASSOCIATES, AND A FORCE
IN BOSTON FINANCE

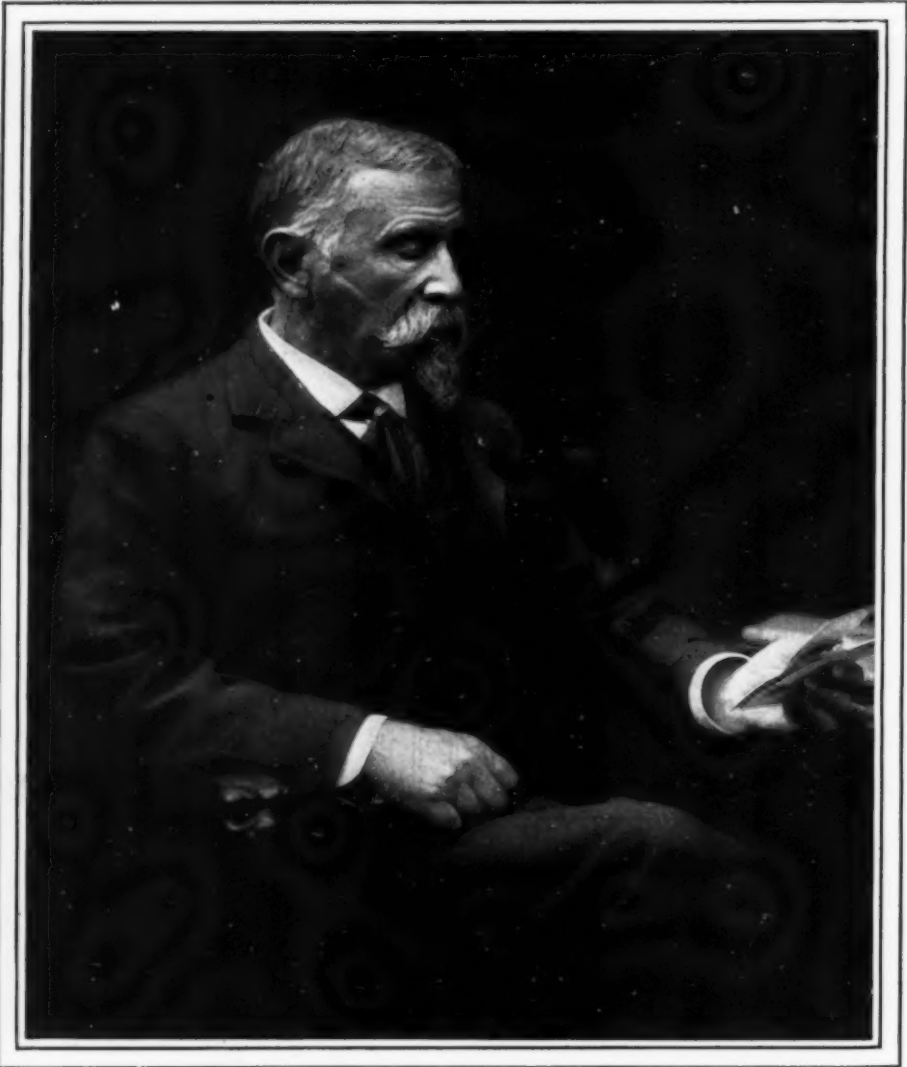
From a photograph by Parkinson, Boston

made all the more vivid and impressive by the present article, which follows so soon after the description of the gilded throng of San Francisco.

It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine two more widely differing sources of moneyed power. On the one hand is the frank, free, impetuous Westerner—alert

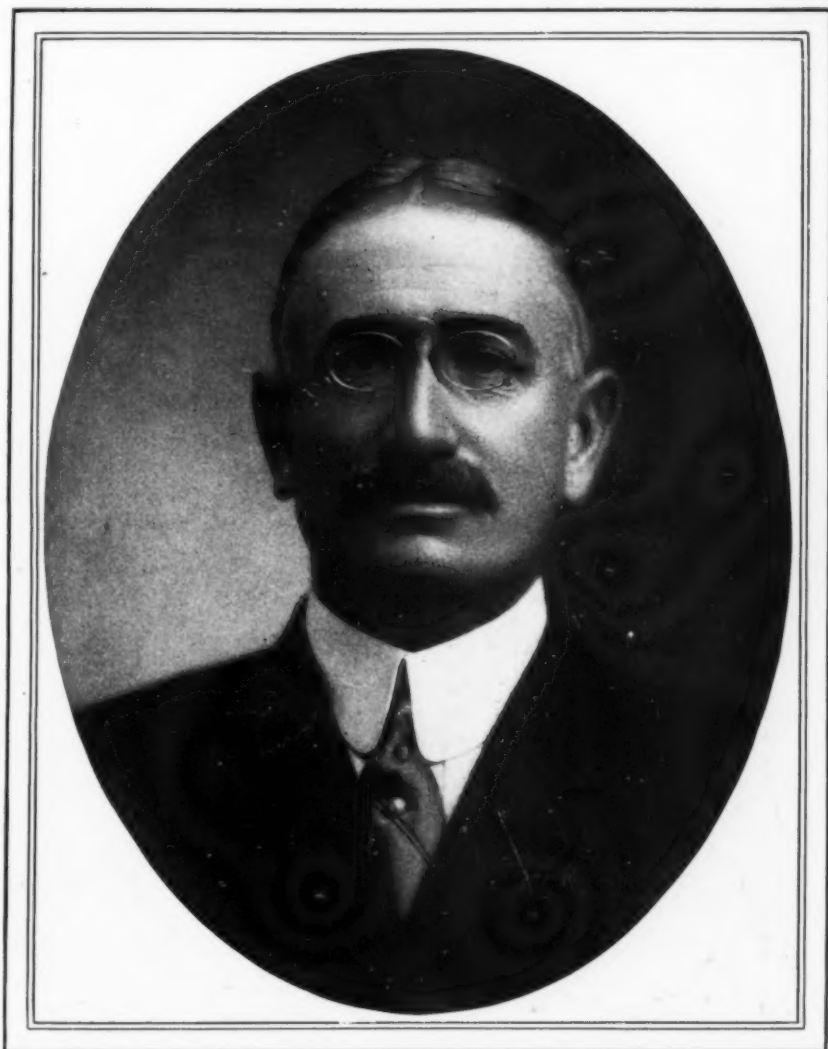
and accessible; on the other is the staid, conservative, tradition-bound New Englander—aloof and canny.

Yet both of these types are part and parcel of our marvelous national expansion. Despite their local extremes of temperament, they fit naturally into the general scheme of conquest. For "there is neither



MAJOR HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, HEAD OF THE GREAT BANKING FIRM OF LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.—
MAJOR HIGGINSON, WHO IS A VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR, PRESENTED HARVARD
WITH SOLDIERS' FIELD AND HARVARD UNION, AND HAS FOR YEARS
SUPPORTED THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

From a photograph by Netman, Boston



EBEN D. JORDAN, SON OF NEW ENGLAND'S FOREMOST MERCHANT, AND THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE BUSINESS FOUNDED BY HIS FATHER—MR. JORDAN HAS BEEN THE PRINCIPAL SUPPORTER OF GRAND OPERA IN BOSTON

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

East nor West" when strong men measure up for the great tasks.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF BOSTON

Those who have only a superficial knowledge of economic history are likely to be surprised when they first dig into the story of Boston finance. Instead of a clannish repository of old family wealth, as they probably expected, they find the mainspring

of a nation-wide activity. The records of the Massachusetts chieftains of capital disclose a vista of brilliant performance.

Here—where echoed the shot that rang around the world, where hung the light that led Revere, where patriot blood first christened the new republic—was born the spirit of our triumphant commercial advance. From a supremacy of the sea it shifted to an autocracy on land. All sec-



COLONEL WILLIAM A. GASTON, PRESIDENT OF THE SHAWMUT NATIONAL BANK, WHO IS PROMINENT IN GAS AND ELEVATED RAILWAY COMPANIES, AND IS A DIRECTOR IN MANY CORPORATIONS

From a photograph by Notman, Boston

tions have known the influence of the Boston dollar.

It was Boston enterprise that drove the steel rails of the Union Pacific across the plains, linking coast with coast. It was Boston millions that put the Burlington, the Santa Fé, and the Michigan Central through the heart of the West. It was Boston faith—and, better still, Boston capital—that cheered the heart of Bell as he strug-

gled to perfect the infant utterance that became the giant voice of the telephone.

It was a Boston scientist who opened the Lake Superior copper-fields. Boston money reared the first sky-scrapers of Chicago; helped to give St. Louis a rebirth of business courage; put Omaha on the map. It financed the dawn of our modern textile era, and gave to American manufacture a world-wide distinction.

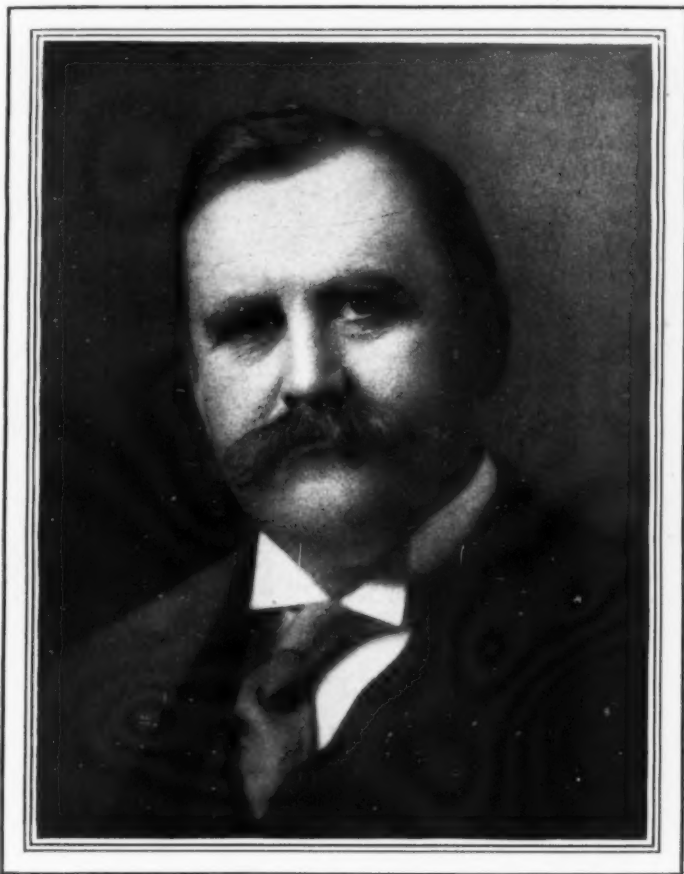
Curiously enough, during all this masterful monetary movement, the New England city was giving us our golden age of literature, for within its shadow dwelt Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Lowell.

How was all this financial development made possible? For the very simple reason that thrift was ingrained into New England character, and behind it lay the shrewdest trading sense that this country has yet produced. These qualities, backed up by a historic conscience, have always given Boston a golden stream of capital, ready to flow into constructive channels. Her people have not been mere money-lenders, grasping at safe and sure returns; they have had plenty of courage to take

risks, but only where there was promise of permanent commercial development.

Boston investment has been made in groups of families and circles, and thus were built up dynasties which have controlled industries and utilities for generations. When some of the great transcontinental railroads passed out of the hands of their Boston owners, it was merely because the time had come when those owners believed that they were getting a good price. And nearly all commodities in New England, whether securities or products, have their price.

There are more silent millionaires in Boston than in any other community. Why? Because her people prefer to talk about their

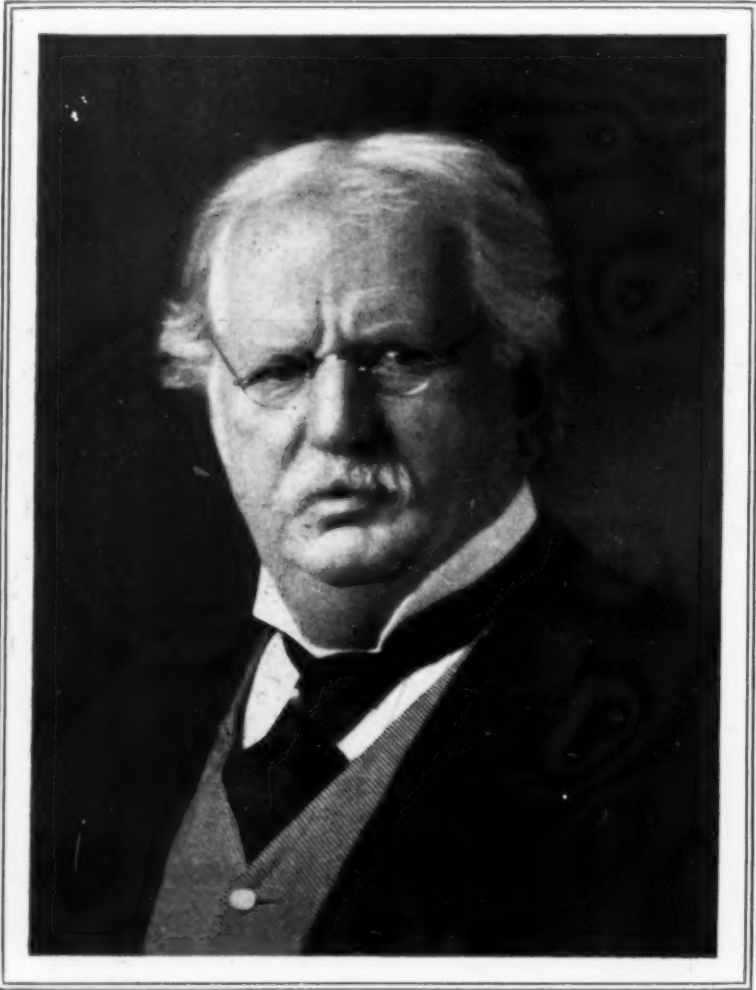


EUGENE N. FOSS, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS—THE SON OF A POOR VERMONT CARPENTER, GOVERNOR FOSS ROSE TO INDUSTRIAL LEADERSHIP, AND IS ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST LANDOWNERS IN BOSTON

From a photograph by Champlain & Farrar, Boston

family tree than about their wealth. They would rather claim kinship with the Mayflower than admit relationship with sordid money-grubbing. Hence the Boston finan-

dous impetus during the wars that succeeded the Revolution, until the export trade was cut off by the embargo of 1807. Our flag was one of the few neutral ensigns that



THEODORE N. VAIL, WHO BUILT UP THE STRUCTURE OF THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY, WHO CREATED THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY, AND WHO IS NOW PRESIDENT OF THAT CORPORATION AND OF THE WESTERN UNION

From a photograph by MacDonald, New York

cial prestige, like her state of mind, is a thing apart.

THE BEGINNINGS OF BOSTON WEALTH

The beginnings of Boston wealth were in maritime commerce, which began in the colonial day, and which received a tremen-

dous impetus during the wars that succeeded the Revolution, until the export trade was cut off by the embargo of 1807. Our flag was one of the few neutral ensigns that

flew the seas, and the Yankee skippers realized on their opportunity. Their vessels penetrated to every port, and our merchant shipping won a prestige which has since departed, never, apparently, to return.

That was the time when Boston, as a center of business, was largely an adjunct

of Salem. The quaint little town that nestled down by the sea was the haven of a hardy line. Out of her harbor swept the humbler Drakes and Frobishers who carried the Stars and Stripes to stranger waters. They were a grizzled and intrepid lot. The tang of the sea was in their very souls; the lust of trade was as the breath of their life. They made the age in which they lived a real romance of commercial adventure.

They could fight as well as barter. When

the nation needed a navy, it was their travel-scarred vessels that did most to annoy the British invaders. During the War of 1812, nearly one-fourth of all our privateers came from Salem. The privateering, as a matter of fact, did not stop when peace was declared, for some of those New England captains ranged the ocean with a free and easy conscience.

In Salem lived the first of the masterful merchant-mariners who gave to American



SIDNEY W. WINSLOW, WHO BEGAN LIFE AS A SHOEMAKER AT THE BENCH, AND WHO IS NOW HEAD OF THE GREATEST SHOE-MACHINERY COMBINATION IN THE UNITED STATES AND A DOMINANT FIGURE BEHIND THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston

business long-lived traditions of courage, foresight, and enterprise. Chief among them was Elias Hasket Derby, in his day a veritable king of the seas. During the first

million dollars, and it was considered a fabulous sum.

Yet he was only one of a group of men whose names to-day spell distinction and



PROFESSOR ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, THE HARVARD GEOLOGIST WHO DISCOVERED AND DEVELOPED THE GREAT CALUMET AND HECLA COPPER MINE, AND THROUGH IT ENRICHED A SCORE OF THE OLDER BOSTON FAMILIES

From a photograph by Purdy, Boston

decade of the nineteenth century he was rated as the largest single ship-owner in the world. He was the first New Englander, or one of the first, to amass a fortune of a

fortune in the Boston hall of financial fame. His colleagues included Stephen Higginson; George Cabot, first Secretary of the Navy, of whom Burr said that "he never spoke

but that light followed him"; David Sears, Charles Endicott, George Gray, Nathaniel Silsbee, George Crowninshield, and all the rest of that viking company.

With them began our great trade with the West Indies, and with African and Asiatic ports. Some of these men trafficked in slaves; all traded in rum. The latter commodity, to ease the New England conscience, was technically known as "W. I. goods." You could see the inscription "Groceries and W. I. goods" on almost every shop in the region. Another staple article of export was dried codfish, and thus the sacred fish crept into the traditions of Massachusetts.

Many of those Salem merchants were too big for the limitations of a small coast town. Their vision comprehended the fact that Boston must inevitably be the capital of all New England activity. So, one by one, they moved to the city set on the three hills, and with their advent the real financial expansion of the community began.

Here you find another circle of masterful men—the actual van of the long line of Boston millionaires. Dominating their councils, and exerting a powerful influence on land and sea, was Thomas H. Perkins, or "Long Tom," as they called him down Salem way. He had begun life as a boy before the mast; he knew the ways and the mysteries of the sea. His father before him had traded in the West Indies, and the son came naturally to his genius for barter. He built up a business reaching from Rio to Canton. He had a fortune of a million and a half, which became a constant source of wonder in Massachusetts.

Thomas Perkins was one of Boston's most progressive and useful citizens. Through his enterprise, in 1826, was built the Granite Railway, so named because it hauled stone from the Quincy quarries to the water. It was operated by horse-power, and, being the first thing of its kind in New England, it was regarded with some suspicion; yet it proved an epoch-making success. Perkins had another claim to fame, for it was in his office that his nephew, John Murray Forbes, received his earliest lessons in business.

In spite of the temporary depression caused by the embargo and the War of 1812, the first three or four decades of the nineteenth century were the greatest in sea commerce that Boston has ever known, and contributed the most picturesque chapter of her business history. Then sprang up Long, Center, and India Wharves, and to them came the mighty fleets rich with oriental cargoes that were soon translated into Yankee gold.

Like a scene out of a Thackeray novel, those old merchants, clad in stocks and long coats, ranged themselves in their warehouses. Their background was the gorgeous brocades and silks of China; real flavor was injected into the atmosphere by spices and wines. Business was done in a simple, frank, open way, and this tradition impressed itself upon all the succeeding generations.

Perkins was not alone in that age of barter. Here also were the Joys, the Boardmans, the Appletons, the Gays, the Lymans, the Lawrences, the Russells, the Hoppers, the Phillipses, and other pioneer builders of Boston fortunes. The ships that often had to wait for wharf room—so teeming was the traffic—were built at home. Over at the East Boston yards the McKays and the Briggses won fame and fortune with the vessels that bore their mark.

Now you come to the real basis of Boston prosperity, and the chief prop under her millions of to-day. Those old merchants saved their money, and with some of it bought real estate. This realty has increased in value until now there are a score of families who, by virtue of their princely holdings, may be called the Astors and the Goelets of the Hub City.

With the middle of the century came the era of steam transportation. At first the prestige of the stout old clipper ship was only menaced; then it fell. Across the seas and up and down the length and breadth of the land steam power was rushing to the aid of man. It was like a giant in the first flush of its strength.

Boston, which clung to traditions, held fast to the idea of the sailing vessel. New York adapted herself more swiftly to the

EDITOR'S NOTE—The present article is the sixth of a series dealing with our great American cities, with the industrial and commercial factors that have contributed to their growth and to their wealth, and with their most prominent moneyed families and individuals. The previous papers dealt with Pittsburgh (published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for March), Cleveland (April), Denver (May), San Francisco (June), and Philadelphia (July).

new idea. In this way it came about that the New England capital ceased to be the heart and center of our maritime activity. Another reason was the development of the commission house in New York, which eliminated the old-time merchant, with his warehouse shop, and established a middle-man between the importer and the retailer.

THE ERA OF CHANGE

But this sweeping change was an ill wind that blew Boston much good. Shorn of their shipping supremacy, her giants of trade turned to other channels. They had saved, as you already know, and they had money that yearned for employment.

The time was ripe for significant exploitation, for great and momentous changes were sweeping across the domain of man. The ear of the world was becoming attuned to the whirr of the power loom; the sewing-machine was clicking in the home. In short, the age of machinery was sounding the approaching doom of hand labor.

Now began that textile era which put the names of the Amorys, the Wigglesworths, the Lowells, and the Abbotts on the gilded list of Boston, and which to-day finds its most powerful expressions in the Whitmans and the Woods. There could be no mills without machinery, and here began the industry which has found its most typical representatives in the Drapers.

The industrial leaders of New England were making costly machinery and turning out an increasing volume of manufactured goods. The Eastern markets were beginning to be crowded; fresh fields for distribution had to be found; arteries had to be created through which to send the rushing stream of output. Then the old pioneer prowess which had rescued the land from the savage swept out into the great West and built railroads that have added to the map a new empire of trade.

The great formative period of railroad-building in the United States had its inception mainly in Boston. While the Vanderbilts and the Goulds and the Harrimans have had their full quota of exploitation, the fact remains that they did not render such solid and substantial service as was accomplished by that brilliant galaxy of Boston men which included Forbes, the Nickersons, Ames, Thayer, and Cheney.

These Bostonians achieved their path-finding task through dark hours of travail, opposition, and general discouragement.

Each of them lived a real epic of magnificent endeavor. Let us take the example furnished by John Murray Forbes, who, by a remarkable coincidence, combined the two great activities which gave Boston such peculiar distinction. He was a great merchant who became a great railroad-builder.

Forbes had those larger qualities of daring, imagination, and vision which would have made him a constructive statesman had he entered public life. As it was, he achieved a wide fame by the mere force of his unselfish activities, and unofficially was regarded as a public man. He was a nephew of the master merchant Thomas Perkins, of whom I have already written. His father was interested in foreign trade, and he was born at Bordeaux, in France.

In Forbes's boyhood, financial misfortune overtook his family, and he was compelled to go to work before he was well into his teens. He went into his uncle's counting-room, where his first tasks consisted of sweeping the floors, washing the windows, and running errands. From his childhood he lived in an atmosphere of business. Soon he became a clerk. When he was seventeen, he made his first thousand dollars. It was the custom in those days to allow clerks to have a small space in their employer's vessels for trading ventures of their own. John's space was devoted to tea, silk, and Chinese toys, of which he disposed to exceptional advantage.

Before he was eighteen, he was sent out to Canton, where the firm had a branch; and on the death of his brother, a year later, he was placed in charge there. Here he received the chance which proved his abilities.

The brother had been a confidential agent for the great Chinese mandarin Houqua, one of the richest merchants of the empire. This responsibility now fell on the shoulders of the beardless youth, who discharged it with such tact, success, and profit that he won admiration throughout the Chinese trade. Through these negotiations he first came in touch with the Barings, with whom he was destined to have historic dealings.

One of the many remarkable features of Forbes's life was the amazing swiftness with which he climbed to fortune. At twenty, on his return from China, he was a settled, successful merchant. At twenty-four he was a member of the shipping firm of Russell & Co., a man of large affairs,

with a comfortable amount of wealth, and a store of experience which many men do not gain in a long lifetime. He might have retired content with his achievement; but his career had just begun.

During the early forties, the whole of our middle West was stunted in its growth by the lack of overland transportation facilities. Dickens has left a memorable picture of the hardships of travel in those days. Commerce crept gingerly along the waterways and their shores, but rail traffic scarcely existed. Michigan, for instance, boasted two wavering streaks of rust which sprawled across her lower peninsula—the Michigan Central, which ran from Detroit to Kalamazoo, and the Michigan Southern, which, in the words of one of its historians, "ran from nowhere to nowhere."

It was a desperate time to talk of railroad financing, for the country was staggering under the scandals which followed the collapse of the "internal improvement" enterprises, in which money raised for railways and canals had been hopelessly misdirected. Yet two men in the West saw in the Michigan Central the foundation for a large development. They were James F. Joy, a Detroit lawyer, and Joseph W. Brooks, an engineer.

They thought that the line could not only be rehabilitated, but could be made the nucleus of a system running to Lake Michigan, thus opening up a rich country, and cutting down the trip from New York by five days. This was the vision that led them to seek capital, and the grace of circumstance brought them to the presence of John Murray Forbes.

With something of a prophet's comprehension, Forbes saw the practicability of the scheme—and its difficulties. The fine enthusiasm of these young Westerners—he was scarcely their senior by a year—appealed to him, and he became their friend and backer. From that time dates the railroad career of Forbes. It was so long, so crowded with dramatic action, so filled with events that bore upon the very life of the nation, that it is impossible even briefly to recount it here.

It is only necessary to say that under his heroic and galvanizing leadership the Michigan Central was bought, built out to Chicago, and made a property of sterling value. Not content with having redeemed that stretch of territory, he turned to the region further south, took the Burlington

and Missouri, and out of it developed the great Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system. Remember, too, that these tremendous tasks were achieved at a time when financing railroads was far less easy than today; when the lack of telegraph and telephone made communication difficult and slow.

Forbes brought his properties through panic, political troubles, and every disaster that rises in the path of the railroad-builder. When the Civil War broke out, he was in the midst of his work. Already he had lived two full careers. Now he flung himself into the Union cause with the fire of a zealot, but with the discrimination of a trained statesman. He recruited negro regiments, and notably the one commanded by his kinsman, Robert Gould Shaw, whose death was memorialized by Saint-Gaudens in the great bronze on Boston Common. He went on what came to be a famous secret mission to England, to prevent the sale of ironclads to the Confederate government. He was so active in his aid that he was called the Secretary of the Navy for Massachusetts. By word and deed he fought for the government, and gave liberally of his means and of himself.

The war over, he turned again to the tasks of peace with cheerful faith. It was not until the beginning of the eighties that he gave up his stewardship of the Burlington, entrusting it to Charles E. Perkins, his friend and protégé. Until the end, his long life was full of serene service.

Such was John Murray Forbes, the merchant, builder, and citizen, of whom it was said that "to him a railroad was not a toy to be tossed from one financier to another, but a great public entity, requiring, like the State, from each generation in turn, the tribute of devoted service." He gave to business and to public life a distinguished example of lofty ideal and constructive capacity. It is a high, yet not undeserved, compliment to his city to say that he was a typical representative of the leading Boston men of his day.

THE WANAMAKER OF NEW ENGLAND

You would naturally expect to find a great master of merchandizing in such a center of shrewd trade as Boston, and in this you are not mistaken, for Eben D. Jordan wrote himself into the commercial annals of New England in big and enduring letters.

He was born on a farm in Maine, and had the heritage of stamina and perseverance which that rock-ribbed State bestows upon her strong men. He was left fatherless and penniless at four, and his mother placed him out in a farmer's family. He began to work as soon as he could hold a hoe. At fourteen he had saved up two dollars and seventy-five cents, and with this slender capital he determined to go to Boston, the city that beckoned to all the youth of the region. When he arrived there, he had exactly one dollar and twenty-five cents. He would not risk the wiping out of his remaining resources, so he became a farm-hand at Roxbury at four dollars a month.

Two years later he secured employment in a notion-store in Boston. Like John Wanamaker, he soon impressed his personality upon customers, and they began to ask for him when they returned.

At nineteen, through a friend, he was able to set up a small business of his own. It was hardly bigger than a dry-goods box; his first sign was painted on a board that he found in the cellar, and his only other expense for outfitting was the cost of a stove. He built the shelves with his own hands. In those days the steamers from the provinces and "down East" arrived early in the morning. In order to catch their trade, the young merchant opened his store at four o'clock, and did a thriving business before breakfast.

Most young business men would have been content to rise gradually from the safe and sure start that had been made, but Jordan had big ambitions. At twenty-five he sold out his business and secured a position in one of the leading dry-goods houses in Boston, determined to learn the business on a large scale. In two years he had mastered it. Thus equipped, he entered upon his real career as a Boston merchant in 1857, when he formed a partnership with Benjamin L. Marsh, under the name of Jordan & Marsh.

In the building up of this business he put himself in a class with John Wanamaker and Marshall Field. Like Field, he was both wholesaler and retailer. He introduced the cash system in jobbing, and he was the pioneer of many business reforms. The store which bears his name to-day is the largest retail establishment in New England, and one of the greatest in America.

To-day Eben Jordan's son and namesake

sits on the throne of his father, head of a vast enterprise. He succeeded to the business in 1895, when the sturdy old founder passed away.

The younger Jordan is very different in temperament from his pioneering parent, but he has the same qualities of foresight and indomitable optimism. He sits at a simple, roll-top desk on the fourth floor of the great Washington Street store, with a copy of Benjamin-Constant's portrait of his father above him. He has an extraordinary memory, and his father's sense of value.

It is not as a merchant, however, that Mr. Jordan is best known in New England. That distinction is preeminently his father's. He is the financier of grand opera, and he has done for Boston what E. T. Stotesbury has done for Philadelphia, with the addition that he helped to provide a site and a house for music.

THE ROMANCE OF CALUMET AND HECLA

We now come to the most romantic episode in the chronicles of Boston wealth—the story of the Harvard scientist who stumbled upon the copper Eldorado, and through it not only enriched himself, but built up a whole social plutocracy. Such is the achievement of Professor Alexander Agassiz and the Calumet and Hecla.

Professor Agassiz was the son of Louis Agassiz, the celebrated Swiss naturalist. He followed his father to the United States in 1849, graduated from Harvard in 1855, studied engineering and chemistry, and subsequently worked on the California coast-survey. About the beginning of the Civil War he returned to Harvard and became an assistant in zoology. He was interested in mining, but mainly as a scientist. He seemed destined for a life of scholarship, when suddenly he came face to face with a unique opportunity. In a subsequent issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE this remarkable romance will be unfolded in all its details, but a few essential facts are necessary in this narrative of Boston millions.

Toward the middle of the sixties, a prospector named Hulbert, while plodding through the Calumet woods on the shores of Lake Linden, in Michigan, discovered a nugget of pure copper. While searching for geological specimens in Michigan, Professor Agassiz encountered this man, paid him liberally for his knowledge of the location of the nugget, and, near the spot, found

perhaps the richest vein of copper ore in the world, the far-famed Calumet and Hecla. He filed a claim to the property, returned to Boston, and, through his faith, energy, resource, and extraordinary scientific equipment, turned it into a famous wealth-producer.

Professor Agassiz made the Calumet and Hecla a sort of society affair. He was a man of social distinction, and many of the old Back Bay families joined him in his enterprise. As a result, scores of the leading people in Boston owe all or part of their fortunes to that marvelous outcropping of ore in the Michigan woods. Among them are Shaws, Bowditches, Cabots, Grays, Gardners, Hunnewells, Weymouths, Coolidges, Higginsons, Lymans, Thayers, Simpkinses, Curtisses, and Cottons. In fact, the Calumet and Hecla stock is a sort of fetish on Beacon Hill and in the Back Bay, and long ownership of it spells social prestige.

THE DRAMA OF THE TELEPHONE

Picturesque as is the romance of Calumet and Hecla, and striking the hierarchy of wealth that it created, it pales in many respects before that other Boston drama of finance which gave to civilization the mighty agency of the telephone. Here is a full-fledged play of heroic proportions, the tale of a man who struggled to realize a dream, through travail and despair, and finally wrought it to a triumphant conclusion.

To get the first act, you must go back to a certain day in June, 1875, when a tall, eager-eyed Scottish professor toiled in a little shop on a side street in Boston. He was bending over a crude machine that looked like a complicated musical device, for it had wires, a spring, and a magnet. For three years it had been his constant solicitude. Not far away stood another keen-faced man, also destined to go down in history on the wing of the momentous event now about to happen. For suddenly the machine gave forth a sound—not a scratch, but something definite and articulate.

A joyous thrill swept the young Scot's face. He yelled to his assistant to repeat what he was doing. Once more the wire spoke. At last the hope of years had been realized.

The professor was Alexander Graham Bell. The note that issued from the thin

piece of steel before him was the first that had ever been carried along a wire. Here, aloof from rushing highways, in the quiet backwater of research, was born the telephone. It marked an epoch in the advance of man.

There is neither time nor space here to describe the path, so beset with difficulties, over which the telephone traveled to favor and fortune, or to recount the tragedies of those years of toil and trouble which well-nigh overwhelmed the infant patent. What concerns us here is the roster of men who got in on the ground floor, so to speak, of the telephone, when that floor was readily accessible, and who built up a group of fortunes more princely even than those which grew out of the Calumet and Hecla.

Mr. Bell, of course, became immensely rich, and there is a tender and appealing sentiment in his well-deserved opulence. He gave all his almost priceless stock to his bride, the beautiful and deaf Mabel Hubbard, on their wedding-day. Few girls, even of royal birth, standing on the threshold of their wedded life, have received so rich a tribute of affection.

In that first group of men who rallied round the crude symbol of Bell's genius, the first and foremost were his faithful patron, benefactor, and friend, Gardiner G. Hubbard—his father-in-law—and Thomas Sanders. These were the men who befriended the young inventor during the days when the telephone first budded as a commercial possibility. Men like Colonel William H. Forbes, the Bradleys, the Saltonstalls, the Fays, the Silsbys, the Carltons, came forward for purely business reasons, and, by their faith in the opportunity, laid the foundations of a new series of Boston fortunes.

One interesting feature in the telephone wealth is the fact that it represents the progress of invention. The men I have just named belonged to the pioneer period. Then came that turbulent time when the instrument, commercially established, became the bait and butt of the patent pretender. Out of long-drawn and dramatic litigation came the three great lawyers who owed their millions to their defense of the Bell idea. These men were James J. Storrow—whose name, through his son, is prominent to-day in Boston finance—Chauncey Smith, and Thomas D. Lockwood. To this group must be added the name of Frederick P. Fish, who later on

became for a brief time head of the great concern.

It is necessary to write of one more striking personality in the telephone drama—the virile leader who sits to-day at the head of that whole vast Bell system which binds together the whole country with wires in the air and cables underground. This man is Theodore N. Vail. His life bridges the whole span of telephone development.

His entrance was dramatic. Back in those perilous seventies, when the telephone was menaced on one side by the patent sharks, and well-nigh overwhelmed on the other by the hostility of the Western Union, a personality was needed to build up a business structure. The indefatigable and faithful Hubbard, while toiling in Washington, discovered Vail, who was then head of the government mail service at Washington. Through Hubbard, he was offered the post of general manager of the Bell Telephone Company, at a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and he accepted, saying at the time:

"My faith in the project is such that I am willing to trust to it."

With the advent of Vail, the commercialization of the telephone began. One of the first problems that he attacked was a campaign of education. He knew that there could never be profit for the project without popular favor with the people. He began to build up that great system of State agencies which to-day forms one of the most powerful corporate chains in the world. Under his leadership, exchanges were introduced; the Western Union Telegraph Company was fought to the point of surrender; stock-jobbers were punished, and the long-distance system developed.

But Vail was not satisfied. He had the vision of a mighty federation of all the Bell companies operated independently in every State into one huge merger, which would put the speech of men, by word or dot, around the world. Out of this ambition came the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. When he had seen his plan successfully under way, his health failed, and he retired; but his restless nature had to have an outlet, so he introduced American electrical railways into Brazil. Then, believing that he had lived a man's full life, he settled down to rest and enjoy himself as a gentleman farmer in Vermont.

Other men succeeded him at the head of the great telephone company—men like

John E. Hudson, an intellectual giant and a great conserver, and Frederick P. Fish, who was the disciple of expansion, and who pushed the development of the company at a rapid pace. But there were many of the old guard in the telephone business who believed that in order to consummate the larger vision of the telephone, its business creator should return to his post. Thus it happened that in that memorable year of 1907, when on the financial horizon there were gathered the first darkening clouds of panic, a remarkable scene was enacted amid the green slopes of a Vermont farm.

Standing where he could see his cattle browsing in the pastures, Theodore N. Vail received a deputation of telephone magnates.

"Come back to the giant you created," they said.

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Vail. "I am too old—I am sixty-two." Then he added, with some tenderness: "You know, my friends, that all my life I have wanted to be a farmer, and I have been very happy up here in the hills."

But those captains of capital had sensed the coming of events. Already the shadow of that fatal October was before them. They urged upon Vail the necessity of coming back to the harness, and the grizzled veteran consented.

To-day, at sixty-seven, Mr. Vail is a magnificent figure of a man. His leonine mane of white hair, his grizzled, rugged face, his flashing but not unkindly eye, and the masterfulness of his whole personality make him a dominant and unforgettable figure. Under him, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has prospered mightily, and the Western Union Telegraph Company, of which he is also president, has had a fresh lease of success.

THE SHOE MACHINERY MAGNATE

In Boston, as in Philadelphia, there is amazing variety in the channels through which millions have flowed. There could scarcely be a larger leap than the change from the telephone drama, which I have just unfolded, to the shoe kingdom, whose capital is Boston, and whose outlying principalities include, Lynn, Brockton, Haverhill, and half a dozen other towns.

This network of shoe-factories could not exist without adequate machinery. The genius who brought about the standardization of the necessary devices, and who is enthroned to-day as the machinery king of

New England, contributes one of the most striking figures to the whole New England gallery of money fame. Yet it is an interesting fact that Sidney W. Winslow did not begin his real career until he was well into his thirties. He is the son of a humble shoemaker, and worked at the bench in his father's shop at Lynn, which grew in time to be a modest factory, employing considerably less than one hundred men. Up to the time of which I speak, Sidney had merely risen to be foreman of the stitching-room; he was regarded as a very substantial young man who some day might have a factory of his own, and, if he was very fortunate, might employ a few hundred hands.

One day Sidney began to reason with himself. He asked the question:

"What would become of me if I should become an invalid, and what would happen to my family in case I should die?"

Now a great many men, at various times in their careers, ask themselves this self-same question, but only a few take advantage of the determination that it creates. Sidney Winslow was one of the few. From that day on he took stock of himself, and he began to do big things.

Circumstances favored him. The elder Winslow was something of an inventor, and, among other things, had devised a buffing-machine. Sidney, who had the understanding to comprehend its possible effect on shoemaking, took it in hand and began to exploit it. It was shortly after the beginning of the age of shoe-machines, and the great industry was emerging from the cumbersome hand era.

Having launched the buffing-machine in a small way, he was attracted to what seemed to be another radical advance in factory equipment. A Dutch Guiana negro, who worked in one of the Lynn shops, had invented a somewhat crude machine to last shoes, which saved much time and labor. After the usual fashion of inventors, he had hawked it about, with no success. Winslow heard of it, and, together with George W. Brown, then New England agent for the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, he bought and backed this patent, which became the nucleus of the great United Shoe Machinery Company. These two men now dominate the concern, which produces three hundred machines for making shoes, and employs more than five thousand people.

By reason of the fierce litigation which

has blazed about his company, Mr. Winslow has become a prominent public figure, and particularly in New England, where so much of his output is used. Many people in Boston contend that he has the most brilliant business mind in that whole section. Certainly no one disputes his astuteness, his resource, and his amazing capacity for working and fighting.

Yet, when you meet him, you find a slender, well-knit, nervous man, with a closely-trimmed beard and eagle eyes, a personality which suggests leashed energy. He has mastered two great qualities essential to any success; he is a good listener, and he has cultivated patience. These, combined with a striking power of analysis, have helped him in the career which has made him one of the richest men in Massachusetts.

Winslow's supremacy, however, is not confined to machinery. Up and down the money lanes of Boston he is a power. When you ask people about the First National Bank there, they are likely to say:

"Oh, you mean the Winslow bank!"

The shoe-machine king and his partner are members of the bank's board, and contribute strength and authority to it.

This seems to be the proper place to say a word about the group of remarkable shoe-manufacturers who have given Boston and its neighboring towns such a world-wide reputation. I might cite any one of a dozen men. No man's career, however, is more picturesque than that of William L. Douglas, the humble shoemaker who rose to be a shoe magnate and the Governor of his State. His face is probably the most familiar in the United States.

He was born at Plymouth. His father died when he was five, and at seven he was pegging shoes. After serving his apprenticeship in shoemaking, and taking a flier in coal, he settled in Brockton to make his fortune, with a capital of eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. With this, he started a small shop in a single room, employing five men. His first output was forty pairs of shoes; now he makes more than sixteen thousand pairs a day, and owns eighty stores throughout the United States.

Mr. Douglas has always maintained that he partly owes his election as Governor of Massachusetts to his belief in advertising. During his candidacy, he splashed printer's ink all over the State. He did not stop here, for he used bill-boards, posters, and

every legitimate agency that could bring his name before the people.

THE MILLIONAIRE GOVERNOR

The Massachusetts Governorship seems to have a peculiar attraction for millionaires. Scarcely had Douglas left the chair when another very rich man came to the helm of the State destinies, and there he still is.

In Eugene N. Foss you find the somewhat unusual combination of sound business man and adroit politician. Mr. Foss is a real Yankee, born in Vermont, the son of a carpenter who in time became a contracting builder. As a youngster, he had some very remarkable escapes from death. One of them furnished the neighborhood with a tradition. At the age of three he fell into a mill-race, and floated around for two hours. He was apparently dead when discovered, but was revived.

He left the University of Vermont before finishing his course, because he felt that he ought to be a breadwinner. He found a position as salesman for a patent lumber-drier, and this connection shaped his whole future, for in time he became associated with B. F. Sturtevant, inventor of the process, whose daughter he subsequently married. Mr. Foss rose to the head of the great Sturtevant works, and made them the largest of their kind in the world.

But that is only one of a very wide range of commercial activities. He owns and operates machinery-manufacturing plants, has built and equipped large textile mills, and he has a big interest in railroad and steamship corporations. In addition to all this, he is one of the largest realty-owners in Boston, and is just now planning to erect one of the finest apartment-houses in the city.

Mr. Foss had achieved his millions before he became actively interested in politics. Although a born Republican, he early became an advocate of tariff revision, and through this conviction went over to the Democratic ranks. Being a practical, hard-sense, progressive business man, he naturally injected these qualities into his campaigning when he came to run for office. He was first elected to Congress, and subsequently to the Governorship. He is now serving his second term in that office.

Governor Foss is the incarnation of dynamic energy. I talked with him in his office in that historic State House on Beacon Hill,

surmounted by the golden dome. He is big of bone, keen of eye, sturdy of physique, restless and almost impetuous in his movements.

"You know," he said, "I am simply a business man trying to run the affairs of a State as a big business is conducted."

The best thing I heard about Governor Foss in Boston was said by a man who had fought him in various political battles:

"The difference between Foss and other politicians is that he thinks with his head."

A TYPICAL BOSTON FAMILY

As you proceed down the roster of Boston riches, you encounter a succession of families who date back to colonial days, and whose wealth was practically rooted in the virgin soil of the new republic. Moreover, the same tenacity which has held the dollar has clung fast to the original occupation. In the instance presented by the Ames family, you find a remarkable tradition of this kind.

There are so many Ameses in and about Boston that it is necessary to keep a catalogue of them; yet for more than one hundred and thirty-five years, every Ames has been connected, more or less, with the making of shovels. The original Ames was a blacksmith, and set up quite or nearly the first iron-working establishment in this country. Then he began to make shovels, and from that time on every Ames has been interested in the industry. Their shovels dug the first gold out of the California gulches, and they have been an agency of civilization almost as potent as the rifle.

While all the Ameses have been sturdy soldiers of industry and have represented generations of millionaires, a few stand out with peculiar distinctiveness. None had so spectacular a career as Oakes Ames. Like his father before him, and his father's father, he learned the business of making shovels, and with his brother, Oliver, founded the firm of Oliver Ames & Sons. It was this house that carried on the enormous trade with the Pacific coast during the gold excitement there, and later on with Australia.

During the Civil War it furnished swords and shovels—a rare combination of destructive and constructive output—to the government. During the second year of the conflict, Ames was elected to Congress. He was assigned to the Committee on Railroads, and became bound up in the project for the

construction of the Union Pacific. Through his intense interest in the consummation of the scheme he helped to organize the *Crédit Mobilier*, which took over many of the construction contracts for the roads.

Ames's connection with this organization led to a sensational investigation. He was publicly censured by Congress, but subsequently much of this criticism was expunged from the record. The big fact that stands out, in a dispassionate view of the whole lamentable episode, is that Ames and his Boston friends had a big and vitalizing part in putting through the great enterprise which first gave to the United States a transcontinental system.

His son, Oliver, was a noted Boston financier, who contributed to the connection that the Governor's chair of Massachusetts has with the multimillionaire; but before he went into politics, you may well believe that he was in the shovel business. When his father died, the family fortunes were in a tangled financial web, made all the more so by the *Crédit Mobilier* complication. At that time the Union Pacific, especially in Kansas, was facing a group of wreckers, headed by Jay Gould; but this Massachusetts manufacturer proved himself a match for the Wall Street wizards, and got out with a good profit. He was a Governor of the Douglas and Foss type, and left a distinct impress upon the affairs of the commonwealth.

Heading the Ames family to-day is the Governor's son, Captain W. H. Ames, who, in addition to the traditional shovel business, has other commercial connections, including the American Pneumatic Company. He is a big, sturdy, ruddy, well-set-up figure of a man—one of the younger bulwarks of Boston progress.

A PIONEER IN TEXTILES

Wide as seems the range of Boston millions, we have not yet touched one area which perhaps more than others, with the possible exception of the shoe industry, has given the city and the State a commercial distinction all their own. From now we come to that humming textile zone, aquiver with the whirl of wheels and the hum of looms, which has sent a staple American product throughout the world.

Boston has produced many textile kings, and in the consideration of them the human interest historian faces an embarrassment of types. For the purpose of illustration,

let us take William Whitman, possibly the strongest and most dominating figure of the day in that whole million-studded activity.

None of his contemporaries in the camps of capital has had a more picturesque story. He was born far up in that Acadian country where *Evangeline* roamed. Down by the sea, in a little country store, this farm-bred boy learned the first lessons of merchandizing. On his father's farm he became familiar not only with the sheep industry, but with wool manufacture as a household industry for family clothing.

When he was in his early teens, young Whitman went to Boston to make his fortune. He secured a position with James M. Beebe, Richardson & Company, then the leading wholesale dry-goods importing and jobbing firm in the United States. For those were the days when Boston was the most prominent dry-goods center of the country. In that great house he first touched textiles.

It is an interesting fact that the school wherein he served his trade apprenticeship was perhaps the most remarkable business university that we have had. From it Junius S. Morgan went to London, to become the partner of George Peabody, and to build up a great Anglo-American banking institution. Here Levi P. Morton, destined later to become a Vice-President of the United States and a great Wall Street figure, got his training; and among those who learned at the same counters were Cornelius N. Bliss, Eben D. Jordan, and George Fabyan.

Shortly after the Civil War, Mr. Whitman became associated with the selling agency of the Arlington Woolen Mills. Now began a vast development of textiles under his direction. When he made this first connection, the worsted manufacture in America was still in its infancy. Many difficulties remained to be overcome. European manufacturers had long dominated the world's market for worsted fabrics. Wealth and experience were all leagued against the American mills. Mr. Whitman's courage, sagacity, and progressiveness enabled him to take the leadership in overcoming all the obstacles that lay in the path of profitable domestic manufacture. He saw the Arlington Mills grow from a small establishment into one of the greatest in the world.

It is unnecessary to rehearse his long manufacturing career or his intimate and well-known connection with tariff legisla-

tion. You get some idea of his prestige and power when I say that to-day the industries which he dominates represent a total capitalization of nearly seventeen million dollars, employ fourteen thousand people, and have an annual pay-roll of six and a half million dollars.

Mr. Whitman is a strong-hewn man of marked intellectuality. He has read widely and well, and, like the late General William F. Draper, is an example of a business man, a manufacturer, who by study and experience has mastered the science of economics. He has a gift of terse, vigorous, convincing English speech. His fellow-manufacturers generally regard him as the ablest champion, with voice and pen, who has appeared among them in a generation. His power over Congress, for which he has been bitterly assailed, was due less, it is said, to personal acquaintance with Senators and Representatives—for a certain aloofness characterizes Mr. Whitman, like other men of conspicuous intellectual strength—than to a remarkable ability to expound and enforce his views in either written or oral argument.

THE LINE-UP OF MONEY POWER

All this imposing procession of enthroned industry and far-reaching commercial power would be impossible without the sinews of warfare provided by the banks. In Boston you find a brilliant group of financiers, whose citadels are set up amid historic environment. State Street is to New England capital what Wall Street is to New York, Lombard Street to London, and La Salle Street to Chicago. Up and down this winding, crooked lane, looking more like an old English purlieu than the gold artery of an American city, ebb and flow the tides of credit.

Few thoroughfares are more bound up in the annals of the nation. Sentineling one end is the old State House, with its lion and unicorn still rampant on the roof; from whose balcony was read royal decree, and within whose ancient walls Adams and his fellow patriots thundered against oppression. Within stone's throw is that circle of granite blocks which marks the spot of the Boston Massacre, and scarcely a block away rises Faneuil Hall, the cradle of liberty.

In State Street you see names linked with our whole financial destiny. No Boston banking-house is quite so well known,

perhaps, as that which reposes in a modest, low, venerable brick building, which bears the title of Lee, Higginson & Co., for in the rear of its rambling counting-room sits the dean of Boston finance, that splendid figure of a man—Major Henry Lee Higginson.

The major was graduated from Harvard, and then went to the Civil War, where he won his rank by conspicuous courage. Then he entered the banking-house which had been established, back in the forties, by his kinsmen, George Higginson and John C. Lee. He rose to be its head through years of solid and constructive service. In his firm, as in many other old Boston houses, the English custom of daily round-the-table conferences obtains. Despite his advanced years, Major Higginson still dominates his circle, and his sage counsel is sought in many of the great financial enterprises and problems in which Boston is constantly involved.

Major Higginson's public spirit alone would entitle him to a distinguished place in Boston history. He has practically supported the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years. He is the donor to Harvard of Soldiers' Field and Harvard Union, and he is in every respect that high type of millionaire encountered particularly in Philadelphia and Boston—a man who seems to have the time and the means for real uplift.

Major Higginson, like J. P. Morgan, years ago realized that the time must inevitably come when he would be passing out of the money councils, and, like that grizzled Warwick of American wealth, he has gathered about him a remarkable group of younger partners. Chief among them is James J. Storrow, son of the Storrow who fought the battles of the Bell Company.

The younger Storrow is a keen-eyed, alert, well-set-up man, who studied law and graduated into the banking game. Like his chief, he is not lacking in public spirit, for he once ran for mayor—a forlorn-hope campaign, as it proved—at a time when many of the best people of the town thought that good government and municipal decency were in jeopardy.

His associate partner, Gardner Lane, another of the powerful younger financiers, is the son of a Harvard professor of Latin, and himself a scholar of exceptional ability.

You find the same kind of line-up when you go down Devonshire Street to the great house of Kidder, Peabody & Co., at whose

head is the strenuous and alert Robert Winsor. Mr. Winsor may be said to bear the same relation to Boston finance that Henry P. Davison bears to Wall Street, for he is the incarnation of youthful energy, has big vision, and enjoyed an early success. By many he is regarded not only as the richest of the younger Bostonians, but as the coming great private banker of the community.

In Boston, as in every other great American city, you find groups of affiliated financial interests. For example, the great banking ally of the Kidder-Peabody circle is the powerful National Shawmut Bank, whose president, Colonel William A. Gaston, vies with Winsor for supremacy among the younger millionaires.

Like nearly every other Boston man of any consequence, Colonel Gaston is a graduate of Harvard. His father was Governor William Gaston. At college, his closest chums and classmates were Josiah Quincy and Theodore Roosevelt. The former President and now candidate for reelection to the Presidency was his second in what was probably the most memorable boxing-match ever pulled off in Harvard. In this contest Colonel Gaston vanquished Ramon Guiteras, now a famous specialist.

Colonel Gaston maintains the best traditions of State Street by having studied law. He had built up an enormous practise when he was drawn into big finance. He reorganized the elevated lines, and brought order out of chaos in gas. Being his father's son, he naturally became interested in politics, and he made two brilliant campaigns for Governor on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated both times. He had returned to the law when in 1907 he was called to the presidency of the National Shawmut Bank, which is the biggest financial institution east of New York, and certainly the most powerful in New England.

Colonel Gaston is not, however, without strong competition. Almost within sight of his own building sits another young bank president, head of one branch of the opposition group. This is Daniel G. Wing, president of the First National Bank, and about the only unadulterated Westerner in the whole group of big Boston financiers.

Mr. Wing was born in Iowa, became a messenger at fourteen for the State National Bank at Lincoln, Nebraska, and was treasurer and auditor of the Republican national committee during the campaign of 1896. After his election, Mr. McKinley

made him a bank-examiner, and through this position he came upon his great opportunity. In winding up the affairs of the Broadway and Globe National Banks of Boston, he showed such unusual skill, tact, and general ability that a circle of Boston men became convinced that here was a great banker in the making.

He was first made vice-president of the Massachusetts National Bank. As a result of various mergers, he came into the presidency of the First National, which, you will recall, is the Winslow bank, and one of the financial Gibralters of New England. He bears to the Lee-Higginson group a relation like that of Colonel Gaston to the Kidder-Peabody organization. He is lean and rangy, and looks very much like the late Wilbur Wright.

Nor must men like Charles Hayden, who rose from messenger-boy to magnateship, or his partner, Galen L. Stone, who stepped from the newspaper profession into big banking, be forgotten in any register of the younger millionaires who are giving Boston a new birth of financial prestige.

Long as seems this gallery, I have only scraped the surface of the Boston rich. I might continue down the golden highway almost indefinitely, for many remarkable tales of affluence remain untold; but those that I have unfolded may be regarded as typical.

With this article the series on the millionaire yields of various American cities ends. The princely panorama has stretched from sea to sea and touched at every era of our national development. On its glittering canvas has flashed the most amazing of all dramas of money-making.

While these articles have been shot through, perhaps, with the glamour of millions, the simple and significant fact which stands out in the summing up is that there is nothing mysterious or uncanny or impossible about the great accumulations of fortune. The masters of capital that I have described have been, in most instances, endowed with vision, thrift, and the ability to make what money they had work to earn more money. This simple, fundamental rule of investment was learned in their youth, and they clung to it all their lives.

They created opportunity and capitalized it. And in this capitalization they wrought cities, built industries, linked continents, and incidentally gave to the story of world wealth a picturesque and lasting tradition.

SHOULD THE HOLDING COMPANY BE ELIMINATED?

BY SAMUEL UNTERMYER

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

IT is idle to say that the complaints of the American public against the laws and business methods regulating corporations are not well founded, for the evils which exist under our system of lax judicial control are grave to an extent that most of us do not realize.

There is not a country on earth in which corporations are so little subject to supervision as with us. The natural and inevitable result of permitting great aggregations of wealth to become virtually a law unto themselves has been a usurpation of authority, and an arrogation of power and privilege, never contemplated by the fathers of the republic and repugnant to our institutions and traditions.

As all the world knows, our modern industrial development has been phenomenal. Business methods have been so transformed that the laws of a past generation do not meet existing conditions. There are many important and necessary phases of corporate regulation which present laws did not contemplate, and are not adequate to control. There is no way to make them fit except to change the laws, and thus to obliterate the misfit precedents applicable to the same legal situation but unsuited, under changed economic conditions, to deal with them.

If I were asked what single thing is mainly responsible for the loss of public confidence in security values, I should say, without hesitation:

"The holding company."

This financial device is not only a great evil in itself, but a harbinger of other evils. It is a recent abomination, a prolific means of oppression, and the most fruitful source through which minority shareholders are defrauded of their rights. But for this de-

vice, the majority of the trusts that are afflicting the country could never have been born.

It is glorious to have the strength of a giant, but to use that strength as a giant is tyrannous; and this, precisely, is what has been done by countless of our great industrial corporations. The oppression which, in some cases, has been practised on the minority in order to force them to enter into combinations, or to part with their holdings, constitutes one of the most disgraceful chapters of modern high finance — and that is certainly saying much.

But great as have been, and are, the abuses which have entered into the affairs of industrial corporations, the greatest frauds upon minority stockholders, through the medium of the holding company, have been perpetrated by railways and other public-service corporations; for here the opportunities have been greater, and the minority interest is generally more widely distributed.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOLDING COMPANY

It is interesting to recall the origin of the holding company, for it is only of recent years that corporations have had the power to own the shares of other corporations. Like many other powers with which they have been clothed, the holding company is a result of vicious competition between the States, which have bid against one another for the patronage of the corporations by offering the inducements of lax requirements and improper privileges.

In the history of our country there have been few things quite so disgraceful as the sordid scramble between certain commonwealths for the privilege of supplying corporations with charter powers and immuni-

ties which are rightly denied them in other States, and which are unknown in other countries. The vicious practise was begun in one State, which saw and seized the opportunity to fill its coffers at the expense of a sister commonwealth, not yet sufficiently "progressive" to let down the barriers of public protection.

The other States were forced to follow, in self-protection. They could not afford to sit idly by while the revenues and the control of the corporations within their own borders, and legitimately belonging to them, drifted to States which had no concern with those companies except to license them to prey upon the communities in which they were located. It was in this way that the "holding company," which was previously unknown and impossible, has become one of the stereotyped powers of every corporation.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the manifest injustice of allowing one corporation, through its holdings of a bare majority of stock in another, to control the business and policy of the latter. A corporation should be managed solely in its own interest, and not in the interest of some other company. It by no means follows that the policy of conducting an enterprise which would be to the interest of the holding company will necessarily be in the interest of all the stockholders of the controlled company. It is usually the other way.

THE FATE OF THE MINORITY STOCKHOLDER

Again and again, minority stockholders have suffered from the ownership of a majority of the stock of their company by another company. If it suits the purpose of the controlling company to take unto itself the business of the controlled company, the minority are left to shift for themselves. If the holding company allows the other to continue in active existence, its operations are controlled and regulated with a view solely to the welfare of the so-called "parent" company.

It sometimes happens, of course, that the companies of which the control is thus acquired are improved and enlarged, if that suits the purposes of the holding company. But even in those cases the power to oppress the minority will probably be utilized to gather in the stock at low prices before the plans of the majority are put into effect.

If the control is acquired for the purpose of lessening competition between the companies, or of operating them in harmony, it

generally means an end to the expansion of the controlled company, and often its gradual elimination. If the purpose is to expand the controlled company, that process is rarely begun until after dividends have been reduced or entirely suspended, and the minority stock has been acquired for less than it is worth.

Of late years, owing to the enforcement of the laws against railroads acquiring control of parallel or competing lines, the evils of the holding companies have been somewhat diminished; but they are still acute and substantial with regard to connecting lines. A stockholder in a small independent road suddenly finds that the majority interest has been acquired by one of the big systems, which has perhaps paid for it all that it was worth, in order to get control, and proposes to "average up" on the minority.

Then begins the sad and familiar story, which the courts have found themselves powerless to prevent. Dividends are suspended; new traffic contracts are made with the holding company, which prove less advantageous to the controlled road; alliances and business that were conditioned on the independence of the road are lost. In every sense of the word, the new purchase is regarded as a "feeder" to the main line. Its future is sacrificed to that of the holding company; its earnings are absorbed in improvements; and perhaps, if it is "worth while," an additional mortgage is put upon the property for further improvements.

In the end, the minority stockholder gets tired of waiting for a resumption of the dividends, on the strength of which he bought into the company. The holding company, or the "insiders," get his stock at their own price, if they are patient and sufficiently expert to "keep prayerfully within the law." Unfortunately, this happens far too often in all classes of corporations to justify a continuance of this barbarous condition with the remedy so close at hand.

Some one or other of these obnoxious features, if not all of them, could be illustrated in the case of the Kanawha and Michigan Railway, acquired by the Hocking Valley, which, in turn, was taken over by six great trunk-line railways; or with the St. Joseph and Grand Island, acquired in 1902 by the Union Pacific; or in the acquisition of the Rutland Railroad by the New York Central, and its subsequent sale by that company to the New York, New Haven

and Hartford—which latter transfer is in litigation. I could cite many other instances of the same sort, and even worse ones; but these few will suffice.

REDRESS PRACTICALLY UNATTAINABLE

It is all very well to say that the minority stockholder has his redress if his company is being mismanaged by an adverse interest. He hasn't, even in theory, for the courts have said that they cannot review the business judgment of directors as to when dividends shall be paid, though earned, or as to how the properties shall be managed. It is only where the directors have been recklessly open or exceptionally stupid in playing the game, and very rarely even then, that anything in the way of relief has been accomplished.

Besides, litigating against one of these powerful systems is an expensive business. Countless are the pitfalls and endless the delays. It is a luxury reserved for the large holders, and then only when they have plenty of money and infinite patience. In practical operation, there is no relief whatever under the present procedure; and from the nature of the case there can be none, so long as the holding company is tolerated.

I am not discussing the wisdom of permitting one railway company to acquire the *property* of another. So long as they are not parallel or competing lines, I see no harm to the public, and possibly much good, in continuing that power, provided the purchasing company assumes the debts of the absorbed property, and, above all, provided it acquires *all outstanding interests*. It may then do as it pleases with the property, and there will be no one to complain. The vice lies in the power to acquire part of a property, and then to use the whole to the injury of independent interests. That should be made impossible.

The remedy is simple—absolutely forbid any corporation from holding stock in any other corporation. That does not mean that it cannot buy the *property* of the other company, provided it may otherwise lawfully do so; but it must buy every interest or none.

Unless three-fourths, both in number and amount, of the stockholders of a company vote in favor of a sale, there should be no sale. If the necessary three-fourths agree, the remaining one-fourth should be compelled to take their share of the purchase price, subject to a summary court review of the fairness of the transaction at the in-

stance of any dissatisfied stockholders, who, at their option, should also have the right to have their shares appraised. In the latter event, the purchaser should deposit their proportion of the purchase price in court, and they should receive whatever their stock is held to be worth, whether more or less than the deposited sum.

A SUGGESTION FROM ENGLAND

The British Reconstruction Act, as applied to the reorganization of corporations under the British Companies' Law, furnishes a valuable suggestion as to the form that this legislation should take. Under that statute the wasteful extravagance, the delays, and the injustice that characterize the reorganization of corporations under our law are avoided. A given proportion of each class of security-holders may formulate a plan of reorganization, which avoids foreclosures, and which will be binding upon the minority, *provided it is just*.

Unlike our system of reorganization, such plans are subject to the direction and control of the courts. With us they are irresponsible, extra-judicial proceedings, dependent entirely upon the consent of the parties, and subject to no judicial supervision or restraint.

Under the English system, if the holder of a single share of stock claims that the plan of reorganization is oppressive or unjust to any class of securities, he may submit his grievance to the court; and if the objection is found to be well taken, the reorganization will be defeated. On the other hand, a substantial minority may be forced into a plan which the court believes to be just, and which is approved by a large majority.

In my opinion, it would be entirely practicable to make the general principles of these provisions applicable, by Federal legislation, to all the corporations engaged in interstate business. Unfortunately, it would not be easy to apply them to strictly intra-state corporations; though this might be done without undertaking the hopeless task of inducing State Legislators to restrict the powers of their corporations within proper limits.

If the State in which the selling company was incorporated would provide by legislation that no stock held by or in the interest of another corporation could be voted, the same result would be accomplished.

THE MESSAGE TO BUCKSHOT JOHN

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE GREAT GILMORE, founder of the fashionable cult of Purified Thought, known outside the advertising columns as Dr. Buchanan Gilmore, and to a select few as "doc," disposed his white-flanneled legs under an immense mahogany table, armed himself with a jade-handled paper-cutter, and attacked his morning's mail.

The rich, heavy furniture, the tapestries, the thick Persian rugs, the graceful but inconspicuous bronzes, and the gorgeously clad Oriental attendant spoke eloquently of prosperity. The Great Gilmore himself, arrayed from head to foot in spotless white, a single rare jewel winking from his cravat, struck a high, clear note in the midst of this effective stage setting.

It was characteristic of the man that, whatever his surroundings, he managed to be the most conspicuous thing in sight. When he had a chance to set the scenes himself, the effect was irresistible and compelling. A marvelous stage-director was lost in the Great Gilmore, and the shrine of Purified Thought was all that limited money and unlimited taste could make it.

"Really, my dear," said one Denver lady, while breathlessly describing her visit to the eminent savant, "his consultation-room is *wonderful!* So well is it arranged that one carries away *nothing* but the sense of simple elegance. Positively, my dear, the man's taste is *marvelous!* And such a *personality!* Such an expression of *power* in his eyes!

No, *brown*, my dear! I remember most distinctly!"

The Great Gilmore, having set his trap for money, used money as a lure. Everything in his office was genuine—that is to say, everything but the man himself. Even the velvet-eyed, catlike servant was a genuine Hindu from over the seas, vainly endeavoring to forget that he had ever been a snake-charmer with a medicine show. Dr. Buchanan Gilmore—doubters might see his diploma displayed in the waiting-room—believed in a "good front" as firmly as he believed in the great truth that for every fleecy lamb born into this world the shears are appointed and the time set.

Gone were the hard days when the "doc" strained his musical voice in order to persuade the proletariat of the kerosene belt to part with twenty-five cents for a bottle of his justly celebrated Snake Oil, a solid gold friendship ring and a silk handkerchief being thrown in with each and every purchase. As Questo the Hypnotist, the vaudevilles knew him no more. Legerdemain, palm-reading, ventriloquism, astrology, and materializing séances he had put sternly behind him, along with several temporarily assumed names for which he now had no further use.

This grub had become a butterfly, disdaining all but hothouse blossoms. As the expounder of Purified Thought, Dr. Buchanan Gilmore never "gave sittings." He "made appointments." The difference

showed plainly in the figures upon the weekly bill, rendered to his clients upon neatly engraved linen bond.

Purified Thought appealed to a rich clientèle. There was in the very name a subtle magic which attracted those whom the doctor was pleased to describe as "the better classes." If he had learned nothing else from his lean and hungry years—his petty-larceny period, he called it—the Great Gilmore had made certain of the fact that the possession of much money does not change human nature. A rich woman, seeking advice in matters of the heart, would accept precisely the same counsel as her sister behind the notion-counter, who spares fifty cents in exchange for an interpretation of the lines in her palm. And the more the rich woman paid for her advice, the more valuable it would seem to be.

Purified Thought was the same old goods. The difference was in the package, and the market was hungry.

The Great Gilmore's mail was a heavy one, for he knew something about newspaper advertising. Some newspaper advertising is for sale, and some is not; and the latter is by far the more desirable. The doctor bought just enough of the first to be sure of the second, and in the news columns he frequently jostled the youngest society bud or the oldest political rascal for prominence. It was an excellent way of getting business, for people are more or less prone to believe that the man who is often in the public prints must amount to something.

The doctor's long, nimble fingers flew as they sorted out the mail, but there was one letter which held him for a second reading. It was written in pencil upon two sheets of dirty, yellow paper, and was postmarked "Canyon City, Colorado." This is what it said:

DEARE SIR, i am a convick heare in the states prisun and sinct i hav gott religin i beleave things i didnt befor. i read in an old kansas city paper wheare you talked with spirrits and mayby you can help me. i gott something on my mind wich wont let me sleep nites in the line of property wich was not come by honest but wich was stole. i want to no what to do with it. my pardners are all dead and if i could talk to them they would tell me what to do. i want to go clean wen my time comes and i gott enuf to anser for anyway wich was done in my sinfull days long ago. if you are a god feeling man wich beleaves in a hear-after, come to see me. yrs,

JOHN MORAN, No. 1113.

p. s.—i hav been a bad one in my time wich was long ago but i have repentit of my sins and am leding a beter life but i aint easy in my mind aboutt what i ought to do with that property.

p. s.—if you write the warden dont say you gott a leter from me. this was smugled outside. ask if you can see John Moran privitly. they let others and they ought to let you.

The Great Gilmore leaned back in his chair for a few seconds, and then dropped the letter with a short laugh.

"Some petty larcenist with a tender conscience," he thought. "He'd better send for the prison chaplain."

But the memory of the letter lingered. After he had finished his mail, he took down his telephone, called up the editorial rooms of a local newspaper, and asked for Mr. Dacey.

"Hello, Jimmy!" said he. "Come over to the Brown Palace for dinner to-night, will you? No, nothing special. I'm in for a lonesome evening, and I thought— All right, Jimmy! Seven o'clock!"

II

JIMMY DACEY was a middle-aged reporter on a morning newspaper, a walking gold-mine of miscellaneous information, and the owner of a memory like a filing-cabinet. All sorts of interesting things were stored away in his head, to be turned up at the price of a question. Privately, he believed that the Great Gilmore was the cleverest fraud out of jail, but since the doctor was "getting away with it," Dacey gave him the credit due under the circumstances.

Dacey interested the doctor; the doctor interested Dacey. It was an even exchange. Neither man asked or expected perfect confidence.

The chat over the coffee and cigars ranged far and wide, and touched upon many things, from politics to petty larceny—not so great a journey, perhaps, after all. Then the doctor dropped a chance remark into the tide of conversation.

"By the way, Jimmy," said he, carelessly, "those were very clever articles you wrote about the new penitentiary system and the warden's ideas of handling the prisoners. I read them with deep interest. It seemed to me it was a pity to waste them on a daily paper."

"Uh huh!" said Dacey, noncommittally. "Wish I could strike a magazine-editor who thought so!"



THE GREAT GILMORE'S MAIL WAS A HEAVY ONE

"You had pretty much a free hand down there," said Gilmore. "Talked with a lot of the convicts and that sort of thing?"

Dacey nodded.

"I wonder," Gilmore continued, blinking dreamily, "if, in the course of your work, you came into contact with a convict named—Horan? No, that's not the name! I'll get it in a minute. Moran, is it? John Moran?"

"Buckshot John?" ejaculated Dacey. He flashed a swift glance at the doctor, but his host was carefully removing a band from a fresh cigar, a feat which seemed to require all his attention. "That old scoundrel?" continued Dacey. "I should say I *have* come in contact with him! Why, I've interviewed the old coot three times in the last fifteen years. He's supposed to know something about all that money and stuff that the Kennedy outfit got away with. What made you ask about him, doc?"

"I don't know. My recollection is very hazy, but it seems to me I saw the name in a newspaper somewhere. Don't recall where it was. What was the Kennedy outfit? A bunch of pickpockets?"

Dacey snorted indignantly.

"Where have you been the last fifteen years?" he demanded. "Pickpockets! They never went up against anything softer than

a bank or an express-train! Why, doc, you surely don't mean to tell me that you never heard of Bad Jake Kennedy's gang?"

Gilmore flicked the ash from his cigar and beckoned to the hovering waiter.

"Why, certainly!" he said. "Bad Jake,' sounds familiar. I'd forgotten that he had a last name."

There, at least, he spoke the truth. Time was when Bad Jake's name had been exceedingly familiar, particularly in the intermountain States. Kennedy and his cutthroats had been the scourge of southern Colorado and northern New Mexico, where for a brief but bloody period they made life interesting for railroads, express companies, overland passengers, and small bankers. Retribution had finally come to them on the flying hoofs of a posse.

In the rapid scene-shifting of a new Western State, Bad Jake and his men, though less than fifteen years in their dishonored graves, were now no more than an uneasy tradition of the border—a story with which to frighten tourists. Gilmore had often read of their evil record, and he listened once more to the brief but stirring narrative of the wiping out of "the Bad Jake bunch."

"For about two years," said Dacey, "they simply ripped the southern end of the State

to pieces. They stuck up trains just for the fun of the thing, and kept their hand in by cleaning out little banks. Then they got too gay, and went after a bigger bank in broad daylight, and the whole county swarmed after 'em. They were surrounded over by Clayton, but they put up an awful fight. They didn't want to be taken alive, and they killed six of the posse and wounded a lot more. The boys played even by getting Mexican Frank, Curly Dupree, Joe White, the Whistling Kid, and a couple more who were lucky enough to be killed outright. Bad Jake, Charley Elms, Hair-trigger Jordan, and this fellow Buckshot John were taken alive, all more or less wounded. That accounted for the whole works."

"A nice clean-up," commented Gilmore. "It doesn't happen very often that they get 'em all at the same time. What did they do to Kennedy?"

"The usual," said Dacey. "The boys got impatient. The prisoners were brought into Clayton about dark, and that evening the citizens busted into the calaboose, got Bad Jake, Jordan, and Elms, and hung 'em to the same tree. Jake died game, and so did Jordan, but Charley Elms went all to pieces and cried like a baby. Buckshot John told me once that he always knew Elms had a yellow streak. He was only a kid, anyway, but he had an awful record—four notches on his gun, not counting Mexicans."

There was a short silence.

"And where," inquired the doctor, idly watching the smoke of his cigar, "was your friend Buckshot John when all this took place?"

Dacey chuckled.

"That's a good story in itself," he said. "Moran was all shot to pieces when they brought him into town, and old Doc Pattee, who had been out with the posse, took him to his own house and went to work to fix him up. When the doc got wind of the evening's entertainment, he got out his old muzzle-loading scatter-gun, oiled her up, and filled her clean to the ears with slugs. Then he sat down on the front steps of his house and waited for the committee with the gun in his lap. When the boys came along, looking for John, he announced himself. Said he hadn't had a patient in six months, and if they took this one away from him, he'd just naturally be forced to let drive where the crowd was biggest, and get some

new ones, if he had to make 'em himself. They knew the doc would do it, too, so they let him alone. Anyway, nobody thought Moran would live through the night. No sense in hanging a dying man.

"The express companies and the bankers put up a terrible squeal about that lynching. You see, Bad Jake had a world of money and stuff hid away in the hills somewhere. When he cleaned a train, he cleaned it right down to the rings off the passengers' fingers. They thought Jake should have been given time to make a confession and tell where the stuff was cached. But the boys were kind of peevish—six of their friends had been bumped off by the gang—and they stepped in and made a tidy job of it. To this day, they've never been able to get back a splinter of the loot. It's down there in the hills yet, I suppose."

The doctor lifted his tiny brandy-glass and twirled it thoughtfully between finger and thumb.

"Of course," he said, "this man Moran doesn't know where it is, or they would have brought pressure to bear on him long ago."

"They brought pressure, all right," admitted Dacey, "but it didn't do any good. He's told the same story all the way through. He claimed that Bad Jake never let them have anything but the small money, and kept all the big express shipments and the bank stuff hid in a private cache, under agreement to split it when they got ready to leave the country. That was his way of holding 'em together, it seems. Buckshot John stood his trial, lying on a cot in the court-room, and because they thought he'd die anyway and they couldn't fasten any of the real killings onto him, he got off light—with thirty years. For a long time the Bad Jake treasure was our star mystery story, and I've been after Buckshot about it three separate times. He always hands out the same story. If I'm any judge, he's telling the truth when he says he doesn't know where Bad Jake hid the stuff.

"But the old rascal fooled 'em; he got well after all. Must have had the constitution of a grizzly bear. I didn't see him the last time I was down at Canyon City, because he was out with a road gang. He's been a 'trusty' for years, and the warden tells me the old coot has got religion now. What do you know about that for a combination?"

"Strange," remarked Gilmore, "but the more abandoned the life a man has led, the

stronger he takes to religion when it *does* hit him. Now, I knew a case once in Pittsburgh—"

Half an hour later, the doctor was pulling on his gloves in the lobby.

"The cleaning up of that Kennedy gang must have been a wonderful newspaper story," said he thoughtfully. "Every element that goes with the making of a romance—treasure, adventure, sudden death—everything! Jimmy, that ought to be worth looking up in the files."

"It certainly was a great chance," assented the reporter. "We had a man on the spot with the posse, and the presses were held for him that night. He turned it loose all over two pages. Come over to the office some time when you haven't anything to do, and I'll have the old files dug up for you."

"I'd like it immensely!" said Gilmore. "Look here, why not to-night? I haven't a thing to do, and I'm interested in the psychology of the Western bad man. Fascinating study, I've always found it."

Dacey's evening assignment kept him busy until after midnight, but when he looked through the door into the little private room where he had left the doctor, surrounded by dusty volumes of the middle eighties, he was amazed to find the Great Gilmore still there, hat and coat off, and buried in the elbows in the files. A great stack of index cards lay in front of him, by the aid of which he had been able to trace the Kennedy gang from its first appearance in print to the sensational finish.

As Dacey looked in at the door, Gilmore was making entries in a small leather notebook. The reporter opened his mouth to speak, changed his mind, and withdrew silently. By a visit to the filing-cabinet, he ascertained that every card on John Moran had been taken out of its place.

When at length the doctor stood up and struck his dusty palms together, he had read every word that had been printed about Buckshot John and his pocket note-book bore a complete record of the history of the Bad Jake gang. He was fortified with names, dates, incidents, and a neatly tabulated list of stolen property, the sum total of which ran well into six figures.

Gilmore was slightly surprised to find Dacey waiting for him in the city room.

"Well, doc," said Jimmy innocently, "you've made a night of it, haven't you?"

"I have been admirably entertained," said Gilmore simply. "Admirably! Won-

derfully well written stories. Nothing like the old-time reporters, these days! You know, a man in my line of—research should be interested in life in all its phases. Human nature, Jimmy! Ah, there isn't a study in the world like it!"

"And that's right, too," said the reporter.

Dacey stood on the corner, waiting for his car, and watched the Great Gilmore swing down the street, twirling his cane.

"Something doing here!" said the reporter to himself. "Something coming off, as sure as a gun! Now what is it? Guess I'll study a little human nature myself!"

III

DUSK was closing in on the camp at Sand Creek, which marked the temporary residence of the convict laborers engaged in blasting a State road out of the Rocky Mountains. Prisoners with good records were eligible for this interesting pastime. It was a reward of merit, and a part of the new warden's policy in the handling of his men. "Trusties" were permitted to do the work, under a strong guard.

The evening meal was over, and most of the men were loafing about in front of the bunk-house, enjoying their pipes under the eyes of the guards, while the captain in charge checked up his account-books in his small quarters, fifty yards away.

A cloud of dust rose in the growing darkness, and the whining of wheels heralded the approach of a vehicle of some sort. Presently a tall figure stepped into the circle of light by the cook-house, and was promptly challenged by a guard. A moment later there was a knock at the captain's door.

"How do you do?" said the visitor, affably. "Did the warden telephone you that I would call to see No. 1113?"

"Oh, you're the fellow, are you?" asked the captain. "Another reporter?"

The stranger glanced down at the sheaf of paper which protruded from his breast pocket.

"Well," said he, "not a reporter, exactly. I'm a sort of a special writer."

"I suppose you want to see Moran alone," the captain went on. "Let's see—your name is—?"

"Harrison," prompted the visitor. "A. L. Harrison, of Chicago. Yes, thank you, I would like to see him alone if it could be arranged."

He glanced meaningly about the small room as he spoke.

"You can have him in here if you like," said the officer. "These trusties have privileges, more or less. They're picked men. I've got to walk over to the railroad-station and get some mail."

"Take my rig," said the "special writer" quickly. "The boy will drive you over."

"Thanks!" said the captain heartily. "Sorry I can't offer you anything, but it's against the rules."

The man of letters silently produced a heavy silver flask.

"I am always prepared," he said gravely. "Tell me what you think of that stuff."

The captain smacked his lips.

"Pretty fine!" he said. "Well, Mr. Harrison, make yourself at home. You won't be disturbed. I'll send Moran to you. He's over in the bunk-house reading the Bible. That's about all he does these days—that and praying. Don't get him started on religion, or he'll run all night. Funny old duck, but the best prisoner in the bunch. I wish some more of these 'cons' would get religion, if it would make 'em as easy to handle as John!"

The captain disappeared. The Great Gilmore glanced about the small, bare room, his quick eye taking in every detail. He moved one chair slightly, pulled up a second until it faced the first from the other side of the table, and taking the lantern from the peg placed it where the light would fall strongest upon the second chair and its occupant.

No sooner had he set his rude stage than a heavy step sounded on the threshold, the door swung silently open, and Convict John Moran, No. 1113, entered and closed the door behind him. Moran was short and thick-set, and the close-cropped hair over his temples was nearly white. His face, heavy, dull, and almost stupid, was deeply lined with wrinkles, and his pale gray eyes were lusterless and weary. In his left hand he carried a small black book, into which he had thrust one stubby finger as a marker.

He shook hands without a word and sat down at the table, regarding Gilmore with the steady, unblinking gaze of a tired old animal.

"I told the captain my name was Harrison," began the doctor.

"This was best for many reasons. He thinks I am a newspaper man, but my name is—"

"I know you all right enough," rumbled

Moran in a deep bass voice. "I saw your picture in a paper once. I thought—somehow—you'd be an older man." There was a note of disappointment in his tone.

"That," said Gilmore gently, "is a fault which time will remedy."

Moran did not answer the smile which went with that remark. He placed the book upon the table, locked his powerful hands together, and, blinking slightly in the beams of the lantern, began to speak in the level, monotonous tone of the man who knows exactly what he must say, and with the air of one anxious to make haste with an unpleasant task.

"I didn't believe in this kind of thing once," he said. "I've lived hard and careless, and before I came here I done many a wrong. Nobody will ever hear me say that it wasn't right and just to put me here. It was coming to me. I deserved more'n I got. Since I've been locked up, I've had time to do a lot of thinking. I've had time to be sorry. I want to do what's right, mister. I want to go clean when my time comes, and not be afraid. There's something I want to know first."

He paused for a moment, and then, lowering his voice until it was no more than a whisper, put his question.

"Do you think, if a man has been a bad man, and wants to be square, and he's in dead earnest, he can—get a message from—the other side?"

The Great Gilmore said that sincerity was a prime requisite, and that previous conditions mattered little if the heart was right.

"And if I should get a message," persisted the convict, "how would it come? How would it get to me? What shape?"

The doctor was evidently much surprised.

"Have you never consulted a medium before?" he asked.

"Mister," said the convict earnestly, "I told you that I didn't use to believe in these things. If I ever saw one before, I didn't know it."

"Then I see I must explain everything from the beginning. Messages from the spirit land may come in many forms, according to the control. The ones which come through me are written while I am in a trance state."

"Written?" questioned the man. "How written? Regular stuff that a man could read?"

"Yes," said the doctor; "just ordinary

writing. You understand, when I pass into a trance state, I am controlled by a spirit. That spirit has the power to communicate with other spirits and to direct the movement of my hand—to use it to write with while I am unconscious. When I come out of the trance state, I am, of course, unable to remember what has been written. My brain has been asleep. If the influences are right, the messages come of themselves. Now I have told you all I know about it. Where these messages come from, who sends them, why they are sent—I cannot say. Dishonest mediums sometimes claim to know more."

The convict sat in deep thought, rubbing his big hands nervously together.

"So that's the way!" he said at last. "All right, mister; I'm satisfied. Now I suppose first you'll have to know who I want to talk to, and what about." He spoke hesitatingly.

The Great Gilmore lifted a graceful hand in protest.

"I beg of you," he said earnestly, "to keep your secrets. Tell me absolutely nothing about yourself—nothing at all."

Moran gulped once and passed one hand over his face.

"That's—that's *straight*?" he asked at length. "You mean you don't want—I don't have to give no information nor nothing? Why, I thought I'd have to sort of—"

The man paused, struggling with a new thought. Relief, incredulity, and blank amazement were in his eyes.

"The less I know," said Gilmore, "the more perfect the spirit control should be. I came here simply in answer to your letter. You seemed to be in trouble. If I remember, it was something about property. Prop-



MORAN, BREATHING IN GREAT GASPS, SAW THE MESSAGE BEGIN

erty might be anything, so my mind is open on that point. I know nothing of your past; I shall not ask you a single question about yourself. Once or twice men have made the mistake of talking too freely, and I have never been able, under such conditions, to

ly his muscles relaxed, as if tension had been removed. Evidently the man dreaded to talk, and was thankful to escape the ordeal of confession.

Gilmore spoke briskly.

"Now we are ready," he said. "I will



THE DOCTOR COUNTED THEM INTO THE BUCKSKIN BAG WHICH HE CARRIED ABOUT HIS NECK

deliver a message for them. It was their fault, not mine. If I knew what is in your mind, that knowledge might interfere with the true transmission of the message—subconscious mental action, we call it. My mind must be free and open. I must ask you, as a favor to me, not to talk about your case. Do you understand?"

Moran nodded his head, but his eyes showed that he was still bewildered. Slow-

place these sheets of paper upon the table, with this pencil. If I shall be successful in passing under control, you will know it at once by the movement of my hand. You must then place the pencil in my fingers, and if there is a message from the spirit land, it will be written on this paper."

"And do I read it?" asked Moran in a low voice.

"You read it *and destroy it*. I must warn

you not to interfere in any way with the transmission of the message. I mean by that that you must not try to wake me. The shock to the nervous system might produce collapse. There have been cases where it has produced death. Simply watch your message. Now, if you will fix your mind upon the subject about which you wish to communicate, we will make the attempt. I hope we shall be successful, but one never knows in advance."

IV

MORAN passed his hand over his face once more, blinked a few times, laid his powerful hands upon the table in front of him, and his eyes became vacant. He was plainly "fixing his mind" to the best of his ability and the operation seemed to require considerable muscular rigidity. There was a short period of complete silence, broken at last by a hoarse, barking laugh from the distant bunk-house. The State's road-builders were making merry. Moran winced and shook his head in evident annoyance.

"It is beginning," whispered Gilmore drowsily. "The influences must be—exactly right. Control is very strong—very strong—yes, I feel it—I feel—"

His body began to twitch gently, his head fell back, and a sigh came from his lips. His eyes closed until they showed nothing but threads of white. From time to time he groaned and struggled slightly, and the convict, between fright and fascination, sat rigid in his chair, staring straight in front of him, hardly daring to breathe.

Into the deep quiet of the room there came a strange humming sound, a faint, far-away singing in the air, like the first whining of the steel rails at the approach of an express-train. In the beginning, Moran was not sure that he heard anything. The sound increased slightly, and the convict's head jerked back to an attitude of attention. It couldn't be a bottle-fly; yet it was *something*, and it was in the room! *What was it?*

Moran stared at the relaxed form across the table. He could not see that it breathed. The face was calm; the lips were set in a peaceful line, and closed.

Even as he stared at those quiet lips, the sound swelled into a sobbing wail until the very air throbbed with it. John Moran leaped from his chair, and, as he whirled to face the shadows behind him, out of the dark corner there came a voice—a woman's

voice, no more than a breath from a great distance, but the pain in every word cut like a knife.

"Oh, Billy! Billy! Why didn't you give them the keys?"

It turned John Moran into a statue of terror, done in gray stone—terror in every frozen line of his crouching body, terror in his crooking fingers, dumb terror in his pale gray eyes. The written message was to be expected, bad as it might be; but this woman's voice!

It took him back sixteen years to a boy bank-cashier lying murdered in the street, and the fair-haired girl wife who ran to him, screaming. Billy Hayden had shown fight, and John Moran and the Whistling Kid had fired at the same instant. The Kid had always taken the credit, but Moran had never been sure. And now he *knew*!

Were all the ghosts coming home? It seemed so, for there was a low, rustling sound in the room. Buckshot John turned in his tracks, ready for flight, but it was only the paper on the table, disturbed by groping fingers.

The convict hesitated an instant, and then, setting his teeth, forced himself to obey orders. He placed the pencil in the clawing hand and immediately it began to move in regular lines. Moran, breathing in great gasps, saw the message begin with the rude drawing of a heart with a knife thrust into it. Underneath were the initials "B.J.K." It was Bad Jake's receipt, the only one he ever gave, and the symbol which, out of sheer bravado, it had been his practise to leave upon splintered express-cars or rifled safes before he rode for the hills.

Moran clutched the edge of the table for support, as the fingers wrote in a large, open script:

Hello, Buckshot, old boy! Getting nervous in your old age, ain't you? This party is all right. I've been trying to get word to you for years, and this is the first chance. We left you in such a hurry that night at Clayton that we didn't have time to say good-by. The boys wouldn't wait.

Moran's pale gray eyes were wide with horror, but to save his life he could not have taken them from the pencil as it hitched across the sheet.

We heard them say you were dying way, but I reckon old Doc Pattee must've pulled you through. It would have a lot of trouble, John, if he had



"GIMME THAT BAG YOU'VE GOT AROUND YOUR NECK!"

game with that old shotgun of his. Well, old boy, it wasn't such a bad way to go, after all, but that yellow cur of an Elms lost his nerve, just as you always said he would when his time came.

The pencil reached the bottom of the sheet. The hand groped for an instant; then a twitch of the fingers sent the written sheet flying, and the pencil began on a fresh page. There was not a sound in the room but Moran's labored breathing as he crouched over the table.

I suppose they told you I died game. Jordan too. The last thing he said before they him up was "Good-by, Jake! See you He did, too. Then they let me go they got through with Charley. The sheriff was all right. He hand-

ed me his flask. One big drink, and then it was all over. After the first choking, it was just like going to sleep.

Moran moistened his dry lips, and one hand stole up to his throat. He turned his head slightly, and looked intently into Gilmore's calm face. The sightless eyes were turned toward the ceiling; the features were as expressionless as a wax mask. There was no sign of breathing, or of life itself, save in the steady twitching of the hand and forearm. The convict's eyes returned to the paper again.

You remember the night we held up the D. and R. G. West-bound and killed that fireman? We ought to let him live. He was a game man, or he wouldn't have went after Jordan with a shovel.

Big drops of sweat stood out on Moran's forehead. Slowly he stretched out his right hand, and his fingers closed over the pocket Bible with a crushing grip.

And Billy Hayden, the bank-cashier. He left a young wife and a kid. You remember how she came running out into the street when the shooting commenced?

Once more from the corner of the room came the woman's voice, calling for "Billy," and Moran threw his arms across his face, trembling like a leaf.

"Take 'em away!" he sobbed. "Take 'em away!"

The hand continued to write steadily.

John, if I could live my life over again, I never would have left my wife and the kids in Texas. I'd act mighty different. So would you, I reckon. Listen, John. Listen!

From the dark corners of the room came half-intelligible whispers, audible mutterings. Something seemed to be whimpering under the table. To one man, at least, the bare little room was uncomfortably full of the ghosts of the dead. A third voice spoke faintly from the air over Moran's head—a man's voice, high-pitched and defiant, but barely audible.

"Shoot, you dirty thief! You'll have to kill me before you get at this safe!"

Buckshot John cried out in the midst of his torture.

"I never shot you, Cullen!" he gasped. "Honest! It was Charley Elms did that!"

Thus he was made to remember Pat Cullen, an express messenger who met his death in an almost forgotten hold-up, nearly seventeen years before. Quivering on the verge of total collapse, Buckshot John dropped to his knees and began to pray aloud. Tears were streaming down his gray cheeks.

"Tell me what I must do!" he begged. "I'll do anything, *anything*! Only take 'em away!"

Gradually the whisperings and the mutterings ceased. The gasping of the tortured man kneeling by the table was the only break in the silence. Something struck the pine board three sharp raps. Buckshot John stiffened to meet this new manifestation, but it was only the hand, writing again.

What's the use of your praying, unless you tell the truth about that stuff?

Every nerve in Moran's body tightened,

as a violin-string answers the twisting-peg. Here was his message at last.

You've been lying for fifteen years.

As the accusation was spread on the paper, Buckshot John bowed his head and wrung his hands.

You'll never be able to die clean unless that money and stuff goes back to the owners. Give it back to the people we stole it from. Mind, no lawyers and no sheriffs! Send a man you know you can trust. You talk to this medium about it. I don't suppose he'd want to touch dirty money, or mix up with a murderer, but this is a job that needs an honest man. If you get that stuff back to the people we robbed, your mind will be easy, and you won't lay awake so much nights.

Buckshot John drew a deep breath and expelled it with a sigh that was almost a groan of relief. Little by little the lines of suffering faded out of his face, and into that heavy mask there crept a strange expression. By the look in his tired eyes, he might have been another man. The pencil wrote on.

. You'll do the square thing, John. But don't make any mistakes. It won't do any good to have it stole again by some lawyer. SEND THE RIGHT MAN.

The last sentence was laboriously printed in capitals. There was nothing more but another drawing of the heart and the knife, and the initials underneath it. Plainly the communication was at an end. The doctor stirred slightly, and began to groan as if in pain. Once he muttered to himself:

"Yes! Yes! I've delivered the message. Let me go!"

Buckshot John seized the written sheets and crushed them in his hand, retreating to a far corner of the room. The figure in the chair continued to writhe and groan and cry out at intervals; but at last it yawned, stretched, blinked sleepily for several seconds, and then jerked itself into an upright position.

"Hello!" said Gilmore, thickly, in the tone of one aroused from deep sleep. "Is it over? Did you get a message?"

V

BUCKSHOT JOHN dragged himself across the floor to the table. His face was white and drawn, and his fingers still twitched spasmodically. He breathed quickly in short, fierce gasps, as if he had been run-

ning a race, and his heart was bumping against his ribs.

"I got it!" he whispered hoarsely. "I got it straight from headquarters! Hand-writing and voices and *people* right here in the room! Right *here*, I tell you! I *heard* 'em!" He shuddered and passed his sleeve across his eyes.

"Voices?" queried Gilmore, with some surprise. "Why, they never come unless the communication is important."

"It *was* important!" whispered Moran. "I've got to talk to you—got to tell you something. You'd help a man to square himself and go clean when his time comes, wouldn't you?"

There was a note of piteous entreaty in his voice. The Great Gilmore returned that lead with admirable tact and compassion. He spoke of the broad creed of the brotherhood of man—it was a portion of one of his old lectures, and very beautifully worded. Buckshot John listened to those soul-compelling sentiments with glistening eyes.

"I *know* you're on the level!" he said huskily. "*They* didn't need to tell me! I've seen things to-night, aye, and I've *heard* 'em too! No faker could have brought me word like that! It ain't possible! This was *real*! And now I'm going to tell you something no living soul knows but me!"

He stepped quickly to the door, threw it open, and looked out into the night. Then, closing the door silently, he tiptoed back to the table. Leaning down, he whispered the words into Gilmore's ear.

"I'm going to tell you where to find the money and stuff that me and Bad Jake Kennedy hid up in the Cedars country fifteen years ago—pretty near two hundred thousand in paper, and a whole handful of diamonds that Jake and me picked out of rings and things. I never knew what to do with it till to-night, and now I've got it straight! I'm going to give it back to the owners!"

It was on the tip of the doctor's tongue to ask to be excused, but he caught the expression on Buckshot John's face and checked the impulse. The convict wanted to talk; his heart was open at last, and the truth would come now. Time enough to put in the fancy touches when the well of information had gushed itself dry.

In a whispering stream the confession poured out, one crime tripping upon the heels of the next. Buckshot John was making a clean breast of it and sparing him-

self in nothing. As he talked, the knuckles of his right hand showed white as he gripped the pocket Bible.

While he told the story, the doctor jotted down notes and directions. It was not until the hiding-place had been described, and the route thereto carefully mapped out, that Moran drew a long breath, and Gilmore played his last trump. He suggested sending the proper authorities.

"No!" whispered Moran fiercely. "No! I was *warned*! Why couldn't you do it? It's asking a lot, but—"

"But you know nothing of me," urged Gilmore. "I might—"

"There's been them here to-night that *do* know you!" said the convict earnestly. "You're good enough for me. Bad Jake told me I had to send the right man, and that's you!"

The doctor closed his eyes for several seconds, and Buckshot John bowed his head reverently. When he looked up again, the Great Gilmore's face was radiant with an expression of high resolve.

"It is a heavy task, my friend," he said gently. "Yet I am not sure that I do not owe it to humanity—owe it to you. All men are brothers."

"And you'll do it?" begged the convict.

The Great Gilmore rose to his feet and extended both hands. No audience of one ever saw a finer bit of acting.

"If I die trying!" he said simply.

Buckshot John crushed the long, slender fingers, but he could not drive the smile from Gilmore's lips.

"You don't know what you've done for me!" he said brokenly. "This thing has been driving me almost crazy ever since I've been trying to be—different. Once I thought thirty years would pay for everything. I feel better already. I—I got a kind of a lightness in here."

He touched his breast. The rattle of wheels sounded from the road.

"And you'll come back just as soon as you get the stuff into safe hands?" asked the convict. "You'll help me figure out some way to divide it square among the owners?"

"I will," said Gilmore solemnly, and it was as if he had taken an oath. "Just as soon as I get it in safe hands."

Convict John Moran, No. 1113, stood in front of the bunk-house and listened to a wagon creaking away into the darkness. His pale gray eyes were fixed on the stars, and

his heavy shoulders were thrown back as if freed from a burden.

"Go to sleep, John," said the captain kindly.

"Aye!" said Buckshot John. "I will sleep to-night!"

He lifted the latch and entered the dimly lighted room where his fellow prisoners were preparing for bed. He was smiling when he stepped into the rays from the lanterns.

"What's the matter, John?" asked one of the older men. "You been out there a prayin' again?"

"No, Tom," said Moran, and at the sound of his voice every man in the room peered at him through the shadows. "No—but I've found what I've been praying for."

There was a short silence, broken by a sneer from a youngster who was serving his first penitentiary sentence.

"And what have you found, old-timer? That money that Bad Jake and you got away with?"

"I've found peace," said Buckshot John softly. "That's it—peace!"

VI

DR. BUCHANAN GILMORE was not the only one who found human nature an interesting study. James Edward Dacey may not have been quite so ardent a student of his fellow man, but in his quiet way the reporter allowed few things to escape him. He flavored all his research with the salt of suspicion. Denver newspaper men used to say that Jimmy Dacey was the best man in the business when it came to putting one and two and three together and making twelve. That was Jimmy's specialty.

He was displeased with himself when he recalled how deftly the doctor had extracted information from him without arousing suspicion. But for the incident of searching the files, Dacey would never have given the matter a second thought.

It was while turning the problem over and over in his mind on the day following the dinner at the Brown Palace that Dacey made it convenient to drop in at the headquarters of Purified Thought. That was on a Thursday afternoon. The Great Gilmore was not there, nor had he been there that day. The Hindu servant said he did not expect the doctor until Friday.

"He will be very sorry, sar," said the faithful retainer. "Shall I leave the card, sar? Very well, sar."

"So soon?" thought Dacey to himself, as

he stepped into the elevator and was dropped toward the street. "I think I'll just run over to his hotel."

"Doc Gilmore?" said the desk clerk. "He got out about eight this morning. Had a valise with him. I think he caught the D. and R. G. express."

Dacey walked down the street with his chin on his chest and his cigar sagging at a dispirited angle.

"It's me to keep cases on this bird for a few days!" he said to himself. "It may be nothing but a coincidence, but I'll be John-at-the-rat-hole, just the same!"

Dacey watched the rat-hole so closely that he knew when Gilmore returned, also the number of the train which brought him back to Denver. He made it his business to call at the Purified Thought headquarters daily, and on Monday he was rewarded with more food for reflection. The Great Gilmore was going away on a vacation.

"My work has been wearing of late," said he, with a weary smile. "I find myself in need of a complete rest. I shall close my office for two weeks and take a flying trip, possibly to California. I wish you could go along!"

"Why, maybe I can!" said Jimmy hopefully. "I've always wanted to make a trip to the coast. Suppose I arrange it?"

"But I am leaving the first thing in the morning," said the doctor rather hurriedly. "I am really not sure where I am going. I might change my mind."

"You're starting away to-morrow, and you don't know whether it's East or West?" demanded Jimmy.

"My dear fellow," said Gilmore, with his most charming smile, "half the pleasure of a holiday lies in wandering about without any definite end in view. When the time comes, I shall probably flip a coin to decide whether it shall be San Francisco—or Chicago, for instance. It will be entirely as the fancy takes me."

"Well, in that case," said Dacey firmly, "I'll have to pass. I hope you have a pleasant trip. Shall I come down to see you off?"

"That's very good of you," said the doctor gratefully, "but how can you when I don't know myself what train I shall take?"

Dacey got up early on Tuesday morning, in order to be on hand when the D. and R. G. express pulled out of the Union Station. He watched the gates carefully, but the Great Gilmore did not put in an appear-

ance. The hotel clerk informed him, later in the day, that the bird had flown on Monday night, carrying two large suit-cases with him.

Now James Edward Dacey, while an accurate mental calculator, was not particularly swift in the process. He spent several days in deep thought. Old Joe Lord, the greatest city editor that Denver ever saw, remarked that Jimmy was suffering from the pip or the sleeping sickness, and doctored him with four assignments a day in consequence.

A whole week rolled by. On the following Monday night, Dacey leaned over Lord's desk, while that able citizen pawed through a pile of copy paper and made remarks about his hired hands.

"Joe," said Dacey slowly, "I think I'd like to take a spin down to Canyon City."

"So would I!" barked the city editor. "But I've got to stay here and work like a dog—and so have you! Some more of that rotten Sunday feature stuff, is it?" Joe's voice rose in an aggrieved howl. He always howled when he talked about Sunday feature stories. They were his pet abomination. "I've had my department shot all to pieces, just because some of you fellows think you've got Rudyard Kipling skinned when it comes to throwing language! *What I want in this city room is a reporter or two!*" And he hammered upon the desk to show how much he meant it.

"This won't be any Sunday story, if it pans out, Joe," said Dacey. "If it comes through, it'll be the biggest news thing that's busted around here in a year."

"Well, tell it to me! Whisper it!" howled the city editor. "I'm supposed to be a judge of news stories!"

"I haven't got far enough into this one yet," said the reporter, "but I've got a strong suspicion, and enough facts to start on. It's a thing that must be worked absolutely under cover. The minute the warden or any of the folks down there got wind of it, they'd blow it up in a flash, and away we'd go. No, Joe; I've got it bottled up so far, and it's going to stay that way. I tell you, if this story breaks, it will rip this State wide open, and we'll have it all to ourselves. You remember, I told you the same thing about the McMillan case."

Dacey paused. The city editor grunted, which with him was a sure sign of mental effort. Then he reached into a pigeonhole and drew forth a printed form.

"How much do you want?" he asked in a resigned tone. Joe Lord had known Dacey for twelve years, and respected him for an absolutely trustworthy man with excellent judgment of news values. "How much, Jimmy?"

"Fifty," said Dacey promptly.

"Fifty red devils!" howled the city editor. "You'll take twenty-five!" And he made it so upon the order-blank.

"I'll be back Wednesday or Thursday at the outside," said Dacey, as he pocketed the order upon the cashier.

"You better *had!*" snapped the city editor.

VII

ON Tuesday afternoon, the warden of the State penitentiary at Canyon City was delighted to greet his old friend, James Edward Dacey, journalist. For some time the conversation dealt with the health of the latest occupant of the condemned cells, and kindred topics.

"Boss," asked Dacey casually, "have you let any one see Buckshot John lately? Any visitors?"

"Why, yes," said the warden. "Week before last, I think. Tall, nice-looking chap. He's a magazine writer, getting up a series of character studies of convicts. I sent him over to see Buckshot John myself."

"You?" interrupted Dacey. "Didn't he ask to see him?"

"He hadn't heard of him," said the warden. "You see, we had been talking about cases where the worst criminals made the best prisoners, and I mentioned John Moran as a remarkable example. You know, we can trust that old fellow absolutely. This Mr. Harrison was very much interested in the story, and I telephoned over to Connolly to let him see John alone and have a talk with him. Very intelligent fellow, with excellent ideas upon discipline in penal institutions. He gave me some hints which I shall certainly use. I imagine he must be quite a writer."

"I'll bet he is!" said Dacey. "It's funny in a way, because I'm after old John myself this trip. This makes my fourth crack at him. I suppose I can see him?"

"My boy," said the warden heartily, "there isn't a door in this place that will ever be locked to *you!*" He prodded Dacey playfully in the ribs. "Mind you don't steal Harrison's thunder!"

"Not his thunder," said Dacey, shading the last word almost imperceptibly. "You'll notify Connolly over at Sand Creek?"

"I'll do better than that," said the warden. "I'll have my son drive you over in the car."

When the road-makers returned to camp that afternoon, Dacey was sitting on a bench in front of the bunk-house. Buckshot John recognized him at once; but after the first glance, the convict turned his eyes away.

"Another visitor for you, John," said the guard. "You're popular these days!"

Moran approached slowly, and without any perceptible pleasure in the meeting. He did not smile as he took the reporter's hand.

"Well, here we are again, John!" said Jimmy heartily.

"Yes," said the convict stolidly. "What is it this time? Ain't you pestered me enough?"

"Not quite," said Dacey amiably. "Now, see here, John, you know me. You know I've always been fair with you, and have written the truth about what you said. Isn't that a fact?"

Buckshot John had seated himself on the bench and was looking out across the hills. He grunted by way of reply.

"All right!" said Dacey briskly. "I won't beat about the bush with you. I'll lay all the cards on the table." He lowered his voice confidentially, eying the convict narrowly as he continued. "I know the man who was here a week ago Thursday. I know he lied to the warden about his name and his business. Magazine writer! That fellow ain't any more of a magazine writer than you are. That was Doc Gilmore!"

Buckshot John closed his eyes. His face bore an expression of patient resignation. Dacey's first shot had missed the mark, and he felt it, without knowing why.

"John," said he suddenly, "I want to know what's coming off here. You needn't look so sanctified or shocked. I tell you, I know that fellow, and he isn't the sort to be wasting his time on a rusty old 'con' like you unless there's something in it for him—something big. You can believe me, Buckshot, old boy, the doc is no piker. How did he get at you, anyway?"

Buckshot John opened his eyes. They were vague and untroubled. He seemed hardly interested in the conversation.

"I asked him to come," he said simply.

"I never saw him before, and he never saw me before. He didn't know me from Adam when he came here."

"What's that?" demanded the reporter sharply.

"I say," repeated Buckshot John patiently, "that he didn't know anything about me, or my record, or anything else."

Dacey began to laugh.

"Wake up, John!" he said. "Wake up! The doc didn't know anything about you, eh? He was here on a Thursday night, wasn't he?"

Moran held up one hand and ticked off the fingers slowly.

"Yes," he said at last. "What of it?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Dacey with a sarcastic grin. "Only he put in about half of the Wednesday night before up in our office, reading everything that was ever printed about the Bad Jake outfit. He didn't know you from Adam, eh? Why, John, he wrote it all down in a book! When he lit here he was loaded up with enough stuff about you to fill a freight-car! Didn't know you? Come on, now, what are you two trying to frame up?"

Moran sat perfectly still. His eyes were half closed; not a muscle of his face twitched. One might easily have believed that he had not been listening.

"Don't you fool yourself, John," persisted the reporter. "You're up against one of the smoothest confidence men in the country. I've known him for years, off and on, and this is the first time I've ever had a real line on him. He's been everything in the way of a grafter—hypnotist, conjurer, palmist, street faker—and as a trance medium there isn't his equal in the country. I've seen him pull stuff at a séance that made my hair stand on end, and I was on to him at the time—ventriloquism, and all such stunts as that. Oh, he's a bird, John, a bird!"

"What's ventriloquism?" asked Buckshot John.

"Why," said Dacey impatiently, "he can throw his voice all over the room—he can make it come from anywhere. He's a marvel at that sort of thing. Used to be on the stage. Now, see here, John. Three days after he got back from seeing you, he closed up his place and disappeared. Putting all these things together, it looks bad, mighty bad. If you've told the doc anything—if you knew anything to tell him—"

Dacey paused. Buckshot John's face

told him nothing. The convict was staring straight in front of him, expressionless as if he had been carved out of wood.

"If you think for a minute that you can trust a man of that kind, John," urged the reporter kindly, "you're making a mistake. If there was anything to be split up, and the doc had the ax, your end wouldn't be big enough to buy swimming-trunks for a water-bug. You're in bad, I tell you—awful bad. This fellow will shear you like a sheep. He makes his living trimming smarter people than you ever saw!"

Buckshot John rose and stretched himself wearily. Dacey, watching him like a hawk, was beginning to waver. The convict had not given him so much as the crook of a forefinger or the twitch of a muscle.

Now Moran began to speak, slowly and earnestly, weighing every word.

"It was writing that that man came to see me about. That's the truth, and you can believe it or not. And I'll tell you another thing that's true—he never asked me to tell him *anything*!"

"I've come too soon!" thought Dacey. "Gilmore is taking his time!"

He studied the convict a long time before he spoke. Buckshot John met the reporter's eyes squarely and without blinking. It was impossible not to believe that he was telling the truth.

"That's true, is it John?" Dacey asked at length.

The convict put his hand into his pocket and drew out a worn, black book.

"As true as this book!" he said solemnly.

Buckshot John took a few steps toward the bunk-house. Then he came back and held out his hand.

"Mister," said he with simple earnestness, "I'm trying hard to be square; and there ain't no more I can tell you."

Dacey held the convict's big paw for several seconds.

"All right, John!" said he. "If you won't, you *won't*, and that's all there is to it. But if you think I'm going to overlook the other end of this sketch, you're mistaken, that's all. The Great Gilmore for mine!"

As the warden's automobile whirled around a bend in the road, Buckshot John raised both his hands as high as his shoulders, and the great fists were clenched until they looked like knotted hammers. For a few seconds he stood unmasked, a statue of impotent fury and despair. Then the hands

dropped at his sides, and he sank down on the bench with his head on his breast.

"The thieving skunk!" he muttered. "And I put it right in his hands! *Right in his hands!*"

Jimmy Dacey walked into Joe Lord's small sanctum at four o'clock the next afternoon. The city editor greeted him with a yelp of applause.

"Good boy!" he said. "I guess you landed it all right!"

"Landed—nothing!" growled Jimmy.

Joe Lord looked up with a puzzled expression on his round face.

"You started something, anyhow," he said, fumbling about his desk. Picking up a telegraph-blank, he read aloud: "'The last man who talked with Convict Moran was J. E. Dacey, a Denver reporter.'"

The city editor looked up expectantly.

"The *last* man!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"The poor old coot ain't dead, is he?"

"You *bet* the poor old coot ain't dead!" chuckled the city editor. "He's come to life! Vamosed, skipped by the light of the moon, *escaped!* You must have put a bee on him somewhere, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Dacey's knees gave way under him, and he dropped into a chair with a groan.

"Suffering mackerel!" he groaned. "And the story was at *that* end, after all!"

VIII

A LONE horseman appeared upon the horizon, and looked down over the rolling shoulder of the hills at the shiftless little huddle of one-story frame buildings known to the railroad maps as Silver Tip.

It was not much of a name, and it was not much of a town, but to the man on the sky-line Silver Tip seemed an enchanted oasis and the home of all delights. The lone horseman was hungry and very, very tired. In addition to these discomforts, every muscle in his body ached in revolt at the saddle, and he had not slept well for five nights. He rode slowly, and wasted some very brilliant profanity upon a totally unappreciative packhorse, which ambled behind, groaning under the handiwork of an amateur packer.

Silver Tip had seen the rider before, and had been very much interested in him. He had outfitted there some two weeks before, announcing that he was about to take a trip into the hills in search of geological specimens for an Eastern university. His name,

he said, was Hardy—Peter B. Hardy, of Springfield, Massachusetts.

He was returning with the specimens, as the packhorse bore unwilling witness; for, in order that Silver Tip might not gossip too much, Mr. Peter B. Hardy brought a sufficient quantity of miscellaneous rocky fragments to allay suspicion. These would be left where Silver Tip might see and marvel at the foolishness of scientific men. One of the canvas bags, however—a stout brown affair which looked like a mail-bag—would not be placed upon exhibition.

The trip had been a hard one, but the task itself had been almost absurdly easy. The discovery of the Bad Jake cache, to a man who knew where to look, had been as simple a matter as matching a blue ribbon in a New York department-store. Gilmore followed instructions, found his landmarks, and rode straight to the entrance of the rocky gorge which Buckshot John had described. The convict had mapped out a route covering every foot of the way from Silver Tip to the Cedars country. Two hours after the doctor dismounted at the foot of the gorge, he was back in the saddle once more, and his horse's nose was pointed toward home.

The return journey was the hardest part of the expedition. The traveler did not dare to sleep soundly by the wayside, and he fled out of the hills with his hand on the butt of his pistol, like a man pursued by enemies. It was not that his conscience troubled him. Far from that; but he was aware that he was now well worth killing, and the thought brought no comfort with it. He drew his first long breath when he looked down on Silver Tip and the line of the railroad.

Thus far he had made only a casual inspection of the treasure. Most of the currency was still in the heavy express packages, and Gilmore had not broken the seals. It was enough to slash the wrappings and thumb the crisp, bluish-green edges of the bank-notes. The amounts contained in the packages were written on the outer wrappings, and by a swift estimate he reckoned the currency at rather more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all in bills of large denominations.

The diamonds proved equally diverting. These he had found tied up in a dirty red bandanna handkerchief, a flashing handful of fiery drops which blazed in the sunlight. Bad Jake had evidently been a good judge of stones, for he had managed to make a

very creditable collection—seventy-eight of them in all. The doctor counted them into the buckskin bag which he carried about his neck.

Five days of nervous haste, five nights of real fear, during which time the Great Gilmore came to know that a lively imagination could be a curse to its owner, and then—Silver Tip in the distance, and safety at last. There would be no passenger-train until the morning, but the traveler remembered, with gratitude too deep for words, that there was at least one good bed in the Occidental Hotel—and money would buy it. The thought of that bed had been much with him in the last ninety-six hours.

The Great Gilmore had no elaborate plans for the future. First of all he wanted sleep and rest from his twanging nerves, and after that, Denver, a hot bath, clean linen, and leisure to plan another artistic but necessarily disappointing interview with a foolish old man at Sand Creek.

And then? Well, the plan-makers were in the brown sack!

IX

THE sun was setting as Gilmore rode up the main street of the town—Silver Tip insisted that it *was* a street. He waved his hat in response to the many greetings from the sidewalks. No doubt about it, Silver Tip was glad to welcome him back. On his former visits he had entertained the inhabitants vastly with tales of his wanderings through Alaska in search of the bones of a mammoth for a German university. He had been a godsend to that sleepy little hamlet.

As he alighted stiffly in front of the Occidental Hotel, the proprietor rushed out to greet him.

"Well, *Mister Hardy!* Glad to see you again! Did you get some good specimens?"

"Some very good stones, thank you," said the geologist truthfully. "Here, let me carry that sack! Got some clothes in it that I want. Now, if you will put the other things in the office, I can arrange for their shipment in the morning. Tell the livery-stable man to come after the horses. Howdy, boys? All well?"

He hobbled painfully indoors, carrying the brown sack in his arms. The best room in the house was waiting for him—a tiny affair with one small window looking out upon an alley. The professor's suit-cases stood at the foot of the bed, and the kerosene lamp flickered a feeble welcome.

Once in the room, Gilmore tried the key in the door, and was pleased to note an extra iron bolt which was in working order. He then examined the window. It was very small, and locked with an old-fashioned spring catch. The doctor tugged at it with all his might; it creaked a bit, but did not give a fraction of an inch.

"Not what you might call a safe-deposit vault," said Gilmore to himself, "but she'll have to do. Anyway, these folks might kill a tourist once in a while, but they'd never rob one. That's a cinch!"

He sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at the brown bag. Then he looked at his suit-cases. He turned down the blankets and put the bag into the bed, throwing his coat over it.

"Better pack it into the suit-cases in the morning," he said.

Then he began to yawn and untie his boot-laces.

Out in the "office," the citizens of Silver Tip gathered about the canvas bags and prodded them inquisitively.

"He says as how he's got some nice stones here," said one, cautiously "hefting" a sack. "And he told me he had a fine trip. Reckon I'll have to ask the pack-horse how *he* made out. They's enough rock here to break a elephant's back! Ain't that him yellin'?"

It was. The proprietor scurried away, and returned almost immediately.

"He's all wore out," said that good man. "He wants to eat in his room and then turn in. Don't make any noise, boys, because he's plumb wore to a frazzle. And he gimme a dollar for the cook! Reckon he don't know my ole woman does the cooking!"

That was where the host reckoned without his guest. Gilmore *did* know who did the cooking. Hence the silver dollar.

Half an hour later, the Great Gilmore, clad only in a nightshirt and a buckskin bag which hung about his neck, spun the cylinder of his forty-five, placed it under his pillow, tiptoed over to the window, tried the catch again, placed the back of a chair under the knob of the door, and, sighing heavily, blew out the light.

As he crawled between the rough sheets, the brown canvas bag rasped against his body, and he reached down and patted it as he might have patted an animal. Then he grunted luxuriously, and stretched himself until his aching joints cracked.

Through his tired brain there floated a

recollection of a convict down at the Sand Creek road-camp, but there was nothing disquieting in that thought. The shearer is never afraid of the lamb, either before or after the wool-gathering. He never considers the lamb at all; it is only the price of wool which interests him. But there was a streak of sentiment in the Great Gilmore—not enough to interfere with business, but enough to make him shiver occasionally out of appreciation for the plight of the shorn ones. And these are the thoughts which made him smile into the darkness.

"Kind of a shame to hand Buckshot all that old stuff," he mused dreamily. "Very artistic, though—and how he did eat it up! It's up to me to give him another whirl—another message from the spirit land. Guess I better side-track Bad Jake the next time. John would think that Jake should have *known* that somebody beat me to that cache. No perfectly good spirit—would send an honest man out looking for—something that wasn't there. I'll have to tell John that so long as he *meant* well, he can go as clean as a whistle. That'll satisfy him—it isn't money he wants—it's a clean conscience. He wanted to make restitution—I'll restitute him all right—and we're square all around—he gets to sleep nights, and—I get the stuff—fair exchange!"

The train of thought stopped. At this precise point the soul boat launched itself gently into a placid sea of unconsciousness.

Hark! Was that surf on the shore? No, only the snoring of a sorely tired human animal.

X

SOME six hours later, the soul boat grounded upon an uncharted reef. There was no sudden jar, no shock, no disturbance of any sort, but the boat was aground and the journey was over. Little by little, consciousness began to *steal* back to the man in the bed.

In that shadowy border-land between dreaming and waking where there are neither realities nor unrealities, there came to Gilmore an undefined sense of discomfort. Something distressed him, but so vague was the impression that he did not know whether it was mental or physical or both.

After some little time he identified it as a sensation of oppression. Gradually it took the definite form of a heavy weight which seemed to be bearing down upon him. He

lay perfectly still with closed eyes. Once his left hand moved slightly, and touched something rough in the bed beside him; without knowing why, he found the contact reassuring.

The sense of security was short-lived. He began to toss about restlessly; in an attempt to throw off the thing which seemed to hang over him. It was then, with the first dawn of consciousness brought about by the movement of his body, that he realized that the weight was *there*. It was *real*!

The brain began to reason. If the weight was there, it was on the bed. There had been nothing on the bed when he went to sleep; nothing in the room. The door was locked and barricaded; the window was secure. Manifestly, it was outside of the possibilities that something should have crept into the room; and yet reasoning did not remove the strange sense of physical oppression.

He determined to make sure. Slowly he moved his leg toward the side of the bed. The covers drew tight over it, and then the movement was met and blocked by a steady pressure.

His whole body suddenly grew cold. He opened his eyes. Buckshot John was sitting on the edge of the bed!

The lamp on the table was burning dimly, turned down to the barest edge of flame, but there was light enough for Gilmore to see the close-cropped hair, the heavy features, and the peculiarly sinister expression in the pale-gray eyes.

A hoarse whisper broke the stillness.

"I didn't wake you too sudden for fear of busting that delicate nervous system of yours," it said. "I was afraid you might be in another one of them trance states!" The tone of the voice, more than the words, drove Gilmore's hand toward his pillow.

"Aye!" said Buckshot John. "Look for your gun if you want to. I got it here!"

The figure on the side of the bed made a sudden gesture, and there was a flash of dull metal in the half light.

The Great Gilmore was no coward, but the cold shudders were fluttering up and down his spine. It is a sensation which may come to any one at two o'clock in the morning. It cost him a great effort to find his greatest asset—his tongue.

"You!" he muttered thickly. "You! What are you doing here?"

Buckshot John waved the pistol toward the window.

"That's how I got in," he said gravely. "I didn't make much noise, and I didn't bust nothing but the catch. If there hadn't been no other way, I'd have took down the side of the house." He looked at Gilmore with a thoughtful air. "You act kind of surprised," he said. "I should have thought that the spirits would have told you that I was coming, and that the whole bunch of 'em couldn't stop me from getting you!"

Again the ugly undertone behind the words. The Great Gilmore grew numb with the sense of impending disaster. He fought for time with a question.

"How did you get here?"

"I walked," said Buckshot John quite simply. "Mostly at night."

The mental picture of that heavy, sinister figure striding through the darkness was not a pleasant one. Gilmore still played for time.

"You—escaped?"

"Call it anything you like," said the convict calmly. "The main thing is that I'm here—in time. I thought it all over, and I didn't see no other way; so I just picked up and come along."

A sudden hope flashed into Gilmore's brain. The brown bag was in the bed. Moran could not have seen it. But he did see the light in the Great Gilmore's eyes, and he killed that hope while it was in the process of birth into words.

"Now then!" said Buckshot John. His voice was hard, and his eyes were harder than the voice. "Gimme that bag you've got around your neck! And that sleeping companion of yours! Hand 'em over!"

"What for?" said Gilmore weakly. "They are all right here. *You* couldn't—"

"Pity you quit the stage," said Buckshot John grimly. "People are missing a lot. *What for?* Why, you don't think I took all this trouble to let a petty-larceny bunco-steerer fool me *again*, do you? *Hand 'em over!*"

Gilmore opened his mouth to say something, and it remained open. Buckshot John accompanied his last word with a forward thrust of the revolver, and Questo, who had hypnotized others, was himself hypnotized by a round, black eye which looked unwinkingly into his.

"Come on, you sneak-thief! You thirty-cent patent-medicine faker! Shell out!"

The Great Gilmore shelled out. There was nothing else for him to do. The brown bag came first. Buckshot John stepped

back from the bed and laid the revolver upon the table. With one movement of his powerful hands he tore the lock from its fastenings, and pulled out one of the packages.

"This is *it*!" he said quietly.

He dropped the express package back into the bag, and thrust it behind him with a movement of his foot. Then he carefully felt the bed from end to end. The gun was in his hand again, and Gilmore said nothing, but fumbled with the strings about his neck.

Buckshot John shook the small pouch speculatively. Then he opened the bag and thrust in a finger.

"Are they all here?" he asked suddenly.

"Of course they're all there!" snarled Gilmore. "Say, what's the matter with you?" he continued querulously. "Didn't you ask me as a favor to go and get these things? You can see that I've done everything I promised to do, and then you come here by night, break into my room, and threaten me with a gun! You and your conscience! I didn't think I was dealing with—"

Buckshot John stopped that tirade with the muzzle of the revolver, which he wagged like a forefinger.

"Shut your gab!" he ordered sternly.

"I'm going to talk a while. You remember you told me that night that you didn't know nothing about me, or my record, neither? You remember, before you went into that trance, you said I mustn't tell you nothing, because your mind had to be open? You remember that?"

"What has that got to do with it?" demanded Gilmore sullenly.

"Everything!" ejaculated the convict.

"You lied to me, and a man that will lie will steal! You had me dead to rights when you come down there, and the only thing you didn't know about me was the thing you framed up to find out!"

There was still a fighting chance, and there was pluck enough left in Gilmore to take it.

"There must have been some mistake—" he began bravely, but the sentence ended with a gulp. Buckshot John had produced the silencer.

"You *bet* there was a mistake!" There was a ring of finality about the convict's voice. "And you made it when you went to that newspaper office in Denver on a Wednesday night!"

Every word in the last sentence was cold when Moran dropped it, and the chill struck home to the heart of the listener. So *that* was it! Buckshot John knew about the searching of the files!

XI

THERE was a short period of silence. The convict was thinking. After some time, Gilmore, reflecting upon old newspaper files, remembered that the public library would have been absolutely safe and just as effective. It was not a comforting conclusion.

"When I found that out," continued Buckshot John solemnly, "it nearly knocked me off my feet. It made me sick all over. I never let on, but I was sick. I shut up. I wanted to get away somewhere and think what I must do. Then I began to understand a lot of things." He paused reflectively, for he had been talking more to himself than to his hearer. There was a trace of bitterness in his tone as he continued. "I was pretty easy, wasn't I? Pretty easy for your fake trance, and for the voices that you got out of the newspapers! Now, you keep your lying tongue quiet a while. Think all you want to, but don't say nothing!"

Buckshot John arose, and passed about the room with a catlike tread, examining the Great Gilmore's traveling wardrobe. The convict was dressed in a tattered pair of overalls and a jumper.

"This big coat will do," he said quietly; "and these pants, if I can get into 'em. And I want this soft hat."

"Help yourself," said the owner savagely. "I'll promise you you won't get very far. I'll have every officer in the State after you before daylight!"

Buckshot John dropped the clothes in a heap and stared incredulously. Then he picked up the revolver and walked slowly back to the bed.

"You don't think I expect to get away, do you?" He paused, struggling for words. "I ain't trying to do anybody any wrong. I'm trying to do *right*!"

Gilmore sneered. Buckshot John continued to talk in a low, heavy monotone.

"It won't be nothing new to have 'em all on my trail," he said. "They been after me ever since I got loose, dogs and all. I don't know how I ever got this far, unless it was because I prayed. I could have stayed back there at Sand Creek and let you get away. I could have set officers on you,

and then what would have become of all this money? The wrong people would have got it!"

He paused, wrestling with the explanation of his motive.

"There wasn't only the one thing to do, and I did it. If I can't find an honest man to take this stuff back, I'll have to do it myself. I ain't had bite nor sup for two days, except water."

He paused again, and fingered the revolver thoughtfully.

"You want to give me up. All right, go ahead! It won't help you much, and it won't harm me no more'n I've harmed myself. I had a lot of good conduct credits coming to me down there. I lost 'em by coming here; now I got to serve my full thirty years—maybe more; I don't know."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and passed his hand over his face. Gilmore wriggled uneasily, but Buckshot John calmed him into quiet with an impatient jerk of the revolver.

The convict was thinking. After a long time he raised his head.

"You're doing a pretty good bunco-steering business up in Denver?" he inquired. "You're making a good living?"

"What's that to you?" asked the founder of Purified Thought sullenly.

"Answer me!"

Gilmore wriggled again.

"I suppose so," he said weakly. "Yes, I've been very—successful."

Buckshot John nodded his head as if relieved.

"That's good," he said. "Maybe I oughtn't to let you run loose, but I'll make a bargain with you. You let me alone, and I'll let you alone. You keep quiet, and inside of three days I'll be back in Canyon City of my own free will—in the cells again. Solitary confinement, they'll give me for this! Well, no matter! I've broke the law; they got the right to punish me for it. Now, I've got reasons for wanting to give this stuff up, rather than have it *took*. It's got to go to the right people, and if it's took from me, I'll never be easy in my mind about who got it. And they wouldn't believe me if I said I was only carrying it back. They'd say I was trying to steal it again."

The man's mind was working slowly.

"You give me the chance to get to Denver, and I'll let everybody think I went and got the stuff myself, and I'll never mention

your name. You set 'em on me to-night, and as sure as there's a God in heaven, I'll tell what kind of a rat you are, and, what's more, I'll name the man who can prove it! You'd do a fine bunco-steering business after that got out on you, wouldn't you? If they didn't jail you, you'd have to jump the State and change your name."

Buckshot John paused and watched Gilmore's face. There was no answer to that argument. The doctor was thinking hard, and he saw every sharp tooth of the trap into which he had fallen.

"Figger it out any way you like," said the convict earnestly, "and there ain't no way *you* can ever get a cent of this money. Whether they get me here, in this room, or somewhere else, not a splinter do you get! All I want is the chance to leave to-night. I promise you that if I'm taken before I get to Denver, I'll tell all about your part of this. That'll keep you from sending any telegrams, I reckon. Now, then, will you keep your hands off, or won't you?"

He paused for an answer. The Great Gilmore shoved one open hand down the blanket, as if scraping something away.

"Take the pot!" he said. "You win!"

Buckshot John jumped to his feet. He took off his overalls, and carefully inserted himself into Gilmore's trousers. They were inches too long, but he turned them up and ripped the rear seam until they met in front. He tucked the buckskin bag inside his jumper, and slipped on the heavy ulster, turning up the high collar and buttoning it in front.

The whistle of a locomotive sounded in the distance. Buckshot John crammed the soft hat on his head. The Great Gilmore then made his first really sensible suggestion.

"There's a name inside that coat," he said. "You'd better rip it out."

Buckshot John smiled as the tailor's tag fluttered to the floor. Then he broke open the revolver and pocketed the cartridges.

"You'll find your gun outside the window," he said. "There's a freight-train due here in a few minutes. If I make it all right, I'll be in Denver some time tomorrow. The next day," he added grimly, "I'll be on my way back—to serve my full time. The cells again! They won't trust me no more."

He shook his head and muttered to himself. The engine whistled once more—nearer this time.

"Anyway," said Buckshot John, as if

arguing with himself, "I'll be able to sleep nights!"

He picked up the canvas bag and blew out the lamp. For some time there was silence in the room. Gilmore thought that Moran had gone. He was mistaken. A low voice came from the window.

"I don't hold nothing against you," it said. "The Book says I got to forgive you, and I do. You didn't mean to help me do the square thing, but you *have*, just the same. I reckon you've been one of the Lord's instruments the chaplain talks about so much."

There was another brief silence, and then the Great Gilmore caught the last words he was ever to hear from the lips of Buckshot John Moran, train-robber, murderer, and repentant sinner—a benediction, a farewell, and a speculation, all in one short sentence.

"Maybe," said the voice reverently, "He can't be too particular; like as not He has to use what instruments He can get."

Then silence shut down. A sudden gust of cold air swept into the room, tossed the curtain for a few seconds, and ceased.

Later a freight-train roared up the grade and came clanking to a standstill. After a time the engine hooted forlornly, coughed a few times, and went wheezing on its way, carrying one soul nearer to its expiation, and leaving another one, the unpremeditated and accidental instrument of a worthy deed, to purify its surging thoughts at the fierce fires of bitter humiliation and regret.

XII

Two days later the dean of Purified Thought was back at his mahogany table. He was rather pale; under his eyes were dark circles which spoke of sleepless nights and nervous strain; and he limped a little when he walked. However, business is business, and checks usually come by mail. So the Great Gilmore was at work with his jade-handled paper-cutter once more.

Into the hush of the inner chamber came James Edward Dacey, humbled, chastened in spirit, all previous calculations rejected, earnestly seeking information. He took some rare old Scotch instead, the sad-eyed and silent Hindu serving it from a silver tray into monogrammed glasses of crystal.

Dacey hoisted his glass with a smile.

"Human nature, doc!" he said. "The most interesting study in the world!"

They drank that broad toast in meditative silence.

"That was wonderful about old Buckshot John!" said the reporter at last, in the tone of voice of one continuing an argument. "You've seen the newspapers?"

Gilmore shook his head wearily.

"Just the head-lines," he said.

"Just imagine that old coot running around the State with all that money!" said the reporter. "Every sheriff after him and about a million private detectives, and yet he marches right into Denver with that stuff in a sack, and turns every nickel over to a trust company! He wanted 'em to give bond or something, guaranteeing to divide it square among the owners."

Dacey paused and shook his head. The wrinkles deepened between his eyebrows.

"I've been working on this case ever since Buckshot John disappeared from Sand Creek," he said. "I thought I knew something once; now I don't know. This restitution business knocks my theory higher than a cocked hat. And old Buckshot won't say anything except that he wanted to bring it back himself, and that's why he ran away from Sand Creek. I've misjudged that old boy, and I told him so. I've had the wrong angle on this case from the start. Blamed if I don't believe that old coot *has* got religion after all! What do you think about it, doc?"

The doc thought a great deal, but he said nothing. A slight shake of his head indicated that the impulses of the convict breast were too complex for him.

"Oh, yes," said Dacey, "I've just seen the old boy off on the train for Canyon City. They had him ironed all over. Looked as happy as if he was going to his own wedding. Funny old devil! Darned if I don't like him!"

Still the Great Gilmore refused comment. Dacey cleared his throat, set down his glass, and leaned over the table, thumping the mahogany from time to time with the heel of his fist.

"Now, then, doc," he said confidentially, "let's come down to cases. No use your trying to stall with me. I'm on! You've been all tangled up with this affair from the start, and I've cut your trail in three distinct places—the night you read up the dope in the files, the visit you made to Sand Creek the next night, and I know you've seen Buckshot John since he got away and before he came into Denver with the junk. That last one made you jump a little, doc. You see, you've got a habit of lending that over-

coat of yours. You loaned it to me once, and I spilled some ink on the sleeve. When John turned up with that coat, I knew he'd seen you somewhere. I thought I knew the reason he ran away, and I thought I knew who told him something that scared him into it; but when he turned up here with the stuff—well, my theory busted, that's all. You went away for a complete rest, and you come back here a physical wreck. You're stiff and sore from riding a horse. You didn't have very much of a pleasure trip, doc. I've pumped away at old Buckshot John until I'm tired. He won't mention your name; he won't answer questions about you. I deserve something, doc, because a week or so ago a mighty ugly story might have been written about your connection with this case, and I held you under cover. I'd like to know something, doc. I know where you got on, but how far did you ride and where did you get off?"

Doc Gilmore could play a four-card flush about as hard as any man in the world, but he also knew when to slip one back into the deck.

"Jim," said he, "I've got to hand it to you! You're immense—a regular Hawkshaw. Now, I'd really like to tell you all about this business, but there's a mighty good reason why I can't. I can tell you something, though, and I know you'll respect the confidence as sacred."

He paused expectantly. Dacey raised his right hand and nodded his head.

"Jimmy," said the Great Gilmore, weighing each word impressively, "if it hadn't been for little Buchanan here, that money would have stayed out in the hills until it rotted!"

The reporter leaped from his chair with a startled ejaculation.

"You had a hand in the actual recovery of the stuff, doc?" he demanded excitedly.

Gilmore lifted both hands, mutely offered them in evidence, and dropped them with a sweeping gesture more expressive than words.

"Can you prove that?" cried Dacey breathlessly.

"I can," said the Great Gilmore calmly, "but I won't. I promised a man that I'd keep my hands off entirely and not let myself be known. It was a compact."

"Compact, nothing!" ejaculated the reporter. "Why, man alive, there's thirty thousand dollars' reward for the return of that stuff, and all you've got to do is prove

your claim and demand it! They couldn't pay it to Buckshot John, but they *could* pay it to you!"

The Great Gilmore dropped back in his chair, limp and nerveless.

"I never heard of it," he said weakly. "What reward?"

"The old express company rewards," cried Dacey. "When the news came that Buckshot John had escaped, everybody believed that he had gone after the stuff, and would try to get out of the country with it. Right away quick, the express companies and the banks came to the front with the announcement that the old rewards still held good. Don't you see, man? All you've got to do is just get Buckshot to say that you had a hand in it, and there's thirty thousand dollars, as good as wheat! Wake up!"

The Great Gilmore took his head in his hands, and steadied it amid the crash of a new disaster. The noiseless Hindu removed the tray and the glasses. Dacey, furiously performing sums in mental addition, was getting farther and farther away from the real answer, and he realized it.

Down in the street an ambulance gong clanged and clanged again. The Great Gilmore did not hear it. He had found a sentence somewhere in that remarkable brain of his—a sentence which kept repeating itself over and over, and every word fell like the stroke of a hammer.

"Figger it out any way you like, and there ain't no way you can ever get a cent of this money!"

Between the Great Gilmore and thirty thousand legitimate dollars there stood the forbidding figure of a shabby, middle-aged man with close-cropped hair and pale-gray eyes—Convict No. 1113.

It was some time before Gilmore looked up and faced his inquisitor. His handsome face was haggard and drawn and seamed with the lines of suffering. It is enough to make a man look old to kiss two fortunes good-by inside of three days.

"Jimmy," said the founder of Purified Thought, "I guess you'll think I'm a fool. Maybe I am; but a promise is a promise. I'm peculiar that way, I suppose, but sooner than break faith with—one who trusted me, I'd close up this place. Whether you believe it or not, that's the solemn truth. Yes, Jimmy, this is one case where virtue must be its own reward—its own reward. And that's the devil of it!" he added softly.

THE GLOBE-TROTTER

BY FRANK CONDON

AUTHOR OF "RED RUPERT OF METUCHEN," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY THE KINNEYS

IN the old days, it was known to metropolitan travelers that Mr. Gloster was the undoubted head of the Gloster Travel Bureau, and that Cora Swayne was the brains of the institution.

Very few persons knew the latter as Cora Swayne. She was merely a raven-haired person of the suffering sex who sat behind a shining counter in the corridor of an office-building, answering telephone-calls, giving orders to be-pimpled messenger-boys, sending telegrams, answering questions, quieting fidgety females, freezing male flirts, and conveying good advice to every applicant.

Miss Swayne knew more than the late Dr. Mark Hopkins and the Encyclopedia Britannica added together. Through the turmoil of the day her hair was invariably smooth, her cheeks were cool, and her eyes were steady and calm. If you had walked hurriedly into the Gloster Travel Bureau and demanded immediate arrangements for sending one hundred explorers to the Great Ice Barrier around the south pole, Miss Swayne would have the motor-sledges and the dogs standing at the entrance of the building in fifteen minutes.

In return for her knowledge, skill, and patience, Mr. Gloster paid her fifteen dollars a week and required her to work fifty-two weeks a year. There being only one such woman in the known world, it was manifest that Miss Swayne could not be spared from the counter behind the elevators. In winter, there was the Southern and European vacation business to attend to. In summer, the thousands flocked to the cool places of the North, and Miss Swayne herded them into orderly brigades and sent them on their way rejoicing, with

six feet of commutation ticket in their grips and peace in their hearts.

Such being her position in life, Cora came to know everything. She could tell you without looking in the book whether they had recently had the cholera in the Azores, and whether the cathedral in Bologna was still closed for repairs.

She knew the names and customs of towns in middle Russia that can only be put into type by a cross-eyed compositor suffering from St. Vitus's dance, and she could inform you in a flash whether the lien had yet been removed from the leaning tower of Pisa.

There was nothing Cora Swayne did not know about places that people visit for recreation, study, rest, or ennui.

She knew the speed of the fastest motor-boat on Lake Hootchikootchi in Maine; the precise mean temperature of Palm Beach, Florida, on the 6th of January; the rate by water from Bar Harbor to Yonkers; and the distance a Japanese rickshaw boy can trot on three kernels of soft rice. She could tell you the time consumed by riding on the Broadway cars from the Battery to Columbia University, and the exact number of minutes you could save by walking the distance.

But what's the use? One could go on for hours sketching the things Cora Swayne knew, and at the finish one would only have touched superficially the pebbles on the beach of the vast ocean of her multifarious and world-wide knowledge.

Day after day, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, Miss Swayne sat in her revolving chair, with four telephones jingling at her elbow, surrounded by tall racks containing time-tables, pamphlets, handbills

of information, descriptive booklets telling the joys of various resorts, atlases, guide-books, consular reports, weather forecasts, railway and steamship information in blue bindings, and nervous vacationists.

In three years, she had never had a vacation. Knowing in detail the beauties and attractions of every resort on two continents, she remained a little grub-worm behind her red counter. Sometimes she wondered whether the fat lady with the two whining children would enjoy her visit to the Panama Canal; whether the dyspeptic gentleman with the valet would improve after he arrived at Aix-les-Bains; and why it was that a hard-working girl couldn't go in bathing at Old Orchard Beach in a silk bathing-suit after she had toiled for three years without a break.

But as a rule, Cora Swayne's hours at the Gloster Travel Bureau were so filled with activity that vain imaginings, mournful or otherwise, found no room in her swiftly moving brain. Now and then a steamship company produced a new book on the wonderful places one could visit by using its steamers. Miss Swayne generally took the new pamphlet to her room uptown, and pondered over the pink and blue steamers sailing on an ocean of deep scarlet into a grove of palm-leaf fans in indigo and black.

She comforted herself with the reflection that it was necessary to study all this carefully in order to have the information at her finger-tips. But sometimes her mind would wander away from the printed page and go wool-gathering. A far-away look would come into her eyes, while she pictured herself romping along the beach, or rolling down the board-walk on wheels of velvet, while at her side sat a tall, broad-shouldered Adonis in flannels, whose principal object in life was to learn what Cora desired next and then secure it for her. After which, Miss Swayne would, perhaps, lean her head on her arms over the bright pamphlets, and a couple of tears would trickle over her cheek and fall on the scarlet steamer, smudging it dreadfully.

At the office, no one ever considered that Miss Swayne had imagination or longings any more than a time-clock would have those futile things. She was, to the world of travelers, an absolutely accurate machine. One stated that one desired to go to Timbuctu or Paris or Hawaii in the best manner, and one then received the information,

placed money before the lady, and received a complete equipment of tickets and guide-books.

II

ONE afternoon, there came into the corridor of the tall building which housed the Gloster Travel Bureau a young man, carrying a valise, a suit-case, a haggard countenance, and a general atmosphere of wearied worry. He approached Miss Swayne with nervous haste, and dropped the grips with a clatter. Cora looked at him inquiringly.

"I want to go somewhere," said the young man. "It's too hot in New York, and I'm down and out. My nerves are ringing like a telephone-wire on a stormy night. If you speak harshly to me, I'll break down and sob out loud before all these people."

"Where do you wish to go?" Cora asked, smiling.

"Any place," replied the tired young man. "Where's a good place to go? What have you got left? If this is an information bureau, can't you hand me a little good information? If I had enough brains to think of a place, should I be here, asking you?"

"You might try a sea trip from here to Maine," she answered. "Leave here at six o'clock to-night. Arrive in Portland tomorrow afternoon. Take a smaller steamer up the Maine coast. The scenery is beautiful. The temperature just now is almost perfect. The trip will require seven days, up and back. Total cost, including meals, berths, and fare, sixty-nine dollars and fourteen cents."

"It sounds good," said the prospective traveler. "I'll take it. Wrap me up the tickets. The boat leaves at six? I'll be there. I'm a tired person. I've been working too hard selling automobile tires for a heartless corporation. My name's William J. Leeds. Seven thousand thanks for relieving me of further thought!"

Miss Swayne stared somewhat curiously at the young man. There were dark-blue circles beneath his eyes, and when he placed the bills on the counter, as she clipped the tickets, his hand trembled very distinctly.

"This trip will be of benefit to you, Mr. Leeds," she said. "You'll meet some nice people."

"I've met one to-day," he answered.

He took his suit-cases and departed.

That evening, Cora thought of young Mr. Leeds several times, and wondered why she should do so. She remembered the unnecessary lines in his youthful face, and the dark circles. She felt rather pleased that he could scamper off to the cool breezes of Maine when the rubber tire business became too depressing and strenuous. Maine wasn't such a bad place during the scorching New York summer. It would be a delightful place for a hard-working girl.

She wondered how it would feel to lie back in a steamer-chair and look at the waves; or to bounce around the Adirondacks in a motor-car with soft cushions. That night was one when she dropped a few weary tears on the vacation folders in her room.

III

A FEW weeks later, Mr. Leeds reappeared at the bureau. His condition was much improved. He was bright of eye, and his hand was perfectly steady, while the circles had gone from his eyes.

"I want to say," he began, "that you are certainly a boon to suffering humanity. That little trip you suggested did me a world of good. I came back ready to go to work. The next time I run down, I'm coming around to have you wind me up. Today I'm going to Cuba for the company, and I'm throwing the commission to you."

It was not a very busy afternoon, so Mr. Leeds chatted with Cora. He told her something of his Maine trip, and related a number of amusing anecdotes.

When he returned from the Cuban business trip, he dropped in for a friendly visit.

"Say," he said with mock sternness, "don't you ever quit ordering reservations for people and chopping up tickets? It's four hundred degrees of heat outdoors this minute. I should think you'd like to get away these days and paddle around in the surf."

"I should like it," the girl answered; "but it can't be done. I haven't any substitute, and no one else is familiar with the business. That's why Mr. Gloster hasn't let me have a vacation in the three years I've been with him."

"No vacation!" said Mr. Leeds explosively.

She shook her head.

"Sometimes," she answered, "I'd give a year's salary for a day's camping in the woods, or a dinner on the veranda of a

summer hotel, with people in white suits to wait on me."

Mr. Leeds's sympathy was stirred. He announced that such a condition was intolerable, and that Gloster must be a heartless, money-gouging wretch, who ought to be boiled in oil at once.

That evening, instead of reporting on the result of his Cuban trip, he left the automobile tire business flat on its back, and took Cora Swayne to a roof-garden containing a thousand palm-trees in green tubs, where a band played mysterious harmonies behind a waterfall, and women in low-necked gowns paraded between the white-topped tables.

A delicious breeze sauntered over from the Hudson and blew the weariness out of Miss Swayne's eyes. After she had eaten of chicken *en casserole* and sipped a glass of light wine, she chattered with great enjoyment and forgot her room, the Gloster Travel Bureau, and three vacationless years.

Young Mr. Leeds listened wonderingly. How was it humanly possible, he puzzled, for a young girl who never went anywhere to know so much of the great round world? He sat still and watched her intently while she described to him the glories of Monte Carlo, Sicily, Venice, Rome, the Yellowstone Park, the Hudson Bay country, and southern California.

Both of them enjoyed themselves thoroughly. When two young people pass one delightful evening together, it is even money to a dried prune that another similar evening is coming.

IV

Now it came to pass that Cora spent fewer evenings in her room, with the red steamship booklets and summer-resort folders about her. William J. Leeds, fostering a growing sympathy for a charming girl whose life was spent in an atmosphere of vacations and vacationists, but who, in spite of it, never had one herself, called at the Gloster Travel Bureau oftener and oftener.

It was rarely that Miss Swayne closed up the office for the evening without the help of the motor-tire expert. He hovered about her as if closing up shop was a new experience for her, in which she might require his manly aid at any moment.

Toward the soft, sunny days of early autumn, Leeds was explaining to Cora the intricacies of the automobile tire business



"YOU MIGHT TRY A SEA TRIP FROM HERE TO MAINE"

and his own affairs. They were seated on a Riverside Drive bench, surveying the Sunday promenaders, and the young man was struggling with a weighty and momentous question.

"You see, Cora," he was saying—yes, he had called her that for some time—"you see, I'm just about the best little tire man in New York, leaving all egotism out of the question. And while my company hasn't any heart, it appreciates what I've done for it. This year we'll sell five hundred thousand tires, and I'll sell a good many of them; but what I need now is a good long vacation."

"But you've had several vacations this summer, William," Miss Swayne replied—oh, yes; she used that name right along.

"I know, but they were different. I was either nervous or quite ill, as when I called on you at the time of the Maine trip. This is going to be a different vacation—a real one. I shall start the winter business on a salary of eight thousand a year; and with a little energy, I can work that up into real money. But I want a long sea voyage. I want to go to some of the queer, quaint places of the earth—the places you know about so well. And the funny part of it is that I don't want to take this important trip alone."

"No?" said Cora.

"No," repeated William. "I want you to come along with me as my newly made little wife."

"William!" said Cora, starting, very slightly.

"That's it," said William. "We'll have a house here in the city when we return from the honeymoon. We'll have all sorts of fun fixing it up, buying rugs and furniture and curtains; but the main thing is our honeymoon. You've been a fine, hard-working, hopeful little mole, buried down there at the Travel Bureau, seeing people starting for the ends of the earth and imagining how you would look on the top deck of an ocean steamer. You must have suffered during those three years, but you'll never suffer again. We shall have enough money to go wherever we list. We'll follow our noses to Japan, to South America, to the Riviera, to Italy, to Paris, London, Vienna, Rome, Naples, Alexandria—anywhere your sweet will decides."

Cora stared in sublimated ecstasy at a passing motor-car and drank in the honeyed words of William.

"We'll be married at once," he continued, "and you can pick out a thousand booklets and go through them, just as you used to work for strange travelers; but this time you will be seeking enjoyment for Cora Swayne Leeds. We will stand on the seawall in Algiers, that you spoke about, and watch the ships of a score of nations lying in the harbor. We will ride over the Panama Canal in a Pullman car—if they have Pullmans—and watch the thousands of men at work. We will sport in the surf of California, or sit on the sands of Ormond Beach and gaze at the racing motor-cars. The whole world is at your feet, Cora, and it makes me happy beyond the power of words to be the man who can provide you with these things."

"Tell me, William," Cora said softly, nestling closer to Mr. Leeds, in spite of the passing throngs, "shall we have an apartment on the West Side or a house in one of the suburbs?"

"As you say—as you say," William replied. "You shall decide everything. Whatever you suggest shall be done."

"If we have a house," said Cora, "we shall have to buy ever so many things, sha'n't we?"

"Yes," said William.

There was a period of rapt silence. Cora's pretty eyes were round and shone with calm joy.

"And now," William said, going back to the subject, "shall we go to Europe, to South America, to Asia, or to California on our honeymoon?"

"William," Cora replied, snuggling still closer to Mr. Leeds, "wouldn't it be much nicer just to run down to Coney Island for an afternoon, and look at everything? I haven't been there in months. Then we can save all that money and begin furnishing our house immediately. It would be so interesting, William! I'm all excited over the mere thought."

"Coney Island!" William answered, in a stunned tone.

Cora nodded eagerly.

"Coney Island! Why, I thought—I thought—"

"You'll let me have my way, William, won't you?"

"Why, certainly," said William. "If you say Coney Island, Coney Island it is. Let's look in the Sunday paper to-night and find out what time the marriage-license bureau opens to-morrow!"

MIRABEL'S ISLAND*

A ROMANCE OF THE HEBRIDES

BY LOUIS TRACY

AUTHOR OF "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING," "THE SILENT BARRIER," ETC.

XIX

MEANWHILE, there was a light in Argos, and Macdonald was stubbornly denying any knowledge of Mirabel's whereabouts. Furthermore, he stolidly refused to give any explanation of his own visit to the island that morning, other than his desire to gratify the "young leddy's" wish to replenish her stores as soon as the weather permitted.

Hawley, bottling up his wrath with difficulty, was strongly in favor of an immediate search, but Locksley vetoed the notion as fantastic, saying that Mirabel had evidently been on the lookout, and was hiding somewhere. She would be quite safe, and would probably return to the house as soon as she realized that they meant to remain on the island.

"I have a sort of notion that she has gone in this fellow's boat," said Hawley, giving the impassive fisherman a furious glance.

"Is that so, Donald?" demanded Locksley, who knew that Macdonald would not tell a downright lie, no matter how he might fence with their questions. "Where is your boat?"

"On the Corran. Miss Meerabel canna handle yon heavy coble by hersel'," grunted Donald.

"But she may have tried to. Go and see."

"I'll come with you," said Hawley.

"Man, ye'd better bide here. Ye'll brek yer neck on Lunga on a dark necht, wi' the mune set, an' a'."

"I insist—"

"Stay here, Hawley," said Locksley. "Donald will not waste time, and if he says that his boat is at its anchorage you can believe him."

Donald swung out, and there was evidently some talk as to the Hawk, because Hawley made his way cautiously to the cliff, only to find that the little steamer was a mile or more out at sea.

"This infernal place is bewitched!" he gasped aloud, when the truth slowly dawned on him that the vessel was steaming away to the northeast. He returned to the house, evoking fresh protests from Carlo, and that was the last Mirabel or David heard of him that night.

"Oh, I am so tired!" sighed the girl. "I suppose every woman has nerves, David, and mine have revealed their existence to-day. But there is no sense in giving way to them. Don't you think we ought to meet Donald and tell him to come for me when—when they are asleep?"

"No," he said cheerily. "I am in command, dear, so you must just do as you are bid. To-night you sleep on board the Firefly, while I mount guard at the foot of the path. By the time we reach the Corran, Donald will be half-way back, and a very puzzled man, too, not knowing what has become of us. Meanwhile—"

It was so dark that he had lifted her in his arms before she realized his intent. She began to protest, but he silenced her with a kiss, and carried her the whole half-mile to the beach, rejoicing in his burden. He experienced no trouble with regard to the rough ground, because his daily visits to the well had familiarized him with every

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inch of the way. Moreover, was he not treading on air?

He half expected a question or two with reference to the facts blurted out during his brief colloquy with the skipper of the launch. But never a word said Mirabel, and he convinced himself readily that his title had fallen unheeded on her ears. Poor girl, she had entered that day into a new realm, and her surcharged brain refused to register fresh impressions.

Soon she was tucked up in the bunk he meant to have occupied himself. He hauled out a couple of oilskins, spread one on the shingle in the exact place where he had dropped exhausted after the yacht struck, covered himself with the other, and was sound asleep in five minutes.

He awoke with the dawn, peeped in at Mirabel, ascertained that she was sleeping peacefully, and strode off to the house. Here Macdonald was already astir, but the only sign of bewilderment that hardy cateran vouchsafed was to scratch his head when David walked softly up to the open door.

Carlo was tied to a table-leg, for the fisherman knew that the dog would track Mirabel at once, if let run loose. Even now the animal had to be silenced speedily, because of his joy at sight of David.

"Ye were no in the cutter last necht?" muttered Donald, when he had obeyed Lindsay's whispered instructions, and brought the portable oil-stove, a kettle, a coffee-pot, and various small stores.

"Not until you had come back from the Corran. But we are aware of everything that took place. Keep the pair of them here another hour, at least. If necessary, say that Miss Mirabel will come here then if they are content to wait. You will find a couple of Gladstone bags in the Dorlin. Fetch them, and say exactly that which is true—you suppose they were left there by the men who brought our visitors ashore. Good-by, Mac. You behaved splendidly last night. Keep the dog quiet till I have gone. He will soon see his mistress again."

Donald jerked a thumb in the direction of the ceiling.

"Yon Hawley med a bonnie to-do aboot the steamer makkin' off. He blethered a lot, an' ca'ed us Scots folk a' the daft beggars he could lay his tongue tae, but I'm thinkin', Sir David, that mebbe a sort of a Scot like yersel' was a bit ower mich for him last necht."

"Scotland forever! That is the password."

And David crept off with his loot.

XX

SINCE the cutter had been hauled much closer under the cliff bordering the Corran than the spot where she lodged when David fell on the shingle in a stupor of exhaustion, she could only be seen from one small hump of Cruachan. Thence, by looking closely, the Firefly's hull appeared through the little gap cut by the path.

As Mirabel was on board, David, of course, took the right place in his stride, looked closely, and saw her standing in the yacht's well, for she, too, was accustomed to rise with the sun, and was no laggard this fine morning.

In the clear light of the hour after day-break he made out that her hair was unfastened. She waved a hand to him, and forthwith disappeared into the cabin. As she turned, he did not fail to note that the golden-brown tresses streamed over her shoulders almost to the waist-line of her white blouse.

Whether or not Mirabel intended that he should become aware of the length of her locks was one of those questions which she alone could decide. At any rate, her innocent coquetry brought a curious pallor to his bronzed cheeks.

He halted and looked back, half fearing, half hoping that the man who claimed Mirabel as wife might be following him. But Hawley was still sleeping, since he, like every other person whose thoughts centered in Lunga, had endured twenty long hours of excitement the previous day.

The only pair of eyes David encountered were those of a well-disposed bullock, who surveyed him with mild inquiry from behind a rock.

Then he laughed at the spasm of jealousy which had racked him. He knew the readiness of cattle to adopt a daily routine, and it was his habit each morning to draw fresh water for the trough near the well. The placid beast now peering at him was doubtless wondering why this new friend should turn up on the wrong side of the island.

He went to the well, filled the kettle, and replenished the trough. By the time he had reached the Corran, Mirabel was awaiting him.

"I guessed," she said, nodding at the array of utensils, and smiling delightfully,

though her face was rather white, and her eyes, in that tender purple effulgence which heralds a glorious sunrise, held the exquisite tint of Parma violets. "I discovered where you had slept, and knew you were conducting a foray, so I took the opportunity to tidy myself up, after a fashion."

"So I saw," he said.

She blushed from the roots of her hair to the neck of her blouse.

"You couldn't," she protested, ignoring the signal with which she had welcomed him.

"Well, I thought I did. But the really vital matter is that you are a distinct wash ahead of me."

"You don't imagine that I shall allow you to cook our breakfast? Outspan at once—is that the right way to put it? There is always a lovely pool left by the tide behind that little ledge of rock over there, and I have rummaged your lockers already for salt-water soap and towels. I give you twenty minutes. Are we to be allowed to eat in peace?"

"I sought Donald's aid. He will secure us an hour, at least—if necessary, with a hammer."

"David, you must look on me as a most unfilial daughter. But I dread meeting my father, though that which is simply disagreeable this morning was something wholly beyond my powers last night. And we were both a little mad, were we not?"

"My case remains desperate. I shall never recover."

She stooped to examine the reservoir in the oil-stove. He noticed that she was keeping out of reach. There was to be no kissing by daylight.

"You ought not to say such things to an unsophisticated island maid, Sir David Lindsay," she said.

Then David gathered soap and towels, and sought the sea pool, but he whistled cheerfully as he went, because, whether mad or sane overnight, if Mirabel had not missed the significance of the parley between himself and the skipper of the launch, she certainly could not have forgotten anything else that occurred.

Happily, these two were not afflicted with nerves. Though Mirabel was on the threshold of a wretched day, she ate an excellent meal, and David cracked his third egg amiably.

"It is odd," he said, "how the keen air of early morning brings out the aroma of

coffee. If people were wise, they would always breakfast out of doors when the weather permitted."

"People are not wise," said Mirabel.

"There are exceptions. For instance—" and he tendered his cup for more coffee.

"We did not display much wisdom last night, David. I feel like a naughty child. How shall I explain this escapade to my father? I cannot admit that I was afraid to meet him, though it would be the truth."

"Tell it, then, and shame Hawley."

"But what if dad says I ought to have trusted him?"

"You disposed of that argument yesterday. Confidence, to be warranted, should not be wholly one-sided. You were tricked into marriage with a man whom you despised, so it is you who have been unfairly treated, not your father or Hawley."

"I wish I could enter the lists with some share of your bold spirit, sir knight—or should I say most worshipful baronet?"

"May I tell you now why I kept my title a secret?" he asked.

"No, please," she said quietly, and her eyelids drooped so that her eyes were hidden under the curved lashes.

"Then we revert to the more immediate topic. My fixed belief is that you should make a firm stand on the question of remaining constantly with Mr. Locksley. It was easy to see last night that there was no love lost between him and Hawley. Your father will hardly turn against you so completely as to deny you the shelter of his roof. If he does, if Hawley's influence is so strong that it predominates, you must let me take you to my sister, and the subsequent wrangle can safely be left to the lawyers."

"The law cannot help me, David, and it may destroy my father. I know nothing of his early life, but I am sure now that the wicked man who has caused so much suffering has a hold over him that renders an appeal to the law impossible."

"Mirabel, dear, you, like myself, are seeking in the dark for an explanation of an outrageous thing. We shall not find it unaided, but I am convinced that the man whom I heard checking and controlling that rascal from the first moment he fell ashore will not tolerate high-handed measures in your instance. I want to be fair. The plea of age and failing health put forward by your father for your marriage was reasonable enough, but it is a different matter when you come to him and say that the very

thought of Hawley as a husband is repulsive. The days have passed when a girl could be forced into such a union for the rest of her life. Compulsion of that sort is not sanctioned by public opinion, and I doubt very much if it will be upheld by the law. At any rate, by following my advice, you gain time, which is all-important."

"Why?"

"It gives me the chance of dealing with Hawley. I think the fellow is a mere adventurer. He is not an American at all, I fancy, or, at best, one of a quite inferior variety."

"But he speaks with an American accent."

"Few characteristics are more easily assumed."

"My father says he knew him years ago in the United States."

"He may think he knew him because Hawley says so. I am inclined to discredit the statement. Mr. Locksley is a man who must invariably have associated with gentlemen. His manner, his speech, his mode of life, prove conclusively that Hawley could not have been an intimate friend. Don't forget that refined and well-educated society exists on the one side of the Atlantic as well as on the other."

Mirabel's head was bent, and she seemed to weigh David's words gravely, as if he had suggested some idea that demanded consideration.

"Mr. Hawley claims to be a Philadelphian," she said, after a pause. "In the—in the register—he gave an address in a street in Philadelphia. I didn't pay much heed, but I remember that."

"By Jove! Did he?" And David whistled impolitely in his astonishment.

"What of it?" cried Mirabel.

"I'm not quite sure, but I rather imagine that his declaration of nationality makes you an American."

"My father took care that the notices were perfectly in order. He told me so."

"Naturally, but don't you see, sweetheart, if you are legally a citizen of the United States, you come under American law? This business threatens to be even more complicated than I imagined. It is beyond me. Mirabel, you simply *must* assert your absolute freedom until the affair has been properly investigated by my solicitors."

"It seems to me, David, that you can deal with the tangle so much more effectually than I that you ought to come with me,

and give me your support—for the first interview, at any rate."

"I am only waiting to be asked!" he cried. "And now that the sun is peeping over the hills, let me see if a camera will do you any sort of justice."

Despite her troubles, the essential woman in her was aroused.

"Oh, David, not in this untidy dress!" she declared.

"Lost opportunities seldom forgive," he said, and the day was not far distant when he had good reason to bless the axiom and its moral.

He arranged a reel of films in the camera, which had reposed forgotten in a locker during so many days, and posed Mirabel in varying lights. When the first film was exhausted he obtained a second, and tried a few time-exposures. At last, having taken a dozen pictures, for three of which he had used a special lens for half-length portraits, he put the rolls in his pocket and locked the camera in its receptacle.

He was lighting a pipe when Mirabel saw Donald swinging over the shoulder of Cruachan with long strides, and the terrier scampering in front. David looked at his watch.

"Nearly an hour and a half," he said. "There have been ructions at Argos."

The dog's joy at sight of his mistress was one of those trivial things which probe to the very roots of human emotions, but, if Mirabel's eyes glistened, she did not weep. She had done with tears. Women of her strong and rare character seldom make that concession to sex, or, if they grieve, they permit none to see.

Donald's message was to the point.

"Yon Hawley is naethin' but a gomeral," he said, "an' I could keep him speerin' an' bogglin' a month o' Sundays, but Mr. Locksley just up an' sez to me, 'Donal', sez he, 'bring Miss Meerabel here at once.' Ye ken there's nae hagglin' about Mr. Locksley, an' I'm no gleg wi' ma tongue."

David kept a cheerful face during that short walk to the house, but he did not endeavor to hide from himself the doubts that surged through his brain. The glamour of midnight and the moon had gone, and in the cold light of day it was not so easy to determine the most judicious course. He was still stanchly of opinion that it was better to brave the storm than fly from it, but that article of faith would not serve of itself to extricate Mirabel from her plight.

These two men, her father and her husband, had come to Lunga on an errand the reasonableness of which it was impossible to dispute. She must go back with them to that pulsing world which had seemed so distant and unreal since Lindsay himself was plucked from it by the storm. He could neither cavil at their purpose nor prevent it. Even now he wondered whether or not he had done right in sending away the launch—a ruse which could only delay their departure by a few hours.

He had the habit of stroking his chin when perplexed, and his assumption of nonchalance could not have been markedly successful, for once, when his hand went up in that telltale gesture, Mirabel smiled.

"Does my knight hear the snorting of the dragon?" she said, catching his arm for an instant, but as rapidly letting go, as if conscious that the time for such loverlike *tendresses* had passed.

"Is that what it is?" he asked. "I have bearded lions in their dens—or in their lairs, to be accurate—but dragons are new game. I was really thinking, sweetheart, that, when your father built a modern *Argos*, it would have been decidedly useful if he had set up an oracle as well."

"The way, then, is not quite so clear now as it was during breakfast?"

"Mirabel," he said, meeting her gaze with eyes that did not flinch from her pathetic scrutiny, "I have no manner of doubt as to the line you must follow. It is for myself I quake. Pray Heaven I may not be tempted to fling Hawley into that ghastly chasm!" and he pointed to the stark cleft from whose hidden recesses came the plaint and murmur of the tide.

"Nay, David!" she cried. "I have a better conceit of prayer to Heaven than that. I shall not petition the All-seeing and All-wise to restrain you from crime, for you are incapable of it, even for my sake; but I shall ask humbly on my knees that the clouds may pass from our lives, for I cannot find it in my heart to believe that Providence has ordained that we should part. There were other isles than Lunga to which that gallant little *Firefly* might have ferried you in safety. Is it my turn to act as comforter? If so, I bid you be your brave, strong self. We shall be happy again, David. I feel it! Some tiny joy-bell has just jingled its message in my head, and you will see how proudly I shall comport myself, even in perils by the heathen, in perils in the sea."

Psychologists should note that Mirabel uttered her valiant prophecy about a quarter past eight o'clock on the morning of the 27th of October. At that hour, as nearly as could be ascertained afterward, some Oban fishermen found in their nets a beer-bottle tightly corked, and obviously containing a folded scrap of paper. They extracted the cork, drew out the paper carefully, and this is what they read:

Yacht *Firefly* wrecked on north end of Lunga, Treshnish Isles, during the early morning of October 15. James Farrow killed, apparently by falling spar, but his body has been brought ashore. William Tresidder is missing since some time before midnight on the 14th. The owner, undersigned, is not injured. Send help when weather moderates.

DAVID LINDSAY, R. Y. S.

Then the crew of the coble hastily threw overboard such portion of their nets and marking buoys as they had hauled in, shipped three pairs of oars, and bent to it with a will to reach Oban at the earliest possible moment. For there was a reward of two hundred pounds offered for news of Sir David Lindsay and the *Firefly*, and these men believed they had caught one of the finest fish that ever swam in the sea.

Had they known how much really depended on their efforts, sheer desperation might have cost them some part, if not the whole, of the reward, which was placarded at Oban but not at Tobermorey. Luckily, they were not flurried by fear of being forestalled, so it came to pass that, while the skipper of the *Hawk* and one of his men were indulging in a dram before going to the telegraph-office at Tobermorey, the strong-armed fishers, employing just the right amount of energy to drive the coble along on top of a favorable tide, reached the quay at Oban shortly before nine o'clock.

Two of them scanned the posters to learn the address of David's sister, while their mates hurried to find the harbor-master. It was a near thing, because the Tobermorey telegram was handed in first, and the yacht club officials at Cowes got busy on the telephone trunk-line to London. But Oban won, and a white-faced but very pretty woman, who was being persuaded by her husband to try and eat a breakfast for which she had no appetite, was stirred into tearful yet hungry joy by sight of a slip of pink paper which announced that her brother was alive.

It may also be explained that David had not given his sister's address in the first in-

stance, because he was not certain that she was aware of any mishap having befallen him. Nor could he be quite sure of her whereabouts, since her latest news indicated that her husband might be summoned any day to Malta, whither she meant to accompany him.

In fact, Captain the Hon. Phillip Beringer had actually induced the Admiralty to withhold his appointment in the Mediterranean for a month while he directed the search then being made in every estuary and on each tiny islet in the vicinity of Scarba, Jura, Colonsay, and Islay, though the story told by Tresidder and the captain of the trawler which struck the *Firefly* seemed to determine David's fate beyond question.

But, vital as the issue was to Mrs. Beringer, the race between the coble and the Hawk—which, in its way, somewhat resembled the historic contest between the tortoise and the hare—set in motion forces that were little short of superhuman so far as Mirabel and David were concerned.

The thrilling news from Oban, supplemented by a brief newspaper telegram from Tobermorey announcing the presence on Lunga of a young lady who was being sought by her father and her husband, did not escape the vigilant eyes of alert news-editors in London. The Tobermorey scribe mentioned the names of both Locksley and Hawley, for whisky had loosened the tongues of the Hawk's crew, and it was recalled that a hue and cry had gone out from Dover for a Mrs. Hawley, who had mysteriously disappeared after alighting from the boat-train while on her wedding-trip to the continent.

For some unknown reason that sensation had rapidly died down; now it was revived with zest. Just consider the ingredients of the journalistic *plat*—a rich young baronet, a runaway bride, an uninhabited island, storm, shipwreck, relatives either despairing or furious, and a message from the sea to savor the dish—what more was needed?

Parliament, in autumn session, was dull as ditch-water, the Kaiser had not made a speech for weeks, and Mr. Roosevelt was popularly supposed to be either writing a book or undergoing a Spartan training for the next Presidential campaign; so the Fleet Street pack gave tongue, and picked up the trail by telephone, telegraph, and taxicab, with the result that, when Captain Beringer and his wife arrived at King's Cross to catch the train for the north, they

recognized among their fellow passengers five special correspondents who had interviewed them earlier at Clarges Street.

In a word, the press had discovered Lunga, and the fortunes of Mirabel and David were now in the lap of the gods.

Beringer, one of the youngest men of his rank in the Royal Navy, and consequently an exceedingly smart and capable officer, had some glimmering of the truth when he said to his wife:

"Davie has been pulled into the lime-light this time, Doris, and no mistake. Of course, I didn't dream of the existence of a girl on Lunga when I spread myself to the reporters this morning on the miraculous thousand-to-one chance he had pulled off in escaping from that gale. I gave one of 'em his photograph, too."

"Oh, Phil, you didn't really?" gasped Mrs. Beringer.

"Fact. Did it purposely. Davie ought to realize his responsibilities, and the press will tell him now what an important man he is. Of course, his being mixed up with a young lady who doesn't seem to care much for the husband she won in the matrimonial lottery rather complicates matters. Not that it affects Davie, so far as I can see. But it's odd, confoundedly odd! Did you notice one Johnny snap-shotting us on the platform? We'll all be in the papers to-morrow!"

Mrs. Beringer stood up, and looked into a mirror fixed in the partition above her husband's head.

"What is it now?" he asked.

"I just wanted to see if my hat was on straight. I came away in such a hurry."

XXI

MEANWHILE, the two people who had caused all this commotion had come face to face with the men primarily responsible for it.

Hawley, too impatient and ill at ease to eat, had risen from the table, on which Donald had set out a substantial meal before leaving the house. He was standing on the hearthrug before the kitchen fire, and was cutting the end off a cigar, when he saw Mirabel turning in through the gate.

"Here she is!" he cried. "But who the deuce is *this*?" he added, after a fixed stare at David.

Locksley sprang up hurriedly. From where he sat he could not see the path, and, in any event, his failing eyesight was less effective by day than by night, because the

glasses he wore were so darkened as to be almost opaque.

"Has she a stranger with her?" he asked in a voice of terror, which contrasted curiously with the calm demeanor he had displayed since landing on the island.

"Yes—some fellow I have never seen before."

There was an instant of tense silence. Then Mirabel entered, with David close on her heels. She went to her father and kissed him affectionately.

"I am sorry, dad, if I have caused you any real trouble," she said, placing both hands on his shoulders and gazing at him sorrowfully; "but you yourself sent me away to live with a man whom I detested, and some spirit of rebellion seized me, so I came here."

She ignored Hawley completely, but the man had sufficient self-control not to interfere. He stood stock-still, and looked from Mirabel to David, scowling a little when he heard the girl's uncompromising words, but otherwise exhibiting a restraint that was almost dignified in the circumstances.

"You have behaved foolishly, Mirabel, and given me and your husband much pain and anxiety," said Locksley, whose nervousness seemed to be natural enough, though it arose from fright at David's unexpected presence.

"I had no other alternative but death," persisted Mirabel. "Rather than endure the man you call my husband, I would have died. I meant it, and I still mean it."

Locksley took hold of her wrists and gently released himself.

"There is no need to discuss our affairs before one who has no concern in them," he said. "Who is this gentleman, and how comes it that he should be found on Lunga, which is private property?"

"This is Sir David Lindsay, whose yacht was wrecked on the island at daybreak on the 15th," said Mirabel, speaking with amazing calmness.

"Twelve days ago!"

"Yes."

"You helped to rescue him and the members of his crew, I suppose?"

"No. He alone was saved, yet I did not help him, but rather left him to fend for himself. I want to be quite candid. I thought that you had sent the yacht to bring me back to the mainland."

"Your daughter is not doing herself justice," interposed David. "She was some-

what afraid of me at first—a thing not to be wondered at, since my earliest task was to bury one of my men, who had been killed by the collision which crippled my boat. But she soon relented. It may clear the air if I say at once, Mr. Locksley, that I am thoroughly aware of the conditions under which Mirabel happens to be here."

Then Hawley struck in, fiercely and venomously.

"The lady's name is Mrs. Hawley, Sir David Lindsay," he said.

"She has informed me that she does not choose to be known by that name," said David.

"Her wishes in such a matter must be disregarded."

"Not by me!"

Their eyes met, and Hawley's face flushed with a rage that threatened a vulgar outburst; but Locksley, who had recovered his strange air of detachment, held up a protesting hand.

"There is no need to augment our troubles by bickering about names," he said. "You, Sir David, on the mere presumption of your title, are a gentleman, and I look to you for assistance in a matter of no small difficulty. I take it that my daughter has shown you some hospitality during your stay on the island, and, as its tenant, I wish to associate myself with her action, but it must be obvious to you, as a man of the world, that the present unfortunate dispute is one in which you cannot take sides."

"It is too late to discuss platitudes, Mr. Locksley," said David. "Mirabel and I have passed that stage long since. I recognize that a certain legal tie was forced upon her by some outrageous misrepresentation whose exact nature I mean to ascertain. Pray let me speak plainly"—for he fancied that behind the black shades which hid the older man's eyes there was a gleam of anger, and certainly the thin, mobile lips had twitched in manifest annoyance. "I do not mean to associate you with positive double-dealing, but I do assert my solemn conviction that her consent to a marriage which she loathed was wrung from her by means that will not bear the scrutiny of honest men. It is for you to show that you deserve my sympathy, rather than claim it on grounds the fairness of which I refuse to admit."

"Of course, I deny entirely your right to take up this extraordinary attitude," said Locksley.

"Ah, but you cannot, dad!" broke in Mirabel.

"Do be quiet, my girl. Sir David Lindsay must know that he is uttering a gross slander, and it may surprise him if he hears the views of a judge thereon."

Mirabel gave David one swift look, and then faced her father again.

"A judge!" she cried, and her voice thrilled with emotion. "I have never seen a judge, but I picture him as one wise and just and compassionate. Let me meet your judge, and I shall test his wisdom by asking if a woman should be compelled to marry a man whom she detests. If he be just, he shall say whether she should become the means of barter between her father and an intruder who holds him bound by some wretched threat. And, if he is compassionate, will he not bestow her on the man she loves, for whom her soul sang during the silent years, and with whom she would rather live a day in happiness than pass a century in despair with the husband of your choice?"

Locksley, on whom her vehement declaration seemed to have an unnerving effect, for his pale features had grown sallow, and drops of moisture glistened on his forehead, stretched forth his hands in piteous appeal. His partial blindness was more potent than mere words. It needed a less impetuous heart than Mirabel's to withstand his pathetic aspect.

"Mirabel, my child, what evil spirit possesses you that you should speak to me in that way?" he said, and his lips quivered.

She ran to him swiftly and took him in her arms.

"Dad, my own dear dad, do we not know the evil spirit who persuaded both of us to do wrong?" she exclaimed. "Don't turn away from me, but listen, for love has clarified my understanding and given me the gift of tongues. Let us have done with pretense! I love David, and I know he loves me, though he tried to crush the knowledge out of his heart when he heard that I was married to another man. David is all that a true and gallant gentleman should be; if it is fated that we should part, he will go now, and never see either of us again, though I am his and he mine till the earth receives us in a last embrace. Let that man who has ruined our lives make some amends by imitating the example David will set him. You and I may find consolation

and forgetfulness in that peaceful world from which you were too ready to drive me. I do not ask for much, when my poor heart is like to break at the thought of losing its mate forever, but I shall never acknowledge any other man as my husband—never, never, do or say what you will!"

Locksley appeared to be unable to resist the tender tumult of her pleading. Hiding his face in his hands, he sank into a chair and bent his gray head over the table.

"O-ho!" sneered Hawley, glaring from Mirabel to David. "Is that the precious scheme you have concocted? Get rid of me, eh? I walk out, and you walk out, and when I go over the hill you walk in again. Say, Locksley, pull yourself together. It's high time we quit fooling. Send that long Highlander across to Mull in his boat, and get the Hawk back here before night."

"O-ho!" croaked a voice, which came from behind Hawley's boots, and caused him to turn quickly with a look of alarm in his eyes.

The jackdaw had passed a disturbed night, and was snoozing inside the fender till aroused by his favorite exclamation.

XXII

"OH, it's you, gollywog, is it?" cried Hawley.

His lean, insipidly fair face had shown such needless alarm at hearing a strange voice that David found himself wondering if the man's nervous system was out of order. Evidently conscious that he was exhibiting a too pronounced relief, Hawley regarded the bird with a wry smile.

"Guess you have more common sense in that perky black head of yours than the whole bunch of us put together, Jack," he said.

No one spoke. Locksley, by habit a taciturn man, seemed to have collapsed, and his head sank still deeper into his folded arms, while Mirabel was bent over him, with a solicitous hand resting on his shoulders. Lindsay, who was trying as he had never tried before to read character in a man's face, encountered his rival's furtive, half sullen, half jesting glance, and Hawley affected to treat the jackdaw's interruption as an excuse for adopting a lighter tone.

"Now, look here, Mirabel," he said, strutting confidently again on the hearth-rug—"and you, Locksley, and you too, Sir David Lindsay—if that is the proper way to address you—suppose we all come off the

high-tragedy perch for a while. I've stood here quite a while, and heard myself called a lot of hard names—not straight out, of course, but it was plain enough for any one to see that they were meant for me. Now, I've done nothing that I am ashamed of. It isn't exactly a crime that I should want to marry a pretty girl like you, Mirabel, or, having married you, that I should wish my wife to be my wife. But you've got some bee in your bonnet which prevents you from accepting the views of the every-day sort of woman who goes through the marriage ceremony. Well, I'm not an unreasonable person. If you had chosen to take me into your confidence at first, there would have been no call for the excitement and worry of the last three weeks. You frightened yourself into a panic, gave me no end of a scare when I found you were not on board the steamer, and generally raised Cain all round, whereas a few friendly words between you and me would have settled the whole affair. But don't let us cry over spilled milk. I make you a straight offer. Let us three go back to Ealing, and live there quietly for a month or two. By the New Year, or sooner, we may come to look at matters in a different light. Now, Sir David Lindsay, you don't strike me as the sort of man who would encourage any nonsense, and, as you have been dragged into a family dispute, I put it to you—is my proposition a reasonable one, or is it not?"

He delivered himself with a certain breeziness of manner which commanded attention. Despite an obvious effort to speak with moderation, he undoubtedly did not leave out of reckoning some of the graver difficulties suggested by Mirabel's unyielding attitude. Even the girl herself raised her eyes and looked at him when he suggested an immediate return to her father's house at Ealing.

But David, outwardly self-contained and watchful, was torn by renewed conflict between expediency and desire. He felt like a man imprisoned in a fortress from which escape was impossible save by the door of dishonor. And the burden of decision rested on him. In that passionate hour Mirabel was incapable of the cool and ordered judgment on which her future depended. If he took the wrong path now, he might wreck her life and his own. Bitter and humiliating as the confession might be, the truculent, self-confident adventurer now awaiting

his answer had pointed out the only road that offered at once a compromise and, for Mirabel, salvation.

The sunlit room grew dim in his sight, and Mirabel's graceful form, still stooping over her disconsolate father, seemed to recede from him into immeasurable gloom, but a truth that was not to be denied was hammering at heart and brain, and he said dully:

"I agree with you, Mr. Hawley. Some of us are the victims of fate, but a situation that is intolerable in many respects cannot be ended here. Yes, you must leave the island. Your advice is good. I—I only entreat you to be considerate."

He could not force his tongue to utter another syllable. His voice had a strange sound in his ears, as if he was contending against the roar of a cataract. He dared not endeavor to clear the gathering mist from his eyes and look at Mirabel, for he feared lest he should falter in his purpose and stammer some heart-broken excuse for this seeming disloyalty.

That was the hardest part of the sacrifice—that she should believe he had forsaken her. For one frenzied instant he was tempted to retract his words and tell the woman he loved that he was hers to command, her slave to do with as she willed. Perhaps it was Mirabel who saved him—he never knew—but he heard her saying, with bewildering calmness:

"Thank you, David. You, at least, ring true where all else is false. Now, will you please leave me with my father? Mr. Hawley, I think we shall accept your conditions, but my father and I must first understand each other clearly."

She straightened herself proudly, and a wistful smile hovered on her lips as she watched David pass out in silence through the porch. Hawley showed a momentary hesitation about following him. Obviously, he was opposed to any private settlement between father and daughter to which he was not a party. But Mirabel smiled, even at him.

"You have striven to behave rather well," she said. "I am sure you will not lessen the good opinion I have formed of you so recently by refusing my request."

It needed a somewhat brazen character to extract much encouragement from that qualified praise, but Mirabel had not spoken so graciously to the man since the project of marriage was first mooted.

"Sorry," he said apologetically. "I didn't quite realize that you meant me to make myself scarce. Shall I send Macdonald to Tobermorey?"

"Not yet. I shall come to you soon."

Jamming on his hat, which was lying on the table in front of the window, Hawley went out with a haste that was rather exaggerated. In every tone and action he was devoid of good breeding, and even the minor amenities of life sat on him like ill-fitting garments.

Having carried matters with a high hand since his whirlwind return to Locksley's house in London, he fancied now that he had behaved with extraordinary tact and forbearance. He took to himself all the credit of a settlement which he deemed highly satisfactory, and, when he paused at the gate to light the cigar which he still held in his hand, he nodded affably to Macdonald, who was sitting on the low wall of the garden and gazing contemplatively at the sea.

"Which way did Sir David go?" he inquired, for Lindsay had vanished.

"I didn't ask him," said the fisherman.

"I don't suppose you did, but you have eyes to see with."

"Ou, aye."

"Well, he must have passed you a moment ago."

"Aye."

"Where is he, then?"

"I dinna ken."

Hawley laughed, quite good-humoredly, though his mirth, at the best, had a snarl in it.

"If I'm up against the clan, it's a thousand dollars to a hayseed I'm down and out," he said, and strode off by the westerly path, which was, in fact, the only semblance of a beaten track that Lunga possessed.

Donald looked after him.

"If ye were up against a big tree wi' a rope around yer neck, ye'd be in the recht place, ma bonnie man," he muttered, and spat viciously.

Hawley, being no stranger at Argos, knew that a short climb would bring him to a point on Cruachan whence he could overlook nearly the whole length of the island. Indeed, if he had not stopped to question Macdonald, with such poor result, he would have seen David mounting the hill, which rose so steeply from the house that any one taking that route disappeared almost immediately among the rocks, owing to the sharp curve in the path.

David had gone that way mechanically. His bruised spirit found some physical solace in rapid movement, and he was abreast of the Harp Rock when he realized that he was making for the Corran. The dog had rushed out after him, and was now nosing about among the tufts of grass for the rabbits that he chased with such unrewarded perseverance.

Then, through the storm of useless regrets raging in David's breast, the thought intruded that he might be wanted by Mirabel. He must remain within hail, must throw himself down on some rock whence Donald could summon him. With a word to Carlo, he turned on his heel, and had not retraced many steps when Hawley appeared.

His gorge rose at sight of the man, whose jaunty bearing served to emphasize the hopelessness of Mirabel's unhappy dilemma. Had her father scoured the world, he could hardly have chosen any one more unsuited to become the husband of such a girl than this crude, hectoring fellow, whose smug complacency had nevertheless provided the only means of escape from a position that bristled with perils.

Not that Hawley was repulsive in appearance, or wholly ill-mannered—that was the hideous crux of the problem. He was only a year or two older than David himself, nearly as tall, and might be considered by many women as better-looking, for he carried himself with a confident air, and would have an eye for every pretty girl he met, whereas David had unconsciously waited throughout all his wander-years to meet Mirabel.

And David knew, as every man worth his salt knows, that a pure-minded, sensitive, and highly intellectual woman should not be yoked for life with a mate who would fail to appreciate these qualities of the soul rather than of the body. It was evident, from the outset, that Mirabel had divined in Hawley's personality the antithesis to her every thought and aspiration. She had shuddered at the nightmare notion of marrying him; she avoided him as something repellent and unendurable, while yet her impulsive heart had never throbbed with passion. If she shrank from him then, how exquisite must be her torture now! Nevertheless, how futile were these pangs of longing and despair!

Some gleam of the volcano burning in David must have shot from his eyes when Hawley addressed him, for the man drew

back, and his rather curiously bleached, though highly colored face, whitened.

David, glowering and aflame, was aware that the other had spoken, but the words fell on inattentive ears. They served, however, to dispel the cloud that had gathered on his senses, and he stayed.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I heard you, but did not heed. My mind was elsewhere."

"I don't doubt you, Sir David. This business has upset all of us, more or less." Hawley spoke confidently, for he had hit on what he called "the right line," and meant to follow it. "I only said that I would like to have a word or two with you. It seems to me that if two men of intelligence tackle a difficulty, they can settle it in a reasonable way, which is a thing one can't expect from a woman."

"I am not aware of any dispute," said David.

"Oh, come now," and Hawley cocked his head on one side with a knowing leer that was accentuated by the tilt of a Homburg hat. "Isn't that a bit steep? When all is said and done, it is barely ten minutes since my wife was vowing by all the gods that she hated me and loved you."

"Well?"

"Have you nothing to say about it?"

"No."

"But I have. Do you think it was playing ball, or playing cricket, as you say in this country, to take advantage of—"

"I have no desire to lay violent hands on you, but I shall certainly knock you down if you utter one syllable derogatory of the lady you are discussing," said David.

Hawley might be a rascal, but he was not a coward. He had flinched from the unconscious fury of David's first glance, but he did not show the white feather now. Moreover, he felt he had the whip hand in the present situation, and he meant to keep it.

"You ought to have waited till I finished," he said quietly. "It isn't likely I want to defame my wife. I guess I've known her longer than you, and I don't need your help to protect her. And again I ask if you think it was quite fair to encourage her highfalutin notions after you knew she was married?"

Some worm of dread and doubt gnawed at David's vitals, but he only said:

"I offer no excuse for anything I have done."

"Hum! That may be taken either way. She never told you about the marriage, I suppose, until her father and I turned up?"

"She has made no secret of her attitude."

"Still, the fact remains that she is my wife, and, before this rotten tangle gets more mixed, I am anxious to straighten it out a bit, if I can. I'm not holding you responsible—understand that, now and all the time. By the way, is your yacht ashore, or gone to the bottom?"

David believed that the man was endeavoring to throw him off his guard by these constant allusions to the marriage and to Mirabel as his wife. He was prepared, too, for the sequel to the sudden question with regard to the present condition of the Firefly, and he determined to use his wits in defense of Mirabel, if not of himself.

"My cutter is ashore on the north end of the island," he said. "She is quite habitable, and the lady you describe as your wife, but who repudiates the contract on the ground that it was obtained by fraud, slept on board last night. If you walk to the Corran, you will see the cutter."

Still Hawley refused to get angry, which was all the more remarkable after the ill-temper he had displayed earlier.

"I take your word for it, of course," he said coolly. "And, for the moment, I leave the matter of the marriage, which concerns her and me and her father, and no one else, Sir David Lindsay. What I want to say now is this: some time soon—this evening, I expect—we shall all cross to the mainland. There is sure to be a lot of talk and gossip when we land. For one thing, it was known to those men on the Hawk, who scooted without orders, confound them, for some reason or another—"

"They are not to blame. I sent the Hawk back to Tobermorey," broke in David.

"Did you, now? That was mighty smart of you. But may I ask why?"

"I was resolved to protect—resolved to prevent any drastic measures being adopted until every one concerned had had a fitting opportunity for the discussion which took place this morning."

"Well, I'm not kicking because I was bested there. Anyhow, those fellows knew that Locksley and I were coming here to fetch Mirabel. There will be a hooroosh of sorts in the press, too, when the news of your escape leaks out. I guess you aren't aware that you've been written up as dead?"

"No," said David, who was interested in this statement, despite his misery, for he realized now that his sister and other relatives must have undergone agonies of apprehension in his behalf.

"It's a fact, nevertheless," said Hawley. "It occurred to me a while ago that I read about your yacht—the Firefly, isn't it?—being sunk in collision after leaving Oban just before that big gale in the middle of the month. You can see for yourself what a brass-band-and-fireworks picnic this is for the newspapers. Can't it be stopped?"

"How?"

"You must shut down on the fact that Mirabel and you were alone on the island. Drag in Macdonald. He'll lie like a politician to serve both of you. As for the dust-up in the Locksley family, leave it to me. That is my game, and I'll play it single-handed."

"You may be sure that no cause for scandal will arise from anything said by me. I imagine, too, that you are exaggerating the risk of undue publicity. But it is only fair to tell you that I shall use every means to get your marriage annulled."

(To be continued)

"That's baby talk, Sir David, and you know it."

"In forcing yourself on Mr. Locksley and his daughter you had some motive other than the honest wish of a man to secure the woman he loves. What was it? Money? If so, I am given to understand that Locksley is not wealthy. I am."

Hawley smiled. He rolled the cigar between his lips and puffed out a cloud of smoke.

"No, sir," he said. "Nothing doing!"

"I merely wished to discover how you would take the suggestion of bribery. It is not new to you, I see."

Hawley's eyes narrowed a little, but he curbed his tongue, which had run somewhat beyond his intent.

"This rock we are standing on has been here a few thousand years," he said, "but it will sink out of sight in the depths of the sea before I budge a single inch from my legal rights. And that's a fact, and the sooner you realize it the better it will be for all of us!"

"Then, for the present, there is nothing more to be said."

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

Oh, lovely visitant, I know
Naught of your name,
Nor how you come, nor how you go,
Like scent, like flame!
I only see your veiled face
And feel your power—
Young, fresh as when you came to grace
My natal hour!

Your lips, twin melodies divine,
Inspire my lute;
Your arms, twin rimes, hang boughs of mine
With golden fruit;
Your feet, twin guides, lead down long lanes
By winding streams,
Where song and speech with silver chains
Are linked with dreams!

Life's natal hour! I could not speak
Nor see you then;
Death's natal hour will find me weak
And blind again;
Then fold me in the fellowship
Of your warm wings,
And waft me, soul and lute and lip,
To higher things!

Clarence Urmey

THE PULL OF THE FINGER

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "FALLING IN AT SIMPSEY'S," "CAPTAIN PIKE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFFÉ

ALFRED BECKHAM'S disgrace is an old and discredited story now. In its day it was a black and bitter thing. It estranged kinsmen and friends, broke a heart or two, and would have ruined a less courageous and honest man than young Alfred Beckham.

But it is not my intention to tell that old story, or even to give the revised and true version of it. It is enough for me to say that Beckham went to prison for three years. At this time he was a cashier in the firm of Rudd & Jordan, bankers and brokers. Jordan—as the world knows, now that he is dead—was the man who should have gone to prison.

While serving his sentence, Alfred Beckham drifted into terms of friendship with a fellow prisoner of the name of Denis Paul. Paul was an older man than Alfred by twenty years, and, to a casual observer, would have seemed to be his opposite in everything. To begin with, Denis Paul admitted that he was guilty of the charge for which he was suffering. He had shot a fellow woodsman with the intention of killing him, but had missed a vital point by an inch or so. He told this to Beckham.

"Must ha' bin the light," he said. "The light warn't good in the woods that day. Thar ain't a man livin' I wouldn't track down an' shoot for that same reason. Thar ain't no justice in this law that don't let a man protect his own women folk. The pull of the finger—that's the best jedge an' jury I knows of!"

He raised his right hand and bent the forefinger of it, as if upon a trigger.

Beckham maintained that Paul should have fought his enemy openly; but the old woodsman only grinned at that.

In the course of time the younger man told his story, and mentioned his suspicions of Jordan. Paul listened with a dangerous glint in his gray eyes.

"I believe ye, lad," he said. "There's no thief about you, nor nothin' dirty. The only medicine for that thar skunk who done the trick on you be the pull of the finger. I'd give 'im a dose of 'it, some day, if I was you!"

In due course Denis Paul received his liberty and vanished from the knowledge of the prison. Six months later Alfred Beckham was set free.

Beckham was wise enough not to appear among the people whom he had thought to be his friends before his disgrace. He wrote to an uncle, and in reply received five thousand dollars from his mother's estate. Then he changed his name and went West.

The old life was dead, the disgrace was hidden, and only the cruel sting of the injustice remained to him. But as time passed even this sting lost a little of its bitter fire. Poor Alfred Beckham was dead; but Walter Scott was alive and doing, with a future to make in a land that looked only to the future.

Scott—to give him his new name—prospered in the West. His capital, in dollars, was small; but his good education, his sound temper, energy, honesty, pleasant manners, and business training all proved to stand for capital. He opened a real-estate office in a new town. He invested in land. Conditions were favorable, and his business grew.

He opened another office in a larger town—a city ten years of age—and took up his abode there. His reputation for square

dealing, ability, and good-nature went ahead of him. Every one seemed willing, even anxious, to become his friend.

In the West a man works and plays with the same people; and so it happened that Walter Scott met the girl and entered into partnership with the girl's father. The name of these people was Scovil. There were only two in the family—the father and daughter.

Captain Scovil had been an officer in the American navy, had retired after a useful career, and had moved to the Canadian West to try to double his modest savings. But he had proved himself a child in business; and when Walter Scott took him into partnership, along with the dwindled savings, their mutual friends complimented Scott on his astonishing good-nature. I am not sure whether it was the helpless captain or the beautiful daughter who inspired Scott to this step. However that may be, he made a success of the partnership.

The captain, like Scott, was the soul of honor; but the captain's honor was of the variety that will make no concessions, brook no delay, shy at no obstacle. Such was his way in business as well as in private life.

His failures in business transactions had often been due to this extreme nicety of conscience. Many a time, fearing that a natural advantage lay upon his side of the deal, he had made another advantage and passed it over to the other side. This, of course, was not business at all. The moment he and Scott joined forces, Scott undertook to protect them both by keeping to himself the authority to conclude all deals. This worked satisfactorily.

Walter Scott admired his partner's abnormal sense of honor, and at the same time he feared it. The captain's creed was that every man must tell the whole truth about himself, whether asked for it or not, particularly if the truth were not entirely pleasant. This, he held, was the safeguard every man owed to the world.

You can imagine that Scott had no desire to make known the truth of his past to the Scovils, or to the world at large. The world certainly, and perhaps the Scovils, would believe only part of his story—would take the word of the law for the truth, instead of Scott's word. So Scott kept his past to himself, worked hard and honestly and day by day fell more hopelessly in love with the captain's daughter.

The girl's name was Jean. Fear that the

captain's abnormal sense of honor would some day blunderingly overthrow this palace of love which he was building often gripped the young man's heart with the most poignant sensations. It would be wiser to tell all, he reflected, in agony; and yet he could not find the courage to risk toppling his dream of happiness to ruins with his own hand. Surely it was more than could be expected, or fairly asked, of any man. Surely he had suffered enough already from the blindness and injustice of life.

One day Scott told the captain of his love for Jean. The elder man took it very quietly and kindly.

"I like you, Scott, and I trust you," he said. "I think you have won my girl's heart; but I must ask you not to speak to her just yet. Wait a month—let us say until we have concluded this deal with the big Eastern syndicate. We shall have plenty of time then to talk things over."

They shook hands on this. Scott experienced a feeling of intense relief. The captain was with him; and he knew, though he had not asked her in words, that Jean loved him.

The deal of which the captain had spoken was likely to be the biggest thing in land-selling that the partners had as yet undertaken. The land involved was a wooded valley on the eastern slopes of the Rockies, measuring some twenty miles in length and from two to seven in width. Scott and his partner were acting in the matter simply as agents. The owners were English people, and the prospective buyers were New York men.

Scott had agreed to go East and meet one of the directors of the syndicate at a hunting-camp in the Adirondacks. There he was to conclude the business and hand over the title-deeds. At the last moment, the captain made known his intention of accompanying Scott.

II

SCOTT and Scovil arrived at the camp early in the evening, after a drive of twenty miles over half-made roads. The place astonished them. It was a mansion built of logs. Half a dozen cabins, for the accommodation of guides and servants, stood about in the clearing, within convenient reach, but at a respectful distance from the main camp.

The woodsman who had guided them in

whistled on his fingers in front of the big house. A door opened, and a man in evening clothes, with side-lights and a polished chin, appeared and bowed.

"Come right in, gentlemen, if you please," he said. "Mr. Watson is expecting you."

Mr. Watson, the director of the syndicate, met them in the wide, low hall adorned with moose heads and the pelts of bobcat and bear. He was a very cordial person. He shook hands heartily, helped to remove their overcoats, and then told the steward to show them to their rooms.

"Dinner in about three-quarters of an hour," he said. "Timmins will show you the baths. Hope you'll be comfortable. Ring for anything you want."

The partners from the West followed Timmins up-stairs; and Mr. Watson sent whisky and soda up after them.

"And they call this a hunting-camp!" murmured the captain.

Scott, after a warm bath and a change into evening clothes, left his chamber to find his way below stairs. The captain, in the room next door, was still engaged with a very high and stiff shirt-collar.

Scott wandered down a long, heavily carpeted hall illuminated by little globes of light. Doors stood closed, or half open, on his right and left. He felt comfortable, hopeful, ready and able to enjoy himself and do business to advantage.

He had the long hall to himself. He had almost reached the head of the stairs when a door opened on his right, and a man stepped into the hall immediately in front of him and turned to face him. This person was a middle-aged gentleman, blockily built and faultlessly attired, with a pink face, heavy chin, gray hair and mustache. But the expression of the pink face and square jaw was unpleasant, and the gray eyes were as lifeless as stone.

Scott halted. The other smiled.

"Why, it is yourself, Alfred," he said.

Scott's face went deadly white, with a hint of blue about the lips and gray shadows down the lines from cheek-bones to jaw. He did not speak. He put out a hand and steadied himself against the wall.

"Brace up, my boy!" said the other quietly, with an outward note of concern in his voice, but an inner twang of derision. "Brace up, or your partner and my friend Watson will wonder what is the matter with you."

Scott stood straight, and a little of the original color returned to his cheeks; but his face still looked as if it had suddenly grown thinner and older.

"That is better, Alfred," said the other. "By the way, you must be doing pretty well in the West."

Scott's eyes flashed, and his strong frame trembled from head to foot.

"Haven't you done me enough harm already?" he asked, in shaking but guarded tones. "Do you mean to—to ruin me again? Before, it served your purpose—saved you from your just deserts; but now—why should you want to crush me again? Have a care! I warn you to have a care. My blood sweats with that disgrace and injustice like a fever—like the poison of a fever!"

"Don't get excited, Alfred," returned the other. "I have no intention of making an unpleasant scene—just now, at any rate. I arrived only yesterday, and must get my moose to-morrow. A painful scene would put me all off in my shooting. I am not so young as I used to be, and must be careful."

Fear and disgust of the man went through Scott's veins like fire and frost. In the same instant of time he shivered with heat and cold, hate and terror. He passed on and down the broad staircase without another word.

He saw things as through a drifting mist. The little globes of light shone dim and distant before his stricken eyes, like the lights of a ship seen in a fog. The great overhanging heads and ponderous antlers along the walls swam before his vision. The game was done! The love that he had won and the life that he had reclaimed would fall to pitiful ruins at the touch of that faultlessly garbed man behind him!

His innocence, and the unjust sufferings of the past, would count as nothing. Even if his word should prove good against the word of that strong old man and the judgment of the judges—and his word was that of a fugitive from the old life, living, working, and loving in a new land, under a name that he had made his own without benefit of law or parents—even if the naked truth should prevail, still the damning fact remained that he had kept it from the captain and from the girl he loved. He had lived his lie before them, with them, in the heart of their generous friendship. The captain might find pity in his heart; but what excuse for the lie could be found in



shattering crisis that neither prayer nor protest can avail to stay or turn aside. He found Watson standing with his back to a wide and glowing hearth.

"Sherry and bitters, or a cocktail?" inquired Watson; "and will you have it now or wait for the captain and Jordan?"

that simple, iron-hard old heart of honor and pride?

"Ruin!" breathed Scott, huskily, as he set his foot upon the bottom step.

Timmins confronted him, a bulky shadow in the mist of despair.

"I beg your pardon, sir? Did you speak, sir?" asked Timmins.

"No," said Scott.

The mist cleared from eyes and brain, leaving only the bitter cold at the heart and the aching dryness in the mouth.

"A hard journey, sir. A tiring journey," said the steward considerably. "This way, sir. Mr. Watson is in here by the fire."

Scott saw things now with a terrible clearness—with such a clearness as is supposed to come to men who face death in unheated action or who await, idly, some

"I THINK YOU HAVE WON MY GIRL'S HEART; BUT
I MUST ASK YOU NOT TO SPEAK
TO HER JUST YET"

"I'll wait, thanks," replied Scott, his voice so steady and precise that it astonished him and gave him a desperate, hopeless kind of confidence in himself. He would finish the game like a man, anyway, as he had played it.

"They will be down soon," he said. "The captain had reached his collar some time ago, and I passed Mr. Jordan at the head of the stairs."

"So you know Jordan?" queried Watson. "I am glad of that. He is a member

of our syndicate, and also of this little shooting-club."

"I never knew him very well," replied Scott. "To-night is the first and only time we have met in five or six years."

III

At that moment Captain Scovil and Mr. Jordan entered the room together. Scott turned and gazed at the captain's face with desperate calm. The captain returned his partner's anxious gaze with a passing glance. His weather-beaten, clean-cut face was grim. Mr. Jordan was beaming; but his beams were scarcely convincing to the analytical eye.

"Watson," he cried, "what do you think of this for a piece of luck? Scovil here is my brother-in-law. I didn't know he was coming to this camp—hadn't the faintest notion of it. Haven't seen him for years—not since he left the service and went West."

"Why, now, that is certainly pure luck," replied the kindly Mr. Watson. "Fine! This turns our little business into a picnic. And I hear from Mr. Scott that he has met you before, too."

Jordan looked sharply at Scott; but the young man's face was as expressionless as a mask. Bewilderment and despair were masters of his heart and mind; and so stunned was he that it was easy to show a blank face.

Captain Scovil and this old devil were brothers-in-law! Lord, what next? And why that hardness and hint of sorrow on the captain's face? What did he know? What had Jordan told him already? But why ask himself these things? The end would come all in its own good time.

"Why, yes," said Jordan, pleasantly. "Mr. Scott and I met at the top of the stairs."

Mr. Watson looked slightly perplexed at this, and even Scott's eyes showed a fleeting gleam of inquiry.

"I think Mr. Scott mentioned the fact that he had known you slightly in New York," said Watson.

"Why, of course he did!" said Mr. Jordan. "Bless me, I always lose what little wits I have when I get into the woods! Scott—Walter Scott—of course!"

Captain Scovil gazed at the speaker with something like a shadow of pain in his clear, kindly eyes. Scott glanced from the captain to Jordan. He felt cold as ice, yet

reckless. Here was a game to be played—a game of life and death—and no rules to play by.

"We met in business, Mr. Jordan," he said quietly.

"In business—yes, of course we did," returned Jordan, nodding his gray head, as if he was very happy to remember it, but with the best intentions could not grasp it very clearly. Then Timmins arrived with the cocktails on a silver tray; and, a moment later, Mr. Watson led the way to the dining-room.

Sir Walter Raleigh wrote some very fine verses on the night before the gray morning of his legalized murder. Young Scott, with ruin worse than death impending, distinguished himself at the dinner-table. He had decided that Jordan meant to keep his word and make no malicious move before the conclusion of the next day's expedition after moose.

The relief he felt at this astonished him. He knew that it was out of all proportion to the cause. Here were a few hours of respite given him—a night and a day, perhaps—and hope glowed in him as in a man just escaped from the shadow of a falling cliff. To-night was his, and to-morrow was his; then why try to account for the day after that? Life is a dear thing to the man who sees the end of it; and a day of life is as dear to him who runs from death as a score of years.

So Scott talked throughout the meal with even more than his usual charm. Mr. Watson supported him, and what little Mr. Jordan said was in perfect accordance with the trend of the young man's conversation. But Captain Scovil was very quiet. He watched his partner and his brother-in-law with covert glances.

"Let us play a rubber," suggested Mr. Watson, after dinner.

And then, swift as lightning, the horror of despair struck again upon Scott's heart. He got from his chair.

"Yes, a rubber," he murmured; "but if you'll excuse me for a moment, I'll just take a breath of fresh air."

He left the room, passed through another room and the hall, and stepped out upon the broad veranda. A slice of moon and a spangle of stars threw mysterious half-lights down into the clearing. Scott moved along the veranda, calling desperately upon his courage that had so suddenly failed him.

A man was seated upon the steps at the end of the veranda. This fellow stood up and faced Scott.

"Hullo, partner!" he said, in a voice at once joyful and cautious. "Lay it thar!"

to. But what the devil? Yer face shines white as birch-bark."

Scott felt neither astonishment nor curiosity at meeting his old prison-mate.

"Yes, the devil, true enough," he said



"BRACE UP, OR YOUR PARTNER AND MY FRIEND WATSON WILL WONDER WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU"

He thrust out a gnarled, brown hand. It was Denis Paul.

"I wasn't expectin' to meet ye here," continued Paul, pressing the other's hand.

"Ye've done well, lad—as you had ought

bitterly. "He is here, Denis—my own particular devil. It's Jordan. I told you about him. He is here—and the game is finished!"

The woodsman scratched his chin.



"I COME TO ASK YE, MR. WATSON, WHATEVER HAS BECOME OF MR. JORDAN"

"That's the gent I'm takin' up Berry Brook way to-morrow, after moose," he said. "So that's yer enemy! Well, lad, it do beat thunder how these here things fall out, an' come round, if only ye give 'em enough time! But I guess I'll be steppin' over to my bunk. I got to be up bright an' 'arly."

He turned, and was lost to Scott in the uncertain light.

Scott went back to the others. Something of his courage had returned to him. He sat down at the card-table across from Captain Scovil.

"Suppose we play as we sit," said Scovil. "I am not a good player; but I know that my partner will overlook any slips I may be guilty of."

The others laughed pleasantly at this; but Scott felt a pang of self-pity, and a glow of gratitude to the captain, which were no laughing matter.

The evening passed pleasantly—at least, it would have seemed so to an onlooker none too keen of vision.

"Sleep well," said Watson to his guests. "We'll settle that little business after breakfast."

Jordan wished the captain and Scott a very hearty good-night. His brief, unveiled glance into the latter's eyes shook the young man's heart to its depths.

IV

JORDAN had been gone for several hours before Scott, Scovil, and Watson met for breakfast the next morning. After breakfast, the business of the sale was put through without a hitch.

"Now you will stay four or five days and get some shooting," invited the hospitable Watson.

Scott had no answer ready. He looked inquiringly at the captain.

"I should like nothing better," said Scovil. "You are very kind. Walter, we can spare a few days, I think?"

Scott bowed. What was the use of running away, after all? No, whatever might be the issue, he would stay right here until the bitter end!

They did not go after moose that day. Mr. Watson entertained them assiduously, and plied them with the best from cellar and larder. They played billiards, pool, and chess, and went around the nine-hole golf-course that skirted the big clearing. Scott went through the day like a dreamer

wading, with clogged feet, through a nightmare.

The three gentlemen were at dinner, with a fire on the hearth, when Timmins brought Denis Paul into the room. The guide, who seemed excited, wore high-legged moccasins that were slimed with mud. He held his fur cap in his hand.

"I come to ask ye, Mr. Watson, what ever has become of Mr. Jordan," said Paul. "I left 'im up on the right branch, an' he ain't here yet. He said as how he'd be home before me. He was sot on layin' right thar for a moose, an' sent me on to see if the beavers ain't bin troubled up on Moon Lake. He said as how he'd come home by himself in the canoe you-alls left up to the right branch."

Mr. Watson looked at Timmins.

"Are you sure that Mr. Jordan has not arrived?" he asked.

"I have been to his room, sir. I have looked everywhere," replied Timmins.

"We must get the men and go up stream," said Mr. Watson. He turned to the captain. "You will excuse me, I know," he went on. "You two need not go. Sit right where you are, and finish your dinner in comfort."

He drained his glass of claret and arose from his seat with a sigh.

Scott sat like one stunned, staring over the captain's shoulder at the guide. Paul had raised his hand a little, swiftly and covertly, and made a little motion with the forefinger of his right hand, suggestive of the hook and pressure of finger upon trigger. What was the meaning of that?

Scott's brain toiled back through a mist to the days of his living death in prison, and to an old story that Denis Paul had told him there.

"If you will allow us, we will go with you," said Captain Scovil.

They found Jordan lying by the stream, where the guide had left him. He was dead. His rifle lay beside him, with an empty shell in the breech and nine loaded shells in the magazine.

"I don't see how he could have done it," said Watson. "He knew how to handle firearms as well as any man."

The light of the little lanterns was dim and shifting in that place of death, rippling water, and looming forest shadows. Scott glanced at Denis Paul; and again he saw that swift and furtive movement of the man's forefinger. The guide's eyes were

upon him, with a look that said, almost as plain as print:

"Don't worry any more, lad. You'd do the same for me, I guess!"

Then a wave of black obscured Scott's eyes for a moment. He reeled slightly, and steadied himself against a tree. He heard Watson's voice, as if from miles away, saying:

"Paul will have to explain this to the coroner. Yes, he'll have to explain it. I can't understand it. Paul—where is Denis Paul?"

But Denis Paul had gone.

Captain Scovil laid his hand on Scott's arm.

"I think it has happened for the best," he said. "A great weight of responsibility has been taken off my shoulders, at any rate. Yes, I have known your story from the beginning, my boy. And of this man, who married my sister—I have suspected

the truth about him for years. You have not fully trusted me; but I do not hold that against you. My heart has ached with pity for you, Walter. I was going to act this time, lad, on your behalf, no matter what the cost to family pride; but a greater hand has struck—and it is for the best. Tell me, shall we clear your old name, at the cost of the dead and the living? Or are the new name, and the new life, all that you want?"

"The new life," replied the young man, in a dazed voice. "The new life—is all I ask for!"

Mr. Watson bustled up to them.

"Denis Paul has lit out," he exclaimed. "He knows these woods like a fox. It looks fishy. He'll be clear away by morning. I can't understand poor Jordan mishandling a rifle and shooting himself!"

"And yet I have heard of plenty of similar cases," said the captain.

SONGS OF THE SIRENS

GONE are the sirens from the sea,

Where the wild white horses fret in the spray;
But their songs live on in the dark and the dawn,
And they have haunted you many a day;
And they have called you away and away
On the streets and the plains against your will—
Never still, oh, never still!

Gone are the sirens from the shore,

Where the seaweed gleams like a maiden's hair;
But a siren song lives sweet and strong
In the laugh of a woman so fair, so fair,
That you cannot dream of pain and care;
And if you knew, your heart must break—
Break it must for her sweet sake!

Gone are the sirens from the isles

Where the scarlet wings of the morn unfold;
But a siren song lives harsh and strong
In the maddening clash of gold on gold;
And the song has led to woes untold;
Yet with your weary heart still sore,
Gold you lose, and fight for more.

Gone are the sirens from the sea,

Where the gray mists drift and the chill rains beat;
But a siren song lives wild and strong
In the winds that call to you in the street,
And tell of paths where the flowers are sweet—
Of paths you followed when youth was gay;
Where, oh, where do they lead to-day?

Glenn Ward Dresbach.

THE BREAKER OF STONES

BY ADRIANA SPADONI

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE JUGS AND POTS," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY E. M. ASHE

"OH, thou daughter of a Genoese sausage-maker, thy head is as hard as the shell of a chestnut—or is it thy heart? Paolo is a fisherman, a fisherman from Naples, dost understand? All his life he has caught the fish, and his father before him, blessed be the memory of my Gino! Tell me, what wouldst thou?"

The old woman bent close, and looked at Laura with more curiosity than hate. They were all queer, these northerners, but this was stupidity beyond understanding.

"I know it well. I need not for you to tell me that Paolo is a fisherman. I—"

"Then there is only to wait."

The girl looked at the old woman—at the brown skin, cracked into wrinkles, the tired eyes, the bent shoulders. This was the daughter, the wife, the mother of fishermen. Laura shuddered.

"What?" she cried. "And do I not wait—wait, week after week, while the other girls go by with the men they love? Then, after eight long days, sometimes, Paolo comes with some small boxes, and the others laugh and say: 'When will the wedding be?' *Dio mio*, how I hate it!" Two spots of light crackled in Laura's gray eyes. "I hate them—the sea, and the fish, and the big red nets! And some day he will go, but never will he come back, my Paolo! He will be out there with all the others; and for what? Often not enough to eat, and a house like the house of a dog in my city! I tell thee—"

"Ah, now thou talkest!" There was no curiosity, only bitter contempt, on the face of Paolo's mother. "If he made the money, thou wouldst say nothing then of those others. You are all, all the same, you

Genoese! And do you, too, not die? No one goes before God calls—you in your beds, we on the sea. Go!" Suddenly the lean brown hands began to beat the air in helpless anger. "Go! Would that my Paolo had never seen you! Go! Marry with Domenico, him who does the noble work to break the stones! Leave Paolo in peace! He will forget. He—"

"Listen!" The girl spoke so quietly that the old woman obeyed. "I will do none of that which you say. Nor will I wait; for this night thy Paolo shall choose between me and the sea, and I know well—"

Paolo's mother threw back her head and laughed till the tight gray curls danced wildly.

"Girl, girl, thou dost not know what thou sayest! Dost think my Paolo is a man of milk, to listen to the words of a woman? Know this—no girl can turn a fisherman from the sea. She calls too loud, that lady of many lovers!"

The old woman watched Laura go.

"Bah!" she muttered. "The girl is mad. Now perhaps he will look to Catarina."

II

PAOLO drew Laura closer, stroking her face gently with his big hand. Below, the water washed softly against the wharf, and the little smacks moved gently, their masts at fantastic angles, pointing like long fingers into the night.

"*Cara, cara!*" His voice was hoarse, and Laura felt him tremble against her. "It is not true, that which the old one says. There is no other! Thou art not tired to wait? Thou—"

Laura pressed her head into the hollow



"AYE! THE BREAKER OF STONES, AND OF THE BOND AMONG FISHERMEN!"

of his shoulder. Her cool fingers played lightly over his cheek.

"I was tired only when I thought to wait many weary months, *caro*; but now thou wilt wait no more for the stupid fish. Of a truth, I believe they are all dead out there at the bottom of the sea! Six weeks now, and not a boat goes out. I was tired then, Paolo, only then, because of the love that burns always in the heart like a fire."

Paolo's trembling arms closed about her more tightly. Laura laughed a low, soft, little laugh.

"But now we will wait no more, now that I tell thee of this other work. Listen!" Laura drew ever so little away. "Every day two dollars, heart of mine—two dollars!" Two slender white fingers passed back and forth before his eyes. "And soon, when you are made boss—and that will not be long—three, Paolo! But that is after—we need not to wait." Suddenly she drew him to her. "I love thee! I love thee! I love thee!" she whispered fiercely. "I could not wait."

Then she pushed him gently away, and laughed softly. Below, the lady of many lovers laughed, too, at this woman so happy with only one.

When at last the mist cleared from Paolo's eyes, he tilted Laura's head back and smiled into her eyes. His voice was soft and slow, as if he were explaining something to a little child.

"Nor is it easier for me, beloved. Here, too, the fire burns—how, you cannot know. All day mending the nets to be ready, all night listening to the sea, always the fire burns. But what is, is. I am a fisherman, and I know no other work."

"But it is not difficult, this other, and Domenico will not be hard, because—I will ask it of him. In a week thou wilt break the stones as if always."

Paolo laughed softly as he kissed her.

"Thou dost not understand, dear one. It is not possible. Thou art of the north, but I am of the sea. Always have I caught the fish. Even when I was a little boy, very little, in the home land, I went with my father, early in the morning, when it was still gray and dark. I—"

Laura drew away from him.

"Thou—thou wilt not?"

"I cannot," said Paolo simply. "I know—"

"Thou canst not!"

Laura repeated it slowly, as if cutting

the words into her brain. Suddenly the face of Paolo's mother flashed before her, and she heard the old woman's laugh. No woman can turn a man from the sea!

"Fool! Fool!" She beat Paolo's encircling arms away. "The old one said it, but I would not believe. I—"

"Laura!" It was a choking cry, low in the man's throat. "Wait—"

"Wait! Yes, wait! That is all thou canst say. Always the same—wait! Wait, then, wait for thy fish, and wait—alone!"

Paolo stretched blindly for her.

"Listen! To what? Thy talk of love? Bah, thou knowest not what it means. If thou loved of a truth, thou couldst not wait—not a day—not an hour. You are cold, dead like your fish. You—"

Before he could reach her she stepped back.

"Better if I had listened long ago to what they told me—for the beach, the beach; for the hill, the hill. Down here there are women, dull, stupid, who will wait. Up there, there are men who do not ask it. Do you understand? They are men, and they do not ask it!"

Laura turned and ran into the darkness, stumbling over the drying nets.

III

PAOLO worked well. Day after day he held the iron spike, while Nicolo brought down the sledge with a crash that tore at every muscle in Paolo's body. On and on they went, block after block, in the same wearying monotony of dust and heat. Mile after mile of steel track glistened like the prongs of a great fork, goading Paolo before them.

All day he thought of nothing. Only the heavy blows of Nicolo's sledge registered in the blank space of his brain. His throat cracked with the soft, choking gray dust, and a knife cut the base of his neck. The smooth, shining spike-head, always so close, seemed to draw his eyes from his head. Then he would look up and out, through the funnel of the street, until the cords loosened and his eyes dropped back into their sockets, like marbles into a cup.

But at night he went to Laura. He sat and watched her while she made the heavy lace to trim the household linen. For three hours he forgot the soft, hot dust, the glaring spike-head, the tearing blows, the interminable miles of shining track. He forgot the sea. He forgot everything but

Laura with her deep gray eyes, that lit so quickly at his glance, the wide, red lips that met his so eagerly, the soft touch of her fingers about his face.

Laura was happy. She was also wise. She never mentioned the sea, nor the night on the wharf. For the first time since she had known Paolo, Laura lost her hatred of the sea. She had pitted herself against it, and she had won. In her love and her security she almost loved this other mistress.

They were to be married as soon as Paolo had bought all the furniture. Already there was a green and gilt bed and a stove with nickel trimmings. The other girls envied her now, for Paolo was very handsome, and he loved her so passionately that no man dared to look at her. Once, when Domenico put his hand on her shoulder, Paolo turned so white that Laura had trembled. Such a lover was worth having.

Down on the beach they still waited. The altar of St. Peter glowed as for the Christmas high mass; for when the season was bad, the good saint had many lights. No one spoke of Paolo. He no longer sat on the sunny wharf, mending his nets and listening to the stories of the old men. At night he never came to the Fishermen's Rest. He had left his people and the sea at the call of a woman. The waves of their indifference and contempt closed over him.

Only the mother of Catarina could not kill her curiosity.

"They will be married soon?" She looked over the oilskin she was mending at the mother of Paolo.

"I know nothing. He tells nothing. Every night he goes there." The old woman pointed up to the quarter where Laura lived. "He comes back when it is late; but he does not always sleep. Sometimes, when the fog-bell calls, I hear him turn half the night in the bed."

"Ah!" The voice of Catarina's mother was low with understanding. "Then let the Genoese look well! The arms of a lover are not safe, who hears two voices calling!"

"Would that the girl was dead, drowned in the red nets of which she talked! Before, my Paolo was a man. He laughed and talked and worked, and was happy like others. Now, he is like a dog with a bone between the paws, afraid when another looks to it, waiting only to have it alone in the kennel!"

"It takes money to make tight the kennel

of a Genoese." The mother of Catarina nodded slowly. Catarina would have asked so little! "But wait. The fish have not come — yet. The good saint will not desert his own. Even Pepe, who is no better than a heathen, bought yesterday a fine candle, two feet of pure white wax, with little fish of blue carved in. Wait! They will come."

When they did, the mother of Catarina knew nothing of it. She had been asleep two hours when Felipe brought the news to the Fishermen's Rest. For the tenth time Felipe told how the nets had suddenly gone heavy, after all the weary weeks of waiting, and how he and his man had looked down into thousands of silver fish.

From all over the beach the men came running, and again and again Felipe told it. The gold rings in his ears glittered behind his black curls, and the tassel of his red worsted cap bobbed merrily as he beat in the truth of his statements with violent nods. The men, crowded close, listened impatiently, for there was still an hour before the turning of the tide.

He had told it many times when at last old Giuseppe's voice, like a tin horn, cut the tense stillness brooding after Felipe's sonorous bass.

"Did I not tell thee," cackled old Giuseppe, "that they would come before the end of the week? Did I not see the hunchback three days ago as I came from the wharf? Always—"

"Even so!" Salvatore's fat hands patted the thick air in gestures of approval. "Even so! I remember."

He looked about, nodding his appreciation of Giuseppe's prophecy.

"Aye, aye," old Giuseppe said. "You young men think to know much. You laugh; but always with the hunchback comes—"

"Fools! Idiots all!" Francesco, the biggest, the richest, the most hated man on the beach, stepped out from the listening group. "Will you never grow to be men, then? It is neither the hunchback nor the candles! Not one have I burned to the man of wax, and shall not I also have fish? It is time to leave such foolishness to the women. A foot of good wax before a man of wax, and the fish come! Bah!"

"Liar!" Old Giuseppe had tottered to his feet. Shaking, he leaned across the table so that the red wine in the glasses spilled and ran in little trickles into the

sawdust on the floor. "Liar! Blasphemer of holy church! Have fish, thou? Not one! No good will come to thee of this catch. Besides"—old Giuseppe's voice dropped to a faint whisper, cuttingly clear in the waiting stillness—"besides, where is thy man?"

The other men bent forward, listening.

"Imbecile!" Francesco clenched his great hands till the coarse black hair upon them stood like bristles. "If thou wert ten years younger—"

"Aye!" the old man went on, in the same soft whisper. "Where is he now, Francesco? In the morning he went with thee. At night thou didst bring him back, gibbering like a monkey in the forest. Aye, aye, the saints know—the saints whom you curse!"

"Animals!" Francesco bellowed it, towering above them in his tremendous strength, so that they shrank back. "Pigs, beasts without brains! I need not such as you. Go, chatter your prayers to an image of stone! I will do it alone. I will drag the big net, and the Star of the Sea will return with a catch such as never before has been seen on the wharf!"

The cords in Francesco's great throat swelled. In his rage he was terrible, this giant in his high rubber boots, the scaling-knife thrust through the red shawl wrapped again and again about his huge middle. Leaning toward old Giuseppe, he shook his fist in the shriveled face.

"Fool, wait! Thou shalt see. Other boats need three men, but to-night I will sail the Star of the Sea alone!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" cackled old Giuseppe. "It will not be necessary." With his lean, shaking hand he pointed to the open door behind. "Look, look! His master, the devil, has sent him a man—the breaker of stones. Ho, ho, ho!" the old man screamed, rocking in his mirth. "But you must hold him tight, or some woman will take him from thee!"

No one moved. They stood staring at the door as Paolo came slowly across the room, a dazed look in his eyes, as if he were being led.

"They have come?" He looked helplessly from old Giuseppe to Francesco, and around the waiting circle. "The fish have come?"

"Aye," said old Giuseppe. "They have come—and thou also, it seems, like a dead one washed to shore."

Francesco touched Paolo on the arm.

"Come," he said. "Thou hast been led neither by the man of wax, nor yet by the hunchback!"

Francesco strode over the floor so that the whole rickety building trembled on its piles. Paolo followed stupidly.

Old Giuseppe raised his shaking glass of red wine to his lips, and took a mouthful. Slowly he circled it about his toothless gums, and then spat it to the floor.

"So! The devil and the breaker of stones!"

IV

THE other boats they soon left far behind, scattered out over the bay. The Star of the Sea scudded merrily along before the freshening breeze. The sail-ropes creaked, and the water splashed happily against the side.

The great net was down. Francesco lay full length on the deck, humming a Neapolitan boat-song. Paolo sat apart, drinking in the salt dampness in long breaths. All about him was the free, damp night, which caressed his tired eyes with a physical touch softer than the cool tips of Laura's fingers. Tiny flecks of flying foam kissed him lightly.

He sat alone, lost in the darkness, the coolness, the immensity of the night. After the weary weeks of narrow street and choking dust he was once more out on the open sea, where a man can open his lungs and draw deep, deep breaths of the inexhaustible air. Paolo was like one who has guarded his measured water against a parching thirst. Now suddenly he was free to drink and drink. There was no limit to the cool, damp blackness that stretched out and out on all sides into the impenetrable night.

He thought of nothing, not even of Laura, or of the fish, or of what his mother would say when the night passed and he had not come. He thought of nothing. Crouched down among the ropes, he felt the boat's throb, he smelled the ropes, the old wood of the boat soaked with the brine of many years' fishing. He heard the creak of the ropes and the soft thud of the waves.

Two hours before, he had kissed Laura good night. They had stood together on the little porch, high on the hill. With his arms about her, he had looked out over the bay below. The sharp pain that had been in his heart when he first left the sea was there no longer. With Laura's soft hair touching his cheek, he had looked down

with nothing sharper than a dull sense of loss, of something gone forever—something once very near, but gone forever, never to return.

In the weeks during which Paolo had held the sledge, he had learned many things. Each blow of Nicolo's hammer had driven the new ideas deeper. Before, Paolo had gone to his work as he went to his meals, to his sleep, to Laura. He went in the cold, gray fog of the morning, in the heat of midday, in the darkness of night. He went whenever the tide called. When there were no fish, he waited. The matter was not in his hands.

Now he knew that it is never necessary to wait. A man's strength is for sale, bit by bit, to the highest bidder. No one but a fool gives an atom of strength that is not paid for. Paolo could almost portion it out—so much muscle for the brass bed, so much for the stove with nickel trimmings. Vaguely he had felt these things as he stood on the little porch with Laura, and looked down over her head to the bay below.

Now, back there in the darkness, high on the hill, dimly cutting the night sky, Laura was asleep; and he, Paolo, the breaker of stones, was rocking on the little laughing waves. The sea, like a woman glad to have her lover again, laughed softly, and touched him lightly with her long, white, foam fingers. The sea had forgiven him!

"Come!"

Paolo scrambled to his feet, as if some one had called to him in a dream. The next moment the heavy cords of the net strained under his hands. As the first catch came over the side, Paolo went down on his hands and knees, burying his arms deep in the soft bodies.

"Little fish of silver!" he crooned, letting them slip, wet and clammy, between his fingers. "Such fat little fish of silver!"

"By the body of Bacchus!" muttered Francesco, scratching his head. "The world has gone mad with these fish!"

All night the two men worked steadily, casting the nets, hauling the fish, storing them away in the bins under the deck. Paolo was no longer a helpless thing, driven forward in one direction, hemmed in on all sides. He thrilled with the delight of the strain as the nets came over the side. The old physical power surged up in him as he crushed the smaller fish to a pulpy mass beneath his feet, picking only the heavy, fat ones.

"By the beard of Jove!" Francesco thumped him on the back as an extra big netful came over the side. "Thou knowest how to work!"

"It will be a great catch." Already Paolo was on his knees among the softly flopping bodies. "The bins are now two-thirds full."

Francesco peered down the hatch, swinging the lantern low in the little hold.

"*Dio mio*," he cried, "but they will be angry, those idiots! Not yet ten hours, and already so many—and with only two, the devil Francesco and the breaker of stones!" Like distant thunder the giant's laugh rumbled in his huge body. "When the light breaks in the east, the Star of the Sea will be able to hold no more."

Paolo turned slowly and looked up.

"When the light breaks in the east," he repeated softly.

"Aye, by then we can hold no more. We will return and come again. Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Francesco. "I wish much to see the faces on the wharf when the Star of the Sea casts anchor!"

Paolo knelt where he was. Beyond Francesco, he saw the wharf, the wagons waiting with the dealers eager for the long-delayed catch. Behind them he saw the children—future fishermen and wives and mothers of fishermen—playing among the nets, scampering over the boxes, dodging among the waiting wagons. Old Giuseppe would be there, his shriveled face under its worsted cap like some parched nut under its hairy burr. There would be women, too, dark, patient women, thankful that the long wait had come to an end.

Suddenly, out from the dark, waiting, patient faces, came Laura's. A mocking light danced at the back of her gray eyes. The long red lips curled disdainfully.

"Dost see a vision?" Francesco prodded Paolo with his foot. "Three times have I spoken, and thou gazest like an old woman who sees her own grave. Didst not hear? Thou hast worked well, and Francesco is not the man to cheat another. For one-fourth of the catch thou didst agree to come, and to that I could hold thee. Is it not so?"

Paolo nodded. For the first time he remembered that he had come for anything except to still the force that had driven home by way of the Fishermen's Rest, that had made him stop before the door, that had forced him slowly across the floor and

up into the waiting group; that had led him along at the heels of Francesco, that had made him haul and strain and rejoice at the pull of the heavy nets. For the first time he remembered. One does things for money. One sells his strength. One does not give it away, throw it to the winds for sheer joy.

Paolo dropped the fish he was handling, and leaned back on his heels.

"Aye," went on Francesco. "For one-fourth of the catch thou didst come, and to that I could hold thee; but thou hast worked well, and I make it one-third. Thou art the only other man on the beach who no longer believes the tales of old women. *Ecco*, one-third is thine!"

"One-third?" questioned Paolo slowly. "Didst say one-third?"

"So, so." Francesco's great hand waved aside his own generosity. "One-third is thine!"

His tone was as if he granted freedom to a slave.

Paolo bent to the fish again. Francesco strutted above the pile like a huge bird preening itself. Suddenly he threw out his long arms and stretched, yawning with a noise that was like the draw of the wind in the canvas.

"*Dio*, but I could sleep. Two nights now and I have not closed an eye, for last night I waited all night out here alone."

"Sleep," said Paolo shortly. "I will call thee."

Francesco nodded.

"So. When the net is full, call."

He threw himself down on a pile of rope, and slept like some huge sea-monster, leaving the guardianship of his world to another.

V

PAOLO stopped sorting the fish, and sat huddled among them, thinking.

One-third was to be his—one-third, and he had worked equally with Francesco. When the boxes were piled upon the wharf, Francesco would swagger among them, portioning to him his allowance. He, Paolo, who was soon to be "boss" under the guiding friendliness of Domenico, was to have one-third—one-third, and he had worked equally with the other.

Moreover, the offer was a generous one, for, as Francesco said, he had come for one-fourth. To that he could be held, for among fishermen there is neither bond nor

written agreement. Alone with Francesco, in the darkness, as they had cast off, he had agreed to one-fourth, and Francesco, of his own will, without witnesses, had raised it to one-third.

Paolo looked from the sleeping giant out over the sea. It was growing cold now, with the penetrating chill that runs before the dawn. Paolo looked over the water, still, flat, unbroken, except for the trailing wake of the boat.

Suddenly, out from the still grayness, came Laura. Just beyond the rigging she stopped, and her gray eyes, bright with specks of scornful light, peered at him from between the ropes.

"One-third!" he heard her laugh softly.

"One-third is thy share—the smallest of the catch—and for that thou art grateful, like a dog!"

Paolo got up quickly. His brows met together above his black eyes. He shook his fist at the sleeping form of Francesco.

"So!" he whispered. "Dost think I have a head of wood? Aye, for one-fourth did I come, and of thy great goodness thou wouldst give one-third—one-third, and mine will be the smallest fish! Wait! Wait, my friend!"

Softly Paolo stepped over the ropes. Francesco slept on, his sucking breath like the whistling of the wind in the ropes. Treading lightly over the broken fish, Paolo let himself down into the hold of the *Star of the Sea*.

Softly Paolo closed the hatch. Out from under the bin he drew a box, and began filling it with the largest fish. There were six boxes hidden there in the darkness. Filled with the biggest fish, they would mean the red rug with the thick fringe, on which Laura had set her heart.

Trembling, Paolo filled his box and pushed it quietly far under the bin. In the morning, Francesco would swagger off to boast of the night's work. He, Paolo, would be left alone to clean the boat. Then, among the many little dealers waiting, secretly he would sell.

It was very dark and close in the hold, and the fish wriggled as Paolo felt among them, choosing only the fattest and heaviest. Three boxes he filled, and then the fish began to slide out from his shaking fingers. Trickle of cold sweat ran down him, and he began softly begging the fish, not to slip away from him.

"Come, come!" he whispered. "One-

third of the catch is so little, and I have worked well!"

All about him, in the darkness, the eyes of dead fishermen stared—men who knew no bond but the given word. He had given his word, and now—

A big fish plumped heavily to the floor, as Paolo plunged his naked arm into the bin. Suddenly the hatch above slipped back quietly. Holding a fish in his shaking hands, Paolo scuttled back into the farthest corner.

The hatch opened the full distance. The faint light that shone through the opening was blotted out by the huge head and shoulders of Francesco.

Paolo did not move. The fish wriggled softly in the boxes. Francesco did not speak. Reaching into his waist shawl, he found a match, and, striking it, leaned down into the hold. Paolo saw clearly the hairy hand holding the match, and the eyes like slits in a big, red moon. Still holding his fish, Paolo tried to creep further under the bin.

For a moment there were only the cool,

wet sound of sliding fish, very faint, and Francesco's heavy breathing in the open hatch. Then something clutched Paolo, dragged him from under the bin, along the bottom, over the boxes, up to the deck, and threw him among the fish and the tangled nets.

Paolo lay quietly, still holding his fish, and staring up at Francesco. Francesco stood above him, breathing like the bellows of a forge. He said nothing.

Cautiously, Paolo began to edge to the side. He had gone almost a foot when Francesco bent and lifted him and the fish and the tangled net high in the air.

"Aye!" said Francesco. "Aye! The breaker of stones, and of the bond among fishermen!"

Then, with a roar, he flung them all together into the sea—Paolo and the fish and the tangled net.

Francesco swung the sail, and the boat headed to shore. Just as the sun rose, touching the windows of the hill houses to gold, the *Star of the Sea* docked at the wharf.

THE OPEN SEAS

"Sail with God the seas."—*Emerson.*

A SHIP passed the harbor at night where the tide-lulled boats were resting,
And turned to the open sea, the star-linked billows breasting;
A song came soft on the wind, over the dark waves winging—
A song with a burthen sweet, as of sailors' far-off singing.

"Break from thy moorings of age and despair,
Thou in the harbor sleeping!

Peace that is there is the peace of the dead;
Death with the years comes creeping.
Hail, thou who sleepest!

Awake!

Break from thy moorings and swing to the breeze—
Come, sail with thy God the wide, open seas!

"Storms thou shalt meet that will temper thy soul,
Ever thy heart's strength trying;

But far at the end are the gleam of the goal
And glories worth the dying!
Hail, thou who sleepest!

Awake!

Truth needs thy strength and thy life—heed her pleas!
Come, sail with thy God the great, open seas!"

A ship passed the harbor at night where the silent boats were resting,
And turned to the outer sea, as if on a far course keeping;
A song came soft on the wind, a call to strong manhood bringing—
A song with a burthen sweet, over the dark waves winging!

Arthur Wallace Peach

ONE DAY

BY RUTH SAWYER

AUTHOR OF "A PIG'S CHRISTMAS," ETC.

One stone may change the course of a stream;
One word may break a nation's strife;
One day, with its sum of work and dream,
May make or unmake a human life.

THE RUNT wriggled himself farther into the A. D. T. bench, and blew on his fingers. For days he had battled with the cold wind, with loneliness, and with fear; and now they had turned upon him like a triple-headed monster, before which his fighting spirit was as chaff.

The wind took him first. It shriveled his already small body into such smallness that he was obliged to search for it, with many wriggles, inside his blue uniform. His fingers and toes ached. He stopped blowing, drew his fingers inside the sleeves of his coat, and closed his eyes. There was cold in Ireland—aye, plenty of it, but there was always the glow of a peat fire, somewhere, to soften it.

Odorous whiffs of coffee and fried cakes from the Boston Lunch, next door, unkindly reminded him that his stomach was empty. Then loneliness took him—a loneliness which seemed to tear at the very heart of him.

There was hunger in Ireland, too—bitter hunger—but it always had company. Those that had stirabout shared with those that had none; and there were griddle-bread and tea to be had, somewhere, for the asking. Loneliness, sometimes, sat on your door-sill, or your neighbors', but it never reached the hearthside; and there was always room at some hearthside, even for a stranger.

But in this Promised Land it was different. There seemed to be no room for strangers, save in bad company, and one was denied the touch of a creature one could call one's own. Why, in Ireland, even the sorriest vagabond had a dog to share his dole of food and heap of sacks!

There was a strangely alien quality about this country that still troubled the Runt after two years of residence. He wondered if the Blessed Virgin ever saw beyond the altar railing of the churches here. In Ireland, he knew, she walked upon the hills, guarding the cabins all about!

The Runt shuddered, for fear had taken him, laying cold, tight fingers on his heart. How could a lad keep from the friendliness of bad company in a land where the respectable and the law-abiding saw in him something undersized and ill-conditioned, to be distrusted or ignored? Only that Father O'Donnelly had known his people in the home land, and stood sponsor for him, he never would have been taken into the rigid arms of "the service."

Evil had first housed him and fed him. He slept under her roof-tree now; and he knew that it would be but a matter of weeks—of days, perhaps—before she would claim him, and drag him on, on to that bottomless gulf which he had been told awaited all sinners. He could see the gulf already, stretching black and yawning before him. He could feel his feet slipping over the crumbling edge of it; while Evil, with her wheedling voice, drove him relentlessly forward.

Aye, he could feel her towering above him—her face like some horrible ghoul. Her hands were on his shoulders now, pushing him down, down—

"No. 107, do you hear? Wake up! Wake up!"

The office clerk was bending over him and shaking him back to consciousness with no gentle hand.

"What do ye want?" he demanded sleepily.

"What do I want?" roared the clerk. "Take this call, and beat it!"

The Runt pulled himself out of the

A. D. T. bench and shuffled toward the door.

"Look here!" called the clerk after him. "You make good time on that call, understand? You haven't been Johnny-on-the-job lately, and it won't take much to fire you. Now hustle!"

The Runt scarcely heard; he was too busy dreading the wind outside. As he pulled the door open, it rushed in between the buttons of his coat, up his sleeves, and down his collar, and set him shivering and shriveling anew. He beat his chest with both fists, as if he were fighting a live thing.

"Even the wind is crueller hereabout!" he muttered.

Then he set his steps toward the call. His whole being rebelled against the dulness of those calls. If only something besides letters and packages, curt admissions and curter dismissals, ever greeted him! He was tired of being told to hustle; no one ever hustled in Ireland. But in this Promised Land you ran here and you ran there, all day long, and somebody always said "Faster!"

For the last fortnight the Runt had wished that each call had been his last. Now, suppose this call was the last; suppose he went back, threw his uniform into the face of "the service," and told them all to go to thunder! Afterward he would go and join the gang.

There was much good in the gang. Their ways might be evil, but their hearts were kind; and they had spoken truly—there was no chance for the small and the vagabond in this country. Didn't he—the Runt—know?

If everything prospered, as Red Dave had sworn it would, he would make his pile, and go back to Ireland. He would buy a bit of land on the side of Binn Ban, and build the grandest thatched cottage in the whole countryside. He would have geese and ganders a plenty, sheep in the pastures, and pigs in the byre. And for company—there would be a dog.

He ran up the steps of the house whence the call had come, and rang the bell.

Aye, there would be a dog like the one Peter, the tailor, had—a terrier.

The door opened. In the hall stood a man, evidently waiting for the messenger; and in a near corner shivered a small, wire-haired, Irish terrier. The man picked the terrier up.

"You are to take him to the address on his collar. He's a valuable dog, so look after him. The doctor who has bought him pays the charges at the other end. Now hustle!"

II

As one in a dream, who sees what his heart most desires at last within reach, and fears he may awaken before he gets it, the Runt jumped over the door-mat and gathered the terrier hungrily in his arms. The man misunderstood; and the inevitable distrust that followed the Runt like his very shadow fell again across his path.

"Look here!" The man eyed him with kindling suspicion. "Don't you try stealing that dog! I am going to call up the doctor the minute you leave, and if you don't get that dog down to him in half an hour he will have the whole New York police force after you!"

"I'm no thief—yet!" retorted the Runt angrily; and he ran down the steps.

At the corner of the street he stopped to read the address on the collar. The dog still shivered.

"Ye poor wee wan, ye've got the feelin', too! An' ye look about as thin in your coat and pants as I'm feelin' in mine!" A sudden idea brought a laugh to his lips. "Faith, ye'll fit in where I've shrunk—an' 'twill keep ye warmer!"

The Runt unbuttoned his blue coat and tucked the dog inside. It might have been the touch of the warm little body against his own, or it might have been the friendly lick that the dog gave his cold fingers; but something wrought the bond of comradeship on the spot, and welded it, strong, between these two.

The next moment the Runt was clasping his arms closely about the buttoned-in terrier, while his eyes were shining with the first joy he had known since his feet had trod the ways of the stranger.

"He'd be a friend worth havin'," he muttered. "Say, would ye like to be a pal o' mine?"

The terrier reached out from between the buttons and gave the lad's hand another lick.

"Sure, I'm gettin' me dawg afore I've built me cabin! Ye'd like Ireland first-rate, wee wan," he assured the terrier.

The terrier blinked his approval, and the two hurried on. Cold, loneliness, and fear crossed the street and passed from sight.

while boldness and villainy took their places. On the street where the doctor lived they mastered the Runt; and, showing how strong was the bond between these two, he let the terrier know of it at once.

"Ye are not goin' to where ye are sent, at all," he whispered breathlessly. "I'm keepin' ye for the day."

To confirm it, he turned about and started for the East Side wharves. The Runt had forgotten the yawning gulf and the ghoulish face of Evil as well. Instead, he looked down into the friendly eyes of a small Irish terrier.

Suddenly the day grew warmer; the sun shone brightly overhead, and the Runt, looking up, spied a welcome strip of blue in the sky.

"Do ye see that?" he asked, tilting the terrier's head up. "Well, if ye think that's blue, what will ye say to the sky back o' Binn Ban?"

It was too much for the terrier. He gave it up, and snuggled his nose into the Runt's hand.

"Ye wee bit of a creathure! I'll be lettin' ye chase the gandthers over yondther, if ye'll not go at them too hearty. Now, would ye be buyin' the land that's south o' the slope, or the bit furninst the bogland, lyin' toward the sea?"

The two years of strangerdom had slipped from him; he was back in his home land, tramping the hills again. The freshness of the memories surprised even himself.

"I mind it all—do ye hear, wee wan? I mind it all as if it were yestherday. Faith, if I close me eyes, I could put me hand down this minute on the patch of cotton-grass where Dan Hegarty an' me used for to be studyin' our books of an afternoon, afther school!"

The terrier believed him; but the policeman, on the last street bounding the wharves, evidently did not, for he jerked the Runt back from the patch of cotton-grass with a heavy hand.

"What are you doing with that dog?"

For a second the Runt was frightened; then he laughed:

"Say, ye needn't get hot on your job till ye catch me with a dawg that's got a pedigree furninst. Any wan to look at him would know that he hadn't any better blood in him than I've got meself. Him an' me is pals, that's what!"

"You're not much on looks, either of you, that's sure," agreed the policeman;

and the Runt passed safely from under the eye of the law.

"I might have lost ye," he whispered into the terrier's one visible ear. "I'm thinkin' we'd be safer undther cover."

It was while the two were climbing the rickety stairs to the garret where the Runt had one of five bundles of sacks under an uncertain roof, that the realization came to him, with bewildering force, of whither his boldness was leading him. The shock fastened his feet to the landing, and left him clutching at the banisters.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he gasped, over and over again. "The gang has got a hold of me now, I'm thinkin', for the service'll fire me, sure!"

It might not be too late to go back. He might somehow explain the delay, and ward off the doctor's complaint and the wrath of "the service." But the dull monotony of it all came rushing in on him, along with the loneliness, and it only made him hug the terrier closer and say fiercely:

"No, no, I'll not be givin' ye up for the service nor nothin' else—not till the day's gone!"

Once in the garret, he tossed his hat to a corner, unbuttoned his coat for the terrier's exit, and together they curled up on the Runt's particular heap of sacks. They drew an old quilt over them. It was biting cold; the one bleary-eyed window was thick with frost, and the Runt's breath showed visibly against the light that straggled through.

Everything was very quiet. This particular roof-tree sheltered souls with questionable occupations, whose business it was to be quiet; and, though people came and went continuously, not a footfall was heard on the rickety stairs. The gang that rented the garret was away on an out-of-town "spiel," and the Runt knew that the place would be his until the next day.

He had been kept awake most of the night before, listening to their wrangles over the plans. In fact, he could have given a fairly accurate account of the whole deal, had he wished. It was strange that, whereas the world, as he met it through "the service" and the law, distrusted him, these crooks trusted him implicitly. They talked as openly before him as if he had been one of them.

The only time a leash was ever on their tongues was when a "spiel" took an unsavory turn, and one of them got pinched.

This had happened twice; and they had had to tell a story of the forming of a new gang, with a prospect of bigger game, so that the Runt would never know that "Mealy" and "J. P." had gone to serve their time in Sing Sing. They wanted him to join them, and they wished to dazzle his eyes with only the glittering side of each adventure. No wonder-*tales* of his own country were more enthralling than the ones Red Dave told him as he sat cross-legged, night after night, on his pile of sacks, listening. And as he drank in each thrilling detail the gang would observe, and nod their heads with approval.

"That'll fetch him—see if it don't!" Red Dave had said a hundred times. But the Runt had rolled off to sleep without even voicing a desire to join; and in the morning he had wakened to turn his face resolutely toward the A. D. T. bench and the drudgery of the calls.

Still the gang trusted and hoped.

"He'll make a peach of a stall, with that way of his, once we get him!"

And Little Jake had rubbed the palms of his hands together with great unction, and chuckled:

"Vell, you shall see—leettle filings vill vare away ze t'ickest bar; und he vas bending!"

It was a marvel to them that the breaking had not come sooner; but they only liked him the better for it.

Perhaps they would have marveled more had they known that the strength of his resistance lay in a string of old brown beads hid in one of the myriad creases of the sacking-bed. After the gang was especially successful, or more than usually kind, and the Runt felt his feet turning from the lonely straight road to the broad and pleasant way of the sinner, then would his fingers steal into the creases until they found the beads. Stealthily, under cover of the quilt, he would tell the rosary over and over, until he fell asleep to dream himself back on the hills of Ireland, where the Virgin walked.

The terrier pawed his coat for attention, and the Runt reached over with a cold finger and scratched his ear.

"I'd never have dared bring ye here if the gang had been layin' off. No knowin' what they might take the notion to do—see in' ye are a valuable dawg." A look of sharp regret swept into his face. "If ye could only have been a vagabone dawg, now,

I might have kept ye; but keepin's stealin', an' I couldn't be—"

The Runt broke off abruptly. Aye, he could—that was just what he was going to do. He was going to take the road that held no loneliness, and steal as much and as fast as he could, to bring the day nearer when the land could be bought and the cabin built, with ganders and pigs to furnish it.

For a single moment the Runt's mind balanced the morals of it; and then, with a masterly hand, as one who is fully capable of molding his own fate against all odds, he swept morals aside and buried himself in his dream. He drew the wriggling terrier closer, and raised himself on one elbow.

"We'll have a red rose-bush twinin' outside—they never be havin' anythin' growin' on the houses in this hurryin' counthry—an' there'll be a fuchsia as high as a lamp-post furninst the front door. We'll have praties and stirabout for yer dinner, wee wan, and a bone twicet the week. There'll be corn for the gandthers, an' scrapin's for the pigs, and a meadow full o' sheep. Wait till ye see wan market-day in Donegal, an' ye'll be proud ye was born an Irish terrier!"

III

THE door slid noiselessly open, and a man slouched in. With a jerk the Runt pulled the quilt over his face, but he was not quick enough. Red Dave had seen him.

"Whatcher doin'?"

"Faith, I'm writin' poetry—can't ye see?"

The Runt laughed while fear gripped at his heart. He was praying with all his might that the terrier would only lie quiet.

"Sick?"

"Aye, a shpiel in me midst."

Red Dave walked over to him and stood looking down at the squirming quilt.

"Youse must have it bad! Won't de pain letcher be?"

"No, it's heavin' me, just. What fetched ye back?"

"Dago Pete's gang took a place up de river las' night, and it queered de job fer us. Coppers round thicker'n thieves. Say, Runt, we've got ter have a kid in de gang, an' if youse won't pull, it's quits—see! We's sorry, but we needs your shakedown for de kid, and youse got ter squeal now. Is it stay or quit?"

The Runt swallowed hard, once—twice—three times. It seemed as if straws and stones stuck in his throat.

"Ye couldn't wait till the pain left me, could ye? A lad thinks muddylike when he's sick. I'll squeal the night."

Another upheaval shook the quilt.

"Took bad, ain'tcher?"

Red Dave was sympathetic. The Runt turned over and groaned.

"The pain's took me furninst me shirt," he wailed, "an' it's mortal bad! If ye'll let me be, I'll squeal the night."

"Sure!"

Red Dave opened the door and went out. The Runt waited until he had given him time to reach the street; then he threw back the quilt, and buttoned the squirming terrier back in his coat again.

"Faith, ye are the liveliest pain a lad ever had! We'll have to thramp out o' here quick, wee wan, or the whole gang'll be down on us!"

He picked up his hat—then stopped. Aye, it would be better to leave his answer to Red Dave behind him. Taking a call-book and a stub of a pencil from his pocket, he wrote laboriously by the light of the bleary-eyed window:

Its a pull so dont get no kid—the runt.

This he folded and fastened to the window-sash.

"It's no use thryin' to keep your feet dthry or clean if ye've got fer to cross a bog," he muttered to the terrier as they went down the rickety stairs.

Back in the streets, the Runt shook his fist at the huddled houses, the towers afar off, and the elevated trains as they roared by him.

"I hate ye—I hate all of ye!" The accumulated fierceness of two years spoke. "I'm wantin' the green hills—the green hills an' the moorlan's back again!" He hugged the terrier closer. "If I could only be keepin' ye, wee wan, just ye!"

They passed an eating-house, and again the smell of hot coffee reminded him that he had not eaten since the night before. He had saved what remained of his small wages for a noon meal; and then, in the rapture of comradeship, he had forgotten.

"I'll have a sup now," he said; and then he remembered the terrier. "The devil take me for keepin' ye by me all day an' feedin' ye on nothin' but blarney!" He dug deep into his trousers-pocket, and brought up a dime and three coppers. "A nickel for fare—that leaves eight cents for scraps for ye, wee wan. They'll keep yer

stomach from tumblin' in entirely afore ye get there—"

In they went, bought the scraps, and brought them away in a greasy paper bag—hot and savory.

"I could eat them meself," said the Runt hungrily.

Half-way up the street, an alley caught his eye. It was dark, sheltered from the wind, and passers-by would not disturb them. The Runt made for it. Finding an empty ash-can, he turned it over and sat down. It was their last hour together; the Runt realized it, and fed the scraps slowly to the terrier—that the time might be lengthened.

"Have manners, and don't ye be grabbin'! Faith, they'll think ye've been keepin' bad company this day!"

A great lump rose in his throat; his eyes smarted. Was it always so? Did one look into heaven only by glimpses, and then from afar off? For want of something better to say, he repeated the old cry:

"If I could only be keepin' ye?"

An hour later a shriveled messenger-boy, with a small Irish terrier, stood on the hearth-rug of the doctor's office, while the doctor, large and angry, glowered down on them both.

"You have been exactly nine hours and thirty-eight minutes delivering that dog! What do you mean by it?"

What he did mean was uncertain in the Runt's own mind, so he held his tongue and watched with hungry eyes the burning coals in the grate.

"You probably meant to steal that dog, but your grit failed you at the last—by Jove!" The doctor reached over quickly for the terrier, and, taking him to the light, looked him carefully over. "H-m—that's the dog, all right"; and he dropped him upon the rug. "Well, what are you waiting for? I settle these charges with the company direct. You don't suppose they would trust you now, do you?"

The Runt did not stir; somehow he could not.

"Why don't you go?" The doctor was impatient. "Of course you know you will be fired for this?"

"Aye, I know." The Runt spoke dully. He tried to go, but the warmth and the glow of the fire held him. He smiled foolishly at the doctor. "It's warm," he tried to explain. "It's the first I've seen o' burnin' peat since I come over."

Something about the Runt called out to the doctor, and stopped him from giving the lad a forcible dismissal.

"Irish?" he queried, instead.

"Aye—Donegal."

"People?"

"Dead."

"Who are ye living with?"

"Meself, sure." Was the doctor trying to find out about the gang, the Runt wondered?

"How did you get into this country alone? Who signed the papers for you when you went into the service?"

"Father O'Donnelly—him that died last year."

"Got any friends?"

The Runt did not hear; the terrier was scratching at him with an urgent, insistent call. He must go—the doctor had told him twice.

"Ye stay here an' mind the hearth," he said, patting the dog by way of consolation. "Maybe—maybe *he'll* be givin' ye praties and stirabout for dinner. I—I'm leavin' ye, just."

He turned on his heel, but the doctor's hand stopped him.

"Got any friends?"

In spite of his resolution, the Runt turned back, and his eyes sought the terrier's black ones. The foolish smile came again.

"Aye—wan."

"Irish, too?" The doctor was known by his friends as one of the best diagnosticians in the country.

"Ye bet!" The Runt looked up and chuckled.

"Want another?"

This time the Runt did not understand, and the doctor came closer.

"See here, lad, I was born in Ireland myself. Pretty lonely when you first came over?"

"Mortal!" agreed the Runt.

"Makes you think long for the moorland, sometimes—and the free winds sweeping the hills, doesn't it?"

"Aye, the green hills—an' the rose-bushes climbin' the cabin—I've been tellin' *him* about it." And, forgetful of everything else, the Runt stooped and gathered the terrier in his arms again.

"Do you know," said the doctor, "I need a lad to look after me and the dog. Irish doctor—Irish dog—it ought to be an Irish lad! Will you come?"

IV

THAT night the Runt lay flat on his stomach by the bleary-eyed window, writing another note. This one ran:

ye can get the other kid—im havin a steady job with a dog—

yours,

p. macgarvy.

p. s.—ye was kind to me—may the luck rise with ye.

This was also put in the window-sash. Then the Runt went over and searched in the creases of the sacking-bed until his fingers closed over a string of old brown beads. With these in his pocket, he went whistling down the rickety stairs.

Very close did the hills seem, where the Virgin walked, guarding the cabins all about.

THE HOME LAND

I rot, and I spin, but there's no one here to care;
Oh, the smell of the peat and the feel of Irish air,
The green of the woods and the river running through,
And the kind eyes, the true eyes, the eyes of Irish blue!

It's little he knew, when he begged me so to stay,
That my heart it said "Yes!" when my lips were tellin' "Nay!"
Oh, the gold of the sun as we stood alone, we two,
And the kind eyes, the true eyes, the eyes of Irish blue!

There's naught loves me here, but from far across the sea
There's a green little valley that is calling still to me—
Just a patch of furze and woodland, with the river running through,
And the kind eyes, the true eyes, the eyes of Irish blue!

Martha Haskell Clark

WHEN THE STROKE FALLS

BY PERCY M. CUSHING

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY J. N. MARCHAND

PROBABLY you have noticed the effect of sudden mental shock on different individuals. You have seen how some just crumpled up like dry newspapers in a wind eddy; how others yelped once and went stark, raving mad; how a few—a very few—sat still.

If you have an eye for detail, you have observed that usually it was the crucial strokes that left the smallest dents on the surface. The shock of them went deeper than screaming or fainting. It got in and burned out the soul like an electric fuse, and there was nothing left but the body, which at best was but a lifeless thing, and couldn't scream if it wanted.

When the white plague gripped my brother, he threw up business, and went West to one of those irrigated valleys. He'd been there a year. He was close to the railroad, he wrote; had six of his ten acres planted in apples; had picked up cheap an old horse and what little farm machinery he needed, and was raising those big Western potatoes on the four remaining acres to help out while he waited for the trees to bear.

With a month at my disposal, I was on the way to visit him, to look over his tiny ranch, and to see what the climate had done for him.

The brown country stretched baked and thirsty beyond the hot glass of the smoking-room window. The air was parched and stifling, for it was summer. Cinders and alkali-dust lay an eighth of an inch deep over everything in the car. So I scarcely noticed that it was the sun and dust of other years, and not of this one, that had left their stamp on the black suit of the little man with the seamy face who sat opposite me.

He was, and had been since we dropped

down the range from Butte, the only passenger in the Pullman, save myself. And at least, he was company.

"I could never forget him," he was saying. "Those three queer diamonds of white on his left side, just back of the shoulder—a foot high, each of them, and sharp and plain, just as if you had cut them out and pasted them there. All black except for that—black as the ace of spades. Funny, isn't it, how a man remembers details? I might have just said he was a good horse, black and white marked, and let it go at that. But then, when you think of it again, it isn't funny—in this case. It's only natural. For he was different. Didn't have any friends, or want any, except me. And well—we were pardners. A man's likely to remember his pardner.

"Hell—that was his name, and he was it, too. I was riding range for George Pullen. George had a lot of horses—too many to keep track of all the time; and once in a while one'd get off and not come back. In a few years, first thing George knew, he had a herd of wild horses that belonged to him roaming over the country. And they were wild, too. Living that way made them so, I guess. Once or twice George tried to gather them in, but he didn't have any luck, so he sort of gave them up, all except ownership.

"There was one black stallion that was kind of boss of the outfit. Some of the boys had tried to cut him out, but they couldn't get close enough. He just put up his head and left them out of sight. He was vicious, swift as the wind, and savage—and he was a beauty. What a spirit the Lord put into that horse! So one evening, when I ran into the herd on the edge of a creek bed, close under a steep bluff, where he didn't have a good chance to get away, I roped him.

"Some of the other boys came, and we tied him and took him back to the ranch-house. We put him in the corral, and he pretty nearly ripped it to splinters; we tethered him, and he tried to kill himself; we hobbled him, and he would have torn himself to pieces. There was only one thing left to do—ride him, break him, or break his neck. We threw and saddled him.

"How it hurt him—not his body, but his pride, I think! I went around front and looked at him. I could see the red in his nostrils, and they were all wet and sensitive and quivering. Then I looked at his eyes, and saw the wildness in him. The pupils were rolled back, the balls were blue-white beneath them; and in the pupils themselves was more of hatred and fury and contempt than I have ever seen in any other eyes, human or animal. Behind the fury was something else—suffering, suffering of spirit, not of body. I kept looking into those eyes while the boys waited and wondered what the matter was with me. And slowly the eyes came level to meet mine without the flinching I had seen in the eyes of other animals. They met mine steadily, but viciously, wildly, and then I knew that I faced the hardest fight I had ever faced. I went around and got into the saddle.

"Let him up," I said.

"The boys threw off the ropes, I shot my spurs into his flanks, and he went up—straight up—a mile, it seemed. And then he started down with that sickening sag that only a bucking beast knows how to send into a man. He struck hard and stiff. My teeth went up into the top of my head, and the cartilage flattened in my backbone; but I stuck to him—stuck to him for three jumps. Then he pried me loose.

"My mouth was full of dust and blood when I got to my feet. I thought the horse had run, but he hadn't. He stood right where he had struck when we separated, his flesh all aquiver, the sweat forcing out under his black hide, his nostrils red and dilating, and the whites of his eyes rolling at me wickedly. He stood there perfectly still but for that, all the hatred, the pride, the freedom, the beauty of the open range in him. And Lord, he was a sight to look on—a wild critter that owned no equal! He stood right there, I tell you, daring me to fight him, and hungry for the fight. A man might look a long while among men for such a foe. He was a marvel, and I was mad.

"I spat the dust and blood through my teeth.

"I'll show you!" I ripped at him. "I'll break your soul or your neck!"

"The boys caught and threw him again. I got on him. They let him up. I drove the spurs into his black sides, and the feel was good. He rose savagely. I gripped hard and hung on. Four times I counted that sick, sagging emptiness before the staggering jar as his hoofs came down. And each time I sank the spurs with all my strength. I knew those black-veined flanks were no longer smooth and silky. They were dripping blood that smeared across the diamonds of white on his shoulders; and though I dared not look down to see it, the knowledge gave me satisfaction. I felt him rise for the fifth jump, his back buckling under me; felt every range-hardened fiber stiffen, and then the light of day went out.

"The boys were running for me when I opened my eyes. I waved them back. There was a pain in my left shoulder. I knew it was my collar-bone. I looked for the horse. He stood a few yards away. He did not move when the boys went up and caught him. They threw him again. I went over and got into the saddle. The boys let him up, and he went up—went up like a volcano. I gave him the spurs, and he came down stiff as a brick wall. The broken bones grated in my shoulder, and the pain sickened me, but I stuck. I felt him gather under me again, and I leaned over his neck and talked to him—talked to him firm and quiet. He went up again, and down, and I hung on desperate, and talked.

"You'd count me plumb foolish to say he understood, if you'd seen him; but he didn't buck again. He ran—started right out from the ranch-houses and corral toward the hills, forty miles away. By the way he went, I thought he wouldn't stop till he reached them, and he didn't. It was the wildest ride of my life, and I've had some wild ones.

"I didn't think much. I just gripped his sides and kept on talking. Once I looked back, but the dust that kept following us cut off the view. For a long, long time I kept my eyes on his black neck in front of me, going up and down, up and down, at each long, rangy jump. I saw the sweat come out on the jet and churn white in the wind; and the foam from his

mouth blew back wet and hot on my face. By and by the black, bobbing neck got hazy and indistinct, and I began to feel very sleepy and tired. The wind roared strangely in my ears. I counted the jumps only by the dull throb in my shoulder; but all the time I kept talking, though I was hardly aware of it, saying I don't know what. Maybe it was the same thing over and over. Then, after a long time—how long I never knew—the throb in my shoulder came less frequently. At last it did not come any more at all. We had stopped.

"I dropped out of the saddle and lay on the ground. The sun was gone behind the hills, the first of which was but a stone's throw away. It was getting dark, and I just lay there—lay there quiet, with my eyes closed, and only the beating of the blood in my shoulder and throat to remind me I was alive.

"It was daybreak when I awoke. I was very stiff, and it pained me to move at all. It was a long time before I could get on my feet. I did not know where I was. The surroundings looked strange. I tried to remember, but my mind was all hazy and uncertain.

"Then I saw a horse standing a few yards away. I stared at him, and slowly it began to come back to me. I tottered over to the horse. He stood still. I went around in front of him, and put my hand on his neck. He turned his head slowly, and it seemed with effort, and looked at me with bloodshot eyes. I stroked his neck, and he put his head down and nosed my arm. He was burning up.

"After many attempts I climbed into the saddle. We moved forward, away from the hills, which seemed to crawl at our backs, red and purple in sizzling heat. The horse walked, his head down, his black coat thick with dust and dried sweat. I lay forward on his neck, my face down on the pommel, to shield it from the heat. The stirrups flapped loosely below his belly. I had not the strength to catch them with my feet while they swung. I dared not stop the horse, for fear he would not go on again.

"The sun climbed higher, passed above us, and began to descend behind us. The sage-brush was on fire. I prayed for water, but there was none. The sun raised great blisters on the back of my neck. They broke, and the water ran down to the front of my collar. I caught some on my finger, and put it to my lips. It was salt and hot.

"And all the time the horse kept on walking, his nose close to the brown dust. Up one gentle swell of land he went, and into the basin beyond, then up again—hour after hour. Once or twice I spoke to him, and the dry crack of my own voice startled me. When the dust choked my throat, and the heat cracked my lips, and I could no longer make a sound, I touched him occasionally on the neck. He paid no heed.

"All the time the sun went farther behind us, and we kept steadily on. It was nearly night when the brown huddle of the ranch buildings came to us, and we passed in behind the corral to the stables. The boys came out and looked at us, and swore. Then they lifted me out of the saddle and into my bunk, and led the horse away.

"Two days later, when I was sitting up with my arm strapped to my body, George Pullen came in.

"'Maybe you want to buy that horse?' he said. 'Well, you can't. I won't sell him, but I'll give him to you as long as you stay on the ranch. But you can't take him away. If you ever go, he stays.'

"Then he turned around and went out.

"In a week I was about. I went out to the corral.

"'Hell,' I said, 'do you know me?'

"And I guess he did, from the way he nosed me over. I put a saddle on him, and he stood still. He stood still while I got into the saddle. He was quivering and wild inside, I knew, but he was fighting against it. I rode him out on the prairie and back.

"The boys lounged up, curious. They thought that ride might have killed something in him. They were wrong. It had leashed it. The wildness of the desert was still there, but we had fought the desert together, Hell and I.

"We never had a misunderstanding after that. We were just pardners. He followed me about, a good deal like a dog. I've waked out on the range at night with his warm nose poking at my blanket. He was mine, body and soul—I think he had a soul, as horses go. And he was mine alone. Not another human being could ride him. George Pullen couldn't ride him; Jerry Donovan, who could ride 'most anything, couldn't ride him; and the rest of the boys couldn't even go near him. He wouldn't stand it. But he was mine, and he knew it.

"I don't believe there was much we didn't talk about, out on the range, of days. Of course, I did most of the talking, but

he was a good listener, and he had a way of letting you know he understood. He understood the night when he trampled to death a prairie rattler that was trying to make a bedfellow of me. He understood the day when he took me twenty miles to water all of his own accord, when I had a bullet through my thigh. And then there was the time when we went thirty miles at night, through a blizzard, to get the doctor for Pullen's little girl. I know he understood then, or we wouldn't have got there, for I lost my senses a little more than half-way, and he took me safe the rest.

"Things were this way, when one morning a letter came. There was only one answer to that two-weeks-old letter. I had a wife back East. She was dying. For a long time I'd planned to bring her West, but something always interfered. Times were hard, and a cow-puncher's dollars were few. I'd been back there almost a year before, but she couldn't come then. So I had waited till the baby was born, stayed over a week to see it buried, paid the expenses with the money that was to have bought her ticket, and went back West alone to begin over again. Then, when I'd saved almost enough, came this letter saying she was dying—she was dead, probably, by the time I got it.

"There was a train from White Brook Junction next day. I packed my things, and went out to the corral. Hell was there. I told him, and he sniffed me a little. I tried to stroke his black nose—but I couldn't. I went back to the house, and spoke to Pullen.

"Remember, Hell stays here," he said. "Swift, the foreman, will ride him."

"He will kill Swift," I said.

"Swift is a good man. You can have the horse when you come back," answered the boss.

"I'll come back," I said."

II

THE little man with the seamy face paused, and rubbed the dust from one arm of his coat with the sleeve of the other.

"That was a long time ago," he continued quietly. "And now—I'm coming back. You see," he went on in a low tone, "it's a long way out West when you are East. A man can't always get back and forth, no matter how much he wants to. Railroad fares are high. Then there were some things to be fixed up after she died,

and there was the baby, the second one—he lived—that had to be cared for.

"Somehow the months slipped into years, and there was always something. Once I got a letter from Pullen. Hell had thrown Swift and broken three ribs. I didn't hear again, but I knew that horse was out there, and I knew I was going back to him some time. And it's been five years."

The little man moved in his seat and laughed dryly. The conductor came in to tell me my station was the next one.

"That's mine, too," said the seamy-faced man.

We got our luggage together.

"Hope you find him—Hell," I said.

The man smiled.

"I could never miss him," he answered.

"Those three white diamonds on his left shoulder. All black but for that—all coal black!"

The train was slowing down. Against the gentle roll of the irrigated country beyond the car-window, black specks—men and horses—were moving. The sun was dropping behind the far range of mountains. The brakes ground on the wheels of the train. Suddenly I started.

A strange sound was coming from the lips of the seamy-faced man. It was an unpleasant, clucking sort of sound. I glanced hastily at him. He was sitting stiffly erect, his hand pointing against the glass of the window. My eyes followed.

Close beside the tracks, along which the train was now slowly creeping, was a bare-headed man in blue overalls. He stood at the helms of a plow, wiping his face with a handkerchief. A horse was hitched to the plow—a broken-down, jaded animal with sprung knees and drooping head; just a scarecrow of a black horse, that was all. On the animal's left shoulder, behind the heavy working collar, were three queer diamonds of white.

Something tightened suddenly in my chest. I stared at the seamy-faced man. The train lurched ahead and creaked to a stop. The conductor poked his head through the door.

"You get off here," he called.

The man at my side sank deeper into the dusty cushions.

"No," he said quietly. "Guess I'll go on through. I've a cousin in Seattle."

I left him with a queer choking in my throat. The blue-overalled man whom we had passed at the plow was my brother.



THREE GENERATIONS OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY

From a recent photograph by Selle & Kuntze, Potsdam

Besides the German Emperor and Empress, this engraving shows the Crown Princess (formerly Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin) and her three sons, Wilhelm Friedrich (born July 4, 1906), Ludwig Ferdinand (born November 9, 1907), and Herbertus (born September 20, 1909).



THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND*

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," "TRUXTON KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

CHALLIS WRANDALL, a member of one of the leading families of New York, is found murdered in a suburban road-house. His companion, a woman, presumably the murderer, has disappeared. The dead man is identified by his wife, who comes from New York by a late train. Although it is a stormy winter night, Mrs. Wrاندall refuses to stay at the scene of the tragedy. As the last train has gone, she starts back toward the city alone, in a motor-car which her husband left at the inn.

On the way, she encounters a young woman, lost and wandering on the lonely, snow-covered road, whom she recognizes as answering to the description of her husband's companion. Taken into Mrs. Wrاندall's car, the stranger admits her identity, confesses her crime, and asks to be taken back to the inn, that she may give herself up to the law. Moved by emotions she herself scarcely understands, Sara Wrاندall refuses this request. Instead, she takes the fugitive to the city, shelters her in her own apartment, and keeps her as a companion. The girl gives her name as Hetty Castleton, daughter of a British army officer. She had come to America expecting to find a position as governess, but had been disappointed, and Challis Wrاندall, who had met her on the steamer, had pretended to be anxious to help her. Of the tragedy that ensued, however, Mrs. Wrاندall will not let her speak.

Hetty's connection with the death of Sara's husband remains unknown, except to herself and Mrs. Wrاندall. She meets Challis's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, his brother Leslie, and his sister Vivian, but none of them suspects her. After the funeral, Sara takes her abroad, and soon the whole mysterious affair drops out of the public memory.

About a year later, Sara and Miss Castleton return from Europe, and go to Southlook, Mrs. Wrاندall's country house overlooking Long Island Sound, not far from New York. Here they are visited by Leslie Wrاندall and his friend, Brandon Booth, an artist, both of whom are very much impressed with Hetty's beauty. Booth takes a near-by cottage, and it is arranged that he shall paint a portrait of Miss Castleton. In answer to a casual question, she tells him that she has never posed before; but he is struck by the extraordinary likeness between her and a model used by an English painter of whose work he has seen engravings. She gives a possible explanation of this by saying that there is a London actress, Hetty Glynn, who closely resembles her.

Leslie Wrاندall's admiration for Hetty culminates in a proposal of marriage, which she rejects—of course, without telling him why the idea horrifies her. A few days later, while she and Booth are walking together, the artist also discloses his love, which Hetty admits that she returns, though she tells Brandon that there is an insuperable barrier between them. She confesses, too, that she is identical with Hetty Glynn, and that she has been an actress and a painter's model.

When she and Booth get back to Southlook, they find Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall there, with Leslie and Vivian.

XXXIII

AFTER the Wrاندalls had departed, Sara took Hetty off to her room. The girl knew what was coming.

"Hetty," said the older woman, facing her after she had closed the door of her boudoir, "what is going on between you and Brandon Booth? I must have the truth. Are you doing anything foolish?"

"Foolish? Heaven help me, no! It—it is a tragedy," cried Hetty, meeting her gaze with one of utter despair.

"What has happened? Tell me!"

"What am I to do, Sara darling? He—he has told me that he—he—"

"Loves you?"

"Yes."

"And you have told him that his love is returned?"

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This story began in the February number of MURPHY'S MAGAZINE

"I couldn't help it. I was carried away. I did not mean to let him see that I—"

"You are such a novice in the business of love," said Sara sneeringly. "You are in the habit of being carried away, I fear."

"Oh, Sara!"

"You must put a stop to all this at once. How can you think of marrying him, Hetty Glynn? Send him—"

"I do not intend to marry him," said the girl, suddenly calm and dignified.

"I am to draw but one conclusion, I suppose," said the other, regarding the girl intently.

"What do you mean?"

"Is it necessary to ask that question?"

The puzzled expression remained in the girl's eyes for a time, and then slowly gave way to one of absolute horror.

"How dare you suggest such a thing?" she cried, turning pale, then crimson. "How dare you?"

Sara laughed shortly.

"Isn't the inference a natural one? You are forgetting yourself."

"I understand," said the girl through pallid lips. Her eyes were dark with pain and misery. "You think I am altogether bad!" She drooped perceptibly.

"You went to Burton's Inn," said Sara sententiously.

"But, Sara, you must believe me. I did not know he was—married! For Heaven's sake, do me the justice to—"

"But you went there with him," insisted the other, her eyes hard as steel. "It doesn't matter whether he was married—or free. You *went*."

Hetty threw herself upon her companion's breast and wound her strong young arms about her.

"Sara, Sara, you must let me explain—you must let me tell you everything. Don't stop me! You have refused to hear my plea—"

"And I still refuse!" cried Sara, throwing her off angrily. "Do you think I will listen to you? If you utter another word I will—strangle you!"

Hetty shrank back, terrified. Slowly she moved backward in the direction of the door, never taking her eyes from the impassioned face of her protector.

"Don't Sara, please don't!" she begged. "Don't look at me like that! I promise—I promise. Forgive me! I would not give you an instant's pain for all the world. You would suffer, you would—"

Sara suddenly put her hands over her eyes. A single moan escaped her lips—a hoarse gasp of pain.

"Dearest!" cried Hetty, springing to her side.

Sara threw her head up and met the girl with a cold, repelling look.

"Wait!" she commanded. "The time has come when you should know what is in my mind, and has been for months and months. It concerns you. I expect you to marry Leslie Wrاندall."

Hetty stopped short.

"How can you jest with me, Sara?" she cried, suddenly indignant.

"I am not jesting," said Sara levelly.

"You—you—really mean—what you have just said?"

The puzzled look on Hetty's face gave way to one of revulsion. A great shudder swept over her.

"Leslie Wrاندall must pay his brother's debt to you."

"Good Heavens!" fell from the girl's stiff lips. "You—you must be going mad—mad!"

Sara laughed softly.

"I have meant it almost from the beginning," she said. "It came to my mind the day that Challis was buried. It has never been out of it for an instant since that day. Now you understand."

If she expected Hetty to fall into a fit of weeping, to collapse, to plead with her for mercy, she was soon to find herself mistaken. The girl straightened up suddenly, and met her gaze with one in which there was fierce determination. Her eyes were steady, her bosom heaved.

"And I have loved you so devotedly—so blindly!" she said, in low tones of scorn. "You have been hating me all these months, while I thought you were loving me. What a fool I have been! I might have known. You *couldn't* love me!"

"When Leslie asks you to-night to marry him, you are to say that you will do so," said Sara, betraying no sign of having heard the bitter words.

"I shall refuse, Sara," said Hetty, every vestige of color gone from her face.

"There is an alternative," announced the other deliberately.

"You will expose me to—him? To his family?"

"I shall turn you over to them, to let them do what they will with you. If you go as his wife, the secret is safe. If not,

they may have you as you really are, to destroy, to annihilate. Take your choice, my dear!"

"And you, Sara?" asked the girl quietly. "What explanation will you have to offer for all these months of protection?"

Her companion stared. She answered Hetty's question with one of her own.

"Has the prospect no terror for you?"

"Not now. Not since I have found you out. The thing I have feared all along has come to pass. I am relieved, now that you show me just where I truly stand. But I asked, what of you?"

"The world is more likely to applaud than to curse me, Hetty. It likes a new sensation. My change of heart will appear quite natural."

"Are you sure that the world will applaud your real design? You hate the Wrاندalls. Will they be charitable toward you when the truth is given out? Will Leslie applaud you? Listen, please! I am trying to save you from yourself, Sara. You will fail in everything you have hoped for. You will be more accursed than I. The world will pity me; it may even forgive me. It will listen to my story, which is more than you will do, and it will believe me. Ah, I am not afraid now! At first I was in terror. I had no hope of escape. All that is past. To-day I am ready to take my chances with the big, generous world. Men will try me, and men are not made of stone and steel. They punish, but they do not avenge, when they sit in jury-boxes. They are not women! Good Heaven, Sara, is there a man living to-day who could have planned this thing you have cherished all these months? Not one! All men will curse you for it, even though they send me to prison or to the chair. But they are not likely to condemn me. They will hear my story, and I believe they will set me free. And then, what of you?"

Sara stood perfectly rigid, regarding this earnest reasoner with growing wonder.

"My dear," she said, "you had better be thinking of yourself, not of me!"

"Why, when I tell my story, the world will hate you, Sara Wrاندall! You have helped me, you have been good to me, no matter what sinister motive you may have had in doing so. It is my turn to help you."

"To help me!" cried Sara, astonished in spite of herself.

"Yes. To save you from execration—and even worse."

"There is no moral wrong in marriage with Leslie Wrاندall," said Sara, returning to her own project.

"No moral wrong!" cried Hetty, aghast. "No, I suppose not," she went on, a moment later. "It is something much deeper, much blacker, than moral wrong. There is no word for it. And if I marry him, what then? Wherein lies your triumph? You can't mean that—you would not go to them with the truth when it was too late for him to—to cast me off?"

"I am no such fool as that. The secret would be forever safe in that event. My triumph, as you call it, we will not discuss just now."

"How you must hate me to be willing to do such an infamous thing to me!"

"I do not hate you, Hetty."

"In Heaven's name, then, what do you call it?"

"Justification. Listen to me now. I am saying this for your good sense to seize and appreciate. Would it be right in me to allow you to marry any other man, knowing all that I know? There is but one man you can in justice marry—the one who can repair the wreck that his own blood created. Not Brandon Booth, nor any man save Leslie Wrاندall. He is the man who must pay!"

"I do not intend to marry," said Hetty.

"But Leslie will marry some one, and I intend that it shall be you. He shall marry the ex-chorus girl, the artist's model, the prostitute! Wait! Don't fly at me like that. Don't assume that look of virtuous horror! Let me say what I have to say. This much of your story shall they know, and no more. They will be proud of you!"

Hetty's eyes were blazing.

"You use that name—you call me *that*—and yet you have kissed me, caressed me, loved me!" she cried, in a voice hoarse with passion.

"He will ask you to-night for the second time. You will accept him. That is all."

"You must take back what you have just said to me—of me—Sara Wrاندall! You must unsay it! You must beg my pardon for *that*!"

"I draw no line between mistress and prostitute."

"But I—"

"Enough!"

"You wrong me vilely! You must let me—"

"I have an excellent memory, and it serves me well."

Hetty suddenly threw herself upon the couch and buried her face in her arms. Great sobs shook her slender frame.

Sara stood over her and watched for a long time with pitiless eyes. Then a queer, uneasy, wondering light began to develop in those dark, ominous eyes. She leaned forward, the better to listen to the choked, inarticulate words that were pouring from the girl's lips. At last, moved by some impulse for which she could not have accounted, she knelt beside the quivering body and laid her hand almost timorously upon the girl's shoulder.

"Hetty, Hetty, if I have wronged you in—in thinking that of you, I—I—" she began brokenly. Then she lifted her eyes, and it seemed as if the harsh light tried to steal back into them. "No, no! What am I saying? What a fool I am to give way to this—"

"You have wronged me—terribly, terribly!" came in smothered tones from the cushions. "I did not dream you thought that of me."

"What was I to think?"

Hetty lifted her head and cried out:

"You would not let me speak! You refused to hear my story. You have been thinking this of me all along, holding it against me, and I have been closer to you than— What manner of woman are you?"

Sara seized her hands and held them in a fierce, tense grip. Her eyes were glowing with a strange fire.

"Tell me—tell me now, on your soul, Hetty—were you—were you—"

"No! No! On my soul, no!"

"Look into my eyes!"

The girl's eyes did not falter. She met the dark, penetrating gaze of the other, and, though dimmed by tears, her blue eyes were steadfast and resolute. Sara seemed to be searching the very soul of her, the soul that laid itself bare, denuded of every vestige of guile.

"I—I think I believe you," came slowly from the lips of the searcher. "You are looking the truth. I can see it. Hetty, Hetty, I—I don't understand myself. It is so—so overwhelming, so tremendous. It is so incredible. Am I really believing you? Is it possible that I have been wrong in—"

"Let me tell you everything," cried the

girl, suddenly throwing her arms about her.

"Not now! Wait! Give me time to think. Go away now. I want to be alone."

Sara arose and pushed the girl toward the door. Her eyes were fixed on Hetty in a wondering, puzzled sort of way, and she was shaking her head, as if trying to discredit the new emotion that had come to displace the one created ages ago.

Slowly Hetty Castleton retreated toward the door. With her hand on the knob she paused.

"After what has happened, Sara, you must not expect me to stay with you any longer. I cannot. You may give me up to the law, but—"

Some one was tapping gently on the door.

"Shall I see who it is?" asked the girl, after a long period of silence.

"Yes."

It was Watson.

"Mr. Leslie has returned, Miss Castleton, and asks if he may see you at once. He says it is very important."

"Tell him I will be down in a few minutes, Watson."

After the door closed she waited until the footman's steps died away on the stairs.

"I shall say no to him, Sara, and I shall say to him that you will tell him why I cannot be his wife. Do you understand? Are you listening to me?"

Sara turned away without a word or look of response.

Hetty quietly opened the door and went out.

XXXIV

BOOTH trudged rapidly homeward after leaving Hetty at the lodge. He was throbbing all over with the love of her. The thrill of conquest was in his blood. She had raised a mysterious barrier; all the more zest to the inevitable victory that would be his. He would delight in overcoming obstacles—the bigger the better, for his heart was valiant, and the prize no smaller than those for which the ancient knights went out to battle in the lists of love.

He had held her in his arms, he had kissed her, he had breathed of her fragrant hair, he had felt the beating of her frightened heart against his body. With the memory of all this to lift him to the heights of divine exaltation, he was unable to con-

jure up a finer triumph than the winning of her after the manner of the knights of old, to whom opposition was life and joy, denial a boon.

For the present, it was enough to know that she loved him. What if she were Hetty Glynn? What if she had been an artist's model? The look he had had into the soul of her through those pure blue eyes was all-convincing. She was worthy of the noblest love.

After luncheon—served with some exasperation by Patrick, an hour and a half later than usual—he smoked his pipe on the porch and stared reminiscently at the shifting clouds above the tree-tops. He recalled all she had said to him in that sylvan confessional, and was content. His family? Pooh! He had a soul of his own. It needed its mate.

He did not see the Wrandall motor at his garden gate until a lusty voice brought him down from the clouds into the range of earthly sounds. Then he dashed out to the gate, bareheaded and coatless, forgetting that he had been sitting in the obscurity of trailing vines and purple blossoms the while he thought of Hetty.

Leslie was sitting on the wide seat between his mother and sister.

"Glad to see you back, old man," said Booth, reaching in to shake hands with him. "Day early, aren't you? Good afternoon, Mrs. Wrandall. Won't you come in?"

He looked at Vivian as he gave the invitation.

"No, thanks," she replied. "Won't you come to dinner this evening?"

He hesitated.

"I'm not quite sure whether I can, Vivian. I've got a half-way sort of—"

"Oh, do, old chap!" cut in Leslie, more as a command than an entreaty. "Sorry I can't be there myself, but you'll fare quite as well without me. I'm dining at Sara's. Wants my private ear about one thing and another—see what I mean?"

"We shall expect you, Brandon," said Mrs. Wrandall, fixing him with her lognette.

"I'll come, thank you," said he.

He felt disgustingly transparent under that inquisitive glass. Wrandall stepped out of the car.

"I'll stop off for a chat with Brandy, mother."

"Shall I send the car back, dear?"

"Never mind. I'll walk down."

The two men turned in at the gate as the car sped away.

"Well," said Booth, "it's good to see you. Pat!" he called through a basement window. "Come up and take the gentleman's order."

"No drink for me, Brandy. I've been in the temperance State of Maine for two weeks." He dropped into a broad wicker chair, and felt tenderly of the end of his nose. "I'm not quite sure that the sun did it, old man."

Booth grinned.

"Do any fishing?"

"Yes—the first day. Oh, you needn't look at me like that. I'm back in the narrow path!" After a moment of painful reflection, he added: "We didn't see water after the first day. I'm just beginning to get used to the taste of it again."

"Never mind, Pat," said Booth, as the servant appeared in the doorway. "Mr. Wrandall is not suffering."

"You know I'm not a drinking man," declared Leslie, a pathetic note of appeal in his voice. "I hate the stuff."

"It is a good thing to let alone."

"And don't I let it alone? You never saw me tight in your life."

Booth sat down on the porch rail, hooked his toes in the supports, and proceeded to fill his pipe. Then he struck a match and applied it, Leslie watching him with moody eyes.

"How do you like the portrait, old man?" he inquired between punctuating puffs.

"It's bully. Sargent never did anything finer. Ripping!"

"I owe it all to you, Les."

"To me?"

"You induced her to sit to me."

"So I did," said Leslie sourly. "I was Mr. Fix-it, sure enough!" He allowed a short interval to elapse before taking the plunge. "I suppose, old chap, if I should happen to need your valuable services as best man in the near future, you'd not disappoint me?"

Booth eyed him quizzically.

"I trust you're not throwing yourself away, Les," he said dryly. "I mean to say, on some one—well, some one not quite up to the mark."

Leslie regarded his companion with some severity.

"Of course not, old chap. What put that into your head?"

"I thought that possibly you'd been making a chump of yourself up in the Maine woods."

"Piffle! Don't be an ass. What's the sense pretending you don't know who she is?"

"I suppose it's Hetty Castleton," said Booth, puffing away at his pipe.

"Who else?"

"Think she'll have you, old man?" asked Booth, after a moment.

"I don't know," replied the other, a bit dashed. "You might wish me luck, though."

Booth knocked the burned tobacco from the bowl of his pipe. A serious line appeared between his eyes. He was a fair-minded fellow, without guile, without a single treacherous instinct.

"I can't wish you luck, Les," he said slowly. "You see, I'm—I'm in love with her myself."

"The deuce!" Leslie sat bolt upright and glared at him. "I might have known! And—and is she in love with you?"

"My dear fellow, you reveal considerable lack of tact in asking that question."

"What I want to know is this," exclaimed Wrاندall, very pale but very hot. "Is she going to marry you?"

Booth smiled.

"I'll be perfectly frank with you. She says she won't."

Leslie gulped.

"So you've asked her?"

"Obviously."

"And she said she wouldn't? She refused you? Turned you down?" Leslie's little mustache shot up at the ends, and a joyous, triumphant laugh broke from his lips. "Oh, this is rich! Ha, ha! Turned you down, eh? Poor old Brandy! You're my best friend, and I'm sorry. I mean to say," he went on in some embarrassment, "I'm sorry for you. Of course, you can hardly expect me to—er—"

"Certainly not," accepted Booth amiably. "I quite understand."

"Then, since she's refused you, you might wish *me* better luck!"

"That would mean giving up hope."

"Hope?" exclaimed Leslie quickly. "You don't mean to say you'll annoy her with your—"

"No, I shall not annoy her," replied his friend, shaking his head.

"Well, I should hope not," said Leslie, with a scowl. "Turned you down, eh?"

'Pon my soul!" He appeared to relish the idea of it. "Sorry, old chap, but I suppose you know what that means?"

Booth's lips hardened for an instant, then relaxed into a queer, almost pitying smile.

"And you want me to be your best man?" he said reflectively.

Leslie arose. His chest seemed to swell a little; assuredly he was breathing much more easily. He assumed an air of compassion.

"I sha'n't insist, old fellow, if you feel you'd rather not—er—see what I mean?" It occurred to him to utter a word or two of kindly advice. "I shouldn't go on hoping if I were you, Brandy. 'Pon my soul, I shouldn't. Take it like a man. I know it hurts, but what's the use aggravating the pain by butting against a stone wall?"

His companion looked out over the treetops, his hands in his trouser-pockets. It must be confessed that Brandon's manner was not that of one who is oppressed by despair.

"I think I'm taking it like a man, Les," he said. "I only hope you'll take it as nicely if she says nay to you."

An uneasy look leaped into Leslie's face. He seemed noticeably less corpulent about the chest. He wondered if Booth knew anything about his initial venture. A question rose to his lips, but he thought quickly and held it back. Instead, he glanced at his watch.

"I must be off. See you to-morrow, I hope."

"So-long," said Booth, stopping at the top of the steps, while his visitor skipped down to the gate with a nimbleness that suggested the formation of a sudden resolve.

Leslie did not waste time in parting formalities. He strode off briskly in the direction of home, but not without a furtive glance out of the tail of his eye as he disappeared beyond the hedgerow at the end of Booth's garden. That gentleman was standing where his friend had left him, and was filling his pipe once more.

The day was warm, and Leslie was in a dripping perspiration when he reached home. He did not enter the house, but made his way direct to the garage.

"Get out the car at once, Brown," was his order.

Three minutes later he was being driven over the lower road toward Southlook,

taking good care to avoid Booth's place. He was in a fever of hope and eagerness. It was very plain to him why Hetty had refused to marry Booth.

The iron was hot. He didn't intend to lose any time in striking.

And now we know why he came again to Sara's in the middle of a blazing afternoon, instead of waiting until the more seductive shades of night had fallen, when the moon sat serene in the seat of the mighty.

XXXV.

LESLIE didn't have to wait long for Hetty. Up to the instant of her appearance in the door, he had reveled in the thought that the way was now paved with roses; but with her entrance, he felt his confidence and courage slipping. Perhaps that may explain the abruptness with which he went about the business in hand.

"I couldn't wait till to-night," he explained, as she came slowly across the room toward him. She was half-way to him before he awoke to the fact that he was standing perfectly still. Then he started forward, somehow impelled to meet her at least half-way. "You'll forgive me, Hetty, if I have disturbed you."

"I was not lying down, Mr. Wrاندall," she said quietly. There was nothing ominous in the words, but he experienced a sudden sensation of cold. "Won't you sit down? Or would you rather go out to the terrace?"

"It's much more comfortable here, if you don't mind. I—I suppose you know what it is I want to say to you. You—"

"Yes," she interrupted wearily; "and, knowing as much, Mr. Wrاندall, it would not be fair of me to let you go on."

"Not fair?" he said, in honest amazement. "But, my dear, I—"

"Please, Mr. Wrاندall," she exclaimed, with a pleading little smile that would have touched the heart of any one but Leslie. "Please don't go on! It is quite as impossible now as it was before. I have not changed."

He could only say, mechanically:

"You haven't?"

"No. I am sorry if you have thought that I might come to—"

"Think, for Heaven's sake, think what you are doing!" he cried, feeling for the edge of the table with a support-seeking hand. "I—I had Sara's word that you were not—"

"Unfortunately Sara cannot speak for me in a matter of this kind. Thank you for the honor you would—"

"Honor be hanged!" he blurted out, losing his temper. "I love you! It's a purely selfish thing with me, and I'm blowed if I consider it an honor to be refused by any woman! I—"

"Mr. Wrاندall!" she cried, fixing him with her flashing, indignant eyes. "You are forgetting yourself!"

She was standing very straight and slender and imperious before him. He quailed.

"I—I beg your pardon. I—I—"

"There is nothing more to be said," she went on icily. "Good-by."

"Would you mind telling me whether there is any one else?" he asked, as he turned toward the door.

"Do you really feel that you have the right to ask that question, Mr. Wrандall?"

Leslie nervously wetted his lips with his tongue.

"Then there is some one!" he cried, rapping the table with his knuckles. He didn't realize till afterward how vigorously he rapped. "Some confounded English nobody, I suppose!"

She smiled, not unkindly.

"There is no English nobody, if that answers your question."

"Then will you be kind enough to offer a reason for not giving me a fair chance in a clear field? I think it's due—"

"Can't you see how you are distressing me? Must I again go through that horrid scene in the garden? Can't you take a plain no for an answer?"

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

In those two words he revealed the complete overturning of a lifelong estimate of himself. It seemed to take more than his breath away.

"Good-by," she said with finality.

He stared at the door through which she disappeared, his hopes, his conceit, his self-regard trailing after her with shameless disloyalty to the standards he had set for them. Then, with a rather ghastly smile of self-commiseration on his lips, he slipped out of the house, jumped into the motor-car, and gave a brief but explicit command to the chauffeur, who lost no time in assisting his master to turn tail in ignominious flight.

Hetty was gloomily but resolutely employed in laying out certain of her per-

sonal belongings, preparatory to packing them for departure, when Sara entered her room. The two women regarded each other steadily, questioningly, for a short space of time.

"Leslie has just called up to ask what I meant by letting him make a fool of himself," said Sara, with a peculiar little twisted smile on her lips.

Hetty offered no comment; but after a moment she gravely and rather wistfully called attention to her present occupation by a significant flaunt of her hand and a saddened smile.

"I see," said Sara, without emotion. "If you choose to go, Hetty, I shall not oppose you."

"My position here is a false one, Sara. I prefer to go."

"This morning I should have held a sword over your head."

"It is very difficult for me to realize all that has happened."

"You are free to depart, Hetty." Sara spoke very gently. "You are free in every sense of the word. Your future rests with yourself, my dear."

"It hurts me more than I can tell to feel that you have been hating me all these months."

"It hurts me—now!"

Hetty walked to the window and looked out.

"What are your plans?" Sara inquired, after an interval.

"I shall seek employment—and wait for you to act."

"I? You mean—"

"I shall not run away, Sara; nor do I intend to reveal myself to the authorities. I am not morally guilty of crime. A year ago I feared the consequences of my deed, but I have learned much since then. I was a stranger in a new world. In England we have been led to believe that you lynch women here as readily as you lynch men. I know better than that now. From you alone I learned my greatest lesson. You revealed to me the true meaning of human kindness. You shielded me—you who should not. Even now I believe that your first impulse was a tender one. I shall not forget it, Sara. You will live to regret the baser thought that came later on. I have loved you—yes, almost as a good dog loves his master. It is not for me to tell the story of that night and all these months to the world. I should not be be-

traying myself, but you. You would be called upon to explain, not I; and you would be the one to suffer. When you met me on the road that night, I was on my way back to the inn to give myself into custody. You have made it impossible for me to do so now. My lips are sealed. It rests with you, Sara!"

Sara joined her in the broad window. There was a strangely exalted look in her face. A gilded bird-cage hung suspended in the casement. Without a word, she threw open the window-screen. The gay little canary in the gilded cage cocked his head and watched her with alert eyes. Then she reached up and gently removed the cage from its fastenings. Putting it down upon the window-sill, she opened the tiny door. The bird hopped about his prison in a state of great excitement.

Hetty looked on, fascinated.

At last a yellow streak shot out through the open door, and an instant later resolved itself into the bobbing, fluttering bird that had lived in a cage all his life without an hour of freedom. For a few seconds he circled over the tree-tops; then he alighted on one of the branches. It almost seemed that one could hear his tiny heart beating with terror.

Taking courage, the canary hopped timorously to a near-by twig, and then ventured a flight to a tree-top nearer the window. Perched in its topmost branches, he cheeped shrilly as if there was fear in his little breast.

In silence the two women who stood at the window watched the bird's agitated movements. The same thought was in the mind of each, the same question, the same intense wish.

A brown thrush sped through the air, close by the timid canary. Like a flash it dropped to the twigs lower down, its wings palpitating in violent alarm.

"Dicky!" called Sara Wrاندall, and then cheeped between her teeth.

A moment later Dicky was fluttering about the eaves; his circles grew smaller, his winging less rhythmic, till at last, with a nervous little flutter, he perched on the top of the shutter, so near that they might have reached to him with their hands.

"Dicky!" called Sara again.

This time she held out her finger. For some time he regarded it with indifference, not to say disfavor. Then he took one more flight, but much shorter than the first,

bringing up again at the shutter-top. A second later he hopped down, and his little talons gripped Sara's finger with an earnestness that left no room for doubt.

She lowered her hand until it was even with the open door of the gilded cage. He shot inside with a whirl that suggested a scramble. With his wings folded, he sat on his little trapeze and cheeped.

Sara closed and fastened the door, and then turned to Hetty.

"My symbol," she said softly.

There were tears in Hetty's eyes.

XXXVI

LESLIE did not turn up at his father's place that night until Booth was safely out of the way. He spent a dismal evening at the boat-club.

His father and mother were in the library when he came in at half past ten. From a dark corner of the garden he had witnessed Booth's early departure. Vivian had gone down to the gate in the low-lying hedge with her visitor. She came in a moment after Leslie's entrance.

"Hello, Les!" she said, bending an inquiring eye upon him. "Isn't this early for you?"

Her brother was standing near the fireplace.

"There's a heavy dew falling, *mater*," he said gruffly. "Sha'n't I touch a match to the kindling?"

His mother came over to him quickly, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Your coat is damp," she said anxiously.

"Yes, light the fire."

"It's very warm in this room," said Mr. Wrاندall, looking up from his book.

No one seemed to notice him. Leslie knelt and struck a match.

"Well?" said Vivian.

"Well what?" he demanded without looking up.

His sister took a moment for thought.

"Is Hetty coming to stay with us in July?"

Leslie stood erect.

"No, she isn't coming," he said. He drew a very long breath—the first in several hours—and then expelled it vocally. "She has refused to marry me."

Mr. Wrاندall turned a leaf in his book. It sounded like the crack of doom, so still had the room become.

Vivian had the forethought to push a chair toward her mother. It was a most

timely act on her part, for Mrs. Wrاندall sat down very abruptly and very limply.

"She—*what*?" gasped Leslie's mother.

"Turned me down cold," said Leslie briefly.

Mr. Wrاندall laid his book on the table without thinking to put the book-mark in place. Then he arose and removed his glasses, fumbling for the case.

"She—she—*what*?" he demanded.

"Sacked me," replied his son.

"Please do not jest with me, Leslie," said his mother, trying to smile.

"He isn't joking, mother," said Vivian, with a shrug of her fine shoulders.

"He—he *must* be!" cried Mrs. Wrاندall impatiently. "What did she *really* say, Leslie?"

"The only thing I remember was 'good-by,'" said he, and then blew his nose violently.

"Poor old Les!" said Vivian, with real feeling.

"It was Sara Gooch's doing!" exclaimed Mrs. Wrاندall, getting her breath at last.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Wrاندall, picking up his book once more, and turning to the place where the book-mark lay, after which he proceeded to reread four or five pages before discovering his error.

No one spoke for a matter of five minutes or more. Then Mrs. Wrاندall got up, went over to the library table, and closed with a snap the bulky blue book with the limp leather cover. As she held it up to let Leslie see that it was the privately printed history of the Murgatroyd family, she said:

"It came by post this evening from London. She is merely a fourth cousin, my son."

He looked up with a gleam of interest in his eye.

XXXVII

BOOTH, restless with a vague uneasiness that had come over him during the night, keeping him awake until nearly dawn, was hard put to find occupation during the early hours of the forenoon, until a seasonable time arrived for appearing at Southlook. He was unable to account for this feeling of uncertainty and irritation.

At nine he set out to walk over to Southlook, realizing that he would have to spend an hour in profitless gossip with the lodge-keeper before presenting himself at the villa, but somehow relishing the thought

that even so he would be nearer to Hetty than if he remained in his own dooryard.

On his way he was overtaken by Sara's big French machine returning from the village. The car came to a standstill as he stepped aside to let it pass, and Sara herself leaned over and cordially invited him to get in and ride home with her.

"What an early bird you are!" he exclaimed as he took his seat beside her.

She was not in a mood of airy persiflage, as he soon discovered.

"Miss Castleton has gone up to town, Mr. Booth," she said rather lifelessly. "I have just taken her to the station. She caught the eight-thirty."

He was at once solicitous.

"No bad news, I hope?"

There was no thought in his mind that her absence was other than temporary.

"She is not coming back to my house, Brandon."

Sara had not addressed him as Brandon before. He stared.

"You—you mean—" The words died on his lips.

"She is not coming back," she repeated.

An accusing gleam leaped into his eyes.

"What has happened, Mrs. Wrاندall?" he asked.

She was quick to perceive the change in his voice and manner.

"She prefers to live apart from me—that is all."

"When was this decision reached?"

"Yesterday—soon after she came in from her walk with you."

"Do—do you mean to imply that *that* had anything to do with her leaving your home?" Brandon demanded, with a flush on his cheek.

She met his look without flinching.

"It was the beginning."

"You—you criticized her? You took her to task?"

"I notified her that she was to marry Leslie Wrاندall, if she marries any one at all," Sara said coolly.

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Wrاندall!"

"But she is not going to marry Leslie."

"I know it—I knew it yesterday," he cried triumphantly. "She loves me, Sara! Didn't she say as much to you?"

"Yes, Brandon, she loves you, but she will not be your wife."

"What is all this mystery? Why can't she be my wife? What is there to prevent it?"

Sara regarded him with dark, inscrutable eyes. Many seconds passed before she spoke.

"Would you want her for your wife if you knew she had belonged to another man?"

He turned very cold. The palms of his hands were wet, as with ice-water.

"I will not believe that of her!" he said, shaking his head with an air of finality.

"That is not an answer to my question," Sara persisted.

"Yes, I would still want her," he declared steadily.

"I merely meant to put you to the harshest test," Sara said, and there was relief in her voice. "She is a good girl; she is pure. I asked my question because until yesterday I had reason to doubt her."

"Good Heavens, how could you doubt those honest, guiltless eyes of—"

Sara shook her head sadly.

"To answer you I should have to reveal the secret that makes it impossible for her to become your wife; and that I cannot, will not do."

"Is it fair to me?"

"Perhaps not, but it is fair to her, and that is why I must remain silent."

"I will know the truth—from her, if not from you—and—"

"If you love her, Brandon, if you will be kind to her, you will let her go her way in peace."

He was struck by the somewhat sinister earnestness of Sara's words.

"Tell me where I may find her," he said, setting his jaw.

"It will not be difficult for you to find her," she said, frowning, "if you insist on pursuing her."

"You drive her away from your house, Sara Wrاندall, and yet expect me to believe that your motives are friendly. Why should I accept your word as final?"

"I did not drive her away, nor did I ask her to stay."

"What is the meaning of all this?" Brandon cried in perplexity. "What am I to understand?"

The car had come to a stop under the porte-cochère. She laid her hand on his arm.

"If you will come in with me, Brandon, I will try to make some things clear to you."

He left in half an hour, walking rapidly down the drive, his coat buttoned closely, although the morning was hot and breath-

less. He held in his hand a small scrap of paper on which was written:

If I loved you less, I would come to you now and lie to you. If you love me, Brandon, you will let me go my way. It is the only course. Sara is my friend, and she is yours. Be guided by her, and believe in my love for you.

HETTY.

And now, as things go in fairy stories, we should prepare ourselves to see Hetty pass through a season in drudgery and hardship, with the quintessence of joy as the ultimate reward for her trials and tribulations. Happily, this is not a fairy tale. There are some things more fantastic than fairy tales, if they are not spoiled in the telling.

Hetty did not go forth to encounter drudgery, disdain, and obloquy. By no manner of means! She went with a well-filled purse, a definite purpose ahead, and a determined factor behind.

In a manner befitting her station as the intimate friend of Mrs. Challis Wrاندall, as the cousin of the Murgatroyds, as the daughter of Colonel Castleton of the Indian Army, as a person supposed to be possessed of independent means withal, she went, with none to question, none to cavil.

Sara had insisted on this, as much for her own sake as for Hetty's. What would the world think, she argued; what would their acquaintances think, and above all, what would the high and mighty Wrاندalls think, if her friend and companion went away with meek and lowly mien? Why make it possible for any one to look askance?

And so it was that Miss Castleton departed in state, with a dozen trunks and boxes. An obsequiously attended seat in the parlor-car was hers. A telegram in her bag assured her that rooms were being reserved for herself and maid at a fashionable hotel. Alongside it reposed a letter to Mr. Carroll, instructing him to provide her with sufficient funds to carry out the plan agreed upon; and in the seat behind sat the lady's-maid who had served her for a twelvemonth and more.

Hetty did not find it easy to accommodate her pride to the plan which was to give her a fresh and rather imposing start in the world. She was to have a full year in which to determine whether she would accept toil and poverty as her lot, or would

emulate the symbolic example of Dicky, the canary. At the end of the year, unless she did as Dicky had done, her source of supplies would be automatically cut off, and she would be entirely dependent upon her own wits and resources. In the interim, she was a probationary person of leisure.

It had required hours of persuasion on the part of Sara Wrاندall to bring her into line with these arrangements.

"But I am able and willing to work for my living," had been Hetty's stubborn resort to all the arguments brought to bear upon her.

"Then let me put it in another light. It is vital to me, of course, that you should keep up the show of affluence for a while at least. I think I have made that clear to you. But here is another side to the matter—the question of recompense."

"Recompense?" cried Hetty sharply.

"Without your knowing it, I have virtually held you a prisoner all these months, condemned in my own judgment, if not in the sight of the law. I have taken the law unto myself. I did not convict you of murder, but of another sin. For fifteen months you have been living under the shadow of a crime you did not commit. I was reserving complete punishment for you in the shape of an ignoble marriage, which was to have served two bitter ends. Well, I have had the truth from you. I believe you to be absolutely innocent of the charge which I held over you, and for which I condemned you without a hearing. Then why should I not employ my own means of making restitution?"

"You have believed in me. That is all I ask."

"True, that is all you ask; but you must allow me to choose my own means of compensating you for—"

"You saved my life," protested Hetty, shaking her head obstinately.

"My dear, I appreciate the fact that you are English," said Sara, with a weary smile; "but won't you please see the point?"

Then Hetty smiled, too, and the way was easier after that for Sara. She gained her quixotic point, and Hetty went away from Southlook feeling that no woman in all the world was so bewildering as Sara Wrاندall.

When she sailed for England, two days later, the newspapers announced that the beautiful and attractive Miss Castleton was

returning to her native land on account of the death of Lord Murgatroyd, and would spend the year on the Continent, where she would probably be joined, later on, by Mrs. Wrاندall, whose period of mourning and distress had been softened by the constant and loyal friendship of "this exquisite Englishwoman."

Four hundred miles out at sea, Hetty was overtaken by wireless messages from three persons. Brandon Booth's said:

I am sailing to-morrow on a faster ship than yours. You will find me waiting for you on the landing-stage.

Her heart gave a leap to dizzy heights, and, try as she would, she could not crush it back to the depths in which it had dwelt for days.

The second bit of pale-green paper contained a cry from a most unexpected source:

Cable your London address. S. refuses to give it to me. I think I understand the situation. We want to make amends for what you have had to put up with during the year. She has shown her true nature at last.

LESLIE.

From Sara came these cryptic words:

For each year of famine there will come seven years of plenty.

XXXVIII

ALL the way across the Atlantic, Hetty lived in a state of subdued excitement. Conflicting emotions absorbed her waking hours, but her dreams were all of one complexion—rosy and warm and full of a joyousness that distressed her vastly when she recalled them to mind in the early morning hours.

During the day, she intermittently hoped and feared that Brandon would be on the landing-stage. In any event, she was bound to find unhappiness. If he were there, her joy would be short-lived and blighting; if he were not there, her disappointment would be equally hard to bear.

He was there. She saw him from the deck of the tender as they edged up to the landing. His tall figure loomed in the front rank against the rail that held back the crowd. His sun-bronzed face wore a look of eager expectancy. From her obscured position in the shadow of the deck building, purposely chosen for reasons only too obvious, she could even detect the alert, swift-moving scrutiny that he fastened upon the crowd.

Later on, he stood looking down into her serious blue eyes; her hands were lying limp in his. His own eyes were dark with earnestness, with the restraint that had fastened itself upon him. Behind her stood the respectful, but immeasurably awed maid, who could not, for the life of her, understand how a man could be on both sides of the Atlantic at one and the same time.

"Thank Heaven, Hetty, say I, for the five-day boats!" he was saying.

"You should not have come, Brandon," she cried softly, and the look of misery in her eyes was tinged with a glow she could not suppress. "It only makes everything harder for me. I—I—oh, I wish you had not come!"

"But isn't it wonderful," he cried, "that I should be here and waiting for you? It is almost inconceivable. And you were in the act of running away from me, too! Oh, I have that much of the tale from Sara, so don't look so hurt about it."

"I am so sorry you came," she repeated, her lip trembling.

Noting her emotion, he gave her hands a fierce, encouraging pressure, and immediately released them.

"Come," he said gently; "I have booked for London. Everything is arranged. I shall see to your luggage. Let me put you in the carriage first."

As she sat in the railway carriage, waiting for him to return, she tried in a hundred ways to devise a means of escape, and yet she had never loved him so much as now. Her heart was sore, her desolation had never been so complete as now.

He came back at last, and took his seat beside her in the compartment, fanning himself with his hat. The maid very discreetly stared out of the window at the hurrying throng of travelers on the platform.

"Isn't it really wonderful?" whispered Booth once more, quite as if he couldn't believe it himself.

She smiled rather doubtfully. He was sitting quite close to her, and leaning forward.

"How I love you, Hetty—how I adore you!" he said passionately.

"Oh, Brandon!"

"And I don't mean to give you up," he added, his lean jaw setting hard.

"You must—oh, you must!" she cried miserably. "I mean it, Brandon!"

"What are your plans?" he inquired.

"Please don't ask me," she pleaded.

"You must give it up, Brandon. Let me go my own way!"

"Not until I have the whole story from you. You see, I am not easily thwarted, once I set my heart on a thing. I gathered this much from Sara—the obstacle is *not* insurmountable."

"She—said—that?"

"In effect, yes," he qualified.

"What did she tell you?" demanded Hetty, laying her hand on his arm.

"I will confess she didn't reveal the secret that you consider a barrier, but she went so far as to say that it was very dark and dreadful," he said lightly. They were speaking in very low tones. "When I pinned her down to it, she added that it did not in any sense bear upon your honor. But there is time enough to talk about this later on. For the present, let's not discuss the past. I know enough of your history from your own lips, as well as what little I could get out of Sara, to feel sure that you are, in a way, drifting. I intend to look after you, at least until you find yourself. Your sudden break with Sara has been explained to me. Leslie Wrاندall is at the back of it. Sara told me that she tried to force you to marry him. I think you did quite right in going away as you did, but, on the other hand, was it quite fair to me?"

"Yes, it was most fair," she said, compressing her lips.

"We can't possibly be of the same opinion," he said seriously.

"You wouldn't say that if you knew everything."

"How long do you intend to stay in London?"

"I don't know. When does this train arrive there?"

"At four o'clock, I think. Will you go to a hotel or to friends?"

He put the question very delicately. She smiled faintly.

"You mean the Murgatroyds?"

"Your father is here, I am informed; and you must have other friends or relatives who—"

"I shall go to a small hotel I know near Trafalgar Square," she interrupted quietly.

"You must not come there to see me, Brandon."

"I shall expect you to dine with me at—say Prince's, this evening," was his response.

She shook her head, and then turned to look out of the window. He sat back in his seat, and for many miles, with deep perplexity in his eyes, studied her half-averted face. The old uneasiness returned. Was this obstacle, after all, so great that it could not be overcome?

They lunched together, but were singularly reserved all through the meal. A plan was growing in her brain, a cruel but effective plan that made her despise herself, but it contained the only means of escape from an even more cruel situation.

(To be continued)

MY GIRLHOOD DREAMS

My girlhood dreams—shy, wistful, little things,
Golden with laughter, crystal bright with tears—
I watch them soar on virginal, soft wings,
And send them forth to battle with the years.
As snowy doves from dove-cote, swift they fly
To seek fulfilment in the great, glad world,
While 'neath their breasts my unborn hopes all lie;
I bid them go, brave pinions wide unfurled.

My girlhood dreams—sad, broken little things,
With gold all tarnished, crystal dim and flawed—
They have come home to die, on torn, bruised wings,
Ravished by that reality they warred.
Lost doves! Their pinions were too white to trail
Through earth and mud, and still escape the stain,
And yet—my little hopes, untouched and frail,
Have blossomed in the furnace-heat of pain!

Faith Baldwin

THE BASS AND THE DIAMOND

BY C. H. ERNST

THERE were two things that John Clement loved — Joan Almy and fishing.

He sat on the veranda of the Almy summer cottage, gazing through intervening pines at the rocky-shored lake. The faintest of early morning breezes ruffled the surface into a widening ripple—a black-bass ripple. From somewhere up-stairs the voice of Joan singing came down softly.

To look at his steel rod leaning against the nearest tree; to listen to Joan's song, and to feel in his hand a tiny leather case which held a diamond for the only girl in the world—all these sensations at the same time made John Clement supremely happy. His hatred of the commonplace in all that was concerned with Joan had made him seek some unusual, different way of giving her the ring. He had a vague hope that it might be in some connection with fishing. He had been engaged to her for three months, and had already developed two distinct wrinkles in the middle of his forehead thinking domestic thoughts.

The only girl in the world, still singing, ran out on the veranda and sat down beside him. Joan had eyes that contained a perpetual twinkle, a nose which jealous girls said turned up, and hair that was brown in the shade of the pines and golden out in the sunshine.

"Why do you look so sober, John?" she said. "Look at that funny little frown over your eyes!"

"I'm so happy," he answered, "I'm afraid if I once started to laugh I couldn't stop. It's a great fishing day, Joan. See that ripple! We'll go down and anchor off Rocky Point, shall we?"

"You're always thinking of fish," said Joan. "I really believe you'd have listened all last evening to father's trout stories, and forgotten me completely, if I hadn't reminded you of our moonlight paddle."

Joan tried to make the twinkle go from

her gray eyes, but the twinkle obstinately stayed.

"Get your paints, Joan," he said. "We'll anchor, and you won't have to fish unless you want to—just paint."

"You know I can't make anything look right, the boat always swings so. Yes, I'll take them, though."

John took his own rod and a light split bamboo for the only girl in the world, and they rowed slowly to the point and anchored just within the shade of the tallest pines.

"This is the spot," said John, "where your father claims he lost the grandfather of all black bass. I think he stretches his fish stories a little, don't you, Joan? It stands to reason, if he'd done the thing scientifically, no bass alive could break away from a No. 3 enameled silk line, once he was safely hooked. Now with that baby tackle of yours," John looked pityingly at the split bamboo, "almost anything might get off. A good lusty perch feels like a mascalonge on that!"

While saying this, John Clement was arranging his tackle, and baiting. This done, he looked up, and found Joan putting little dabs of color on a canvas resting on a stand fastened to the gunwales of the boat. It screened all of her face from him except the top of her hair, brown in the shady light.

"You're going to fish, aren't you?" he asked.

The hair disappeared, and he guessed a nod.

"Here it is," he said, after a moment. "All you have to do is to let the reel rest in your lap, and yank when you hear it begin to run."

"This boat just won't stay still," said Joan. "I had that big pine coming out splendidly, and now see what I've got—position, perspective, background, all gone to smash. Don't you think the anchor slipped, John?"

"You've got a bite. Strike quick!" he answered.

"I haven't time," said Joan, with exasperating slowness.

The line became slack again. She peeped over the top of her canvas, and saw that he was busily engaged playing a bass. It broke water, and tried to dive under the boat, but John thumbed the line skilfully and steered the fish into his landing-net.

"Poor thing!" said Joan, more to herself than to John or the fish.

"Did you see how I did that?" said John. "Now, when you get a bite, strike, of course, and then just keep an even line on him, reeling in the slack, and let him tire swimming about." The brown hair had completely disappeared. "You're rather quiet to-day, Joan. Why don't you talk?"

"I'm busy."

John continued to cast and reel in. Frequently he stopped to gaze at the canvas. Judging from frequent dabs, a great deal of work was going on behind it. He made one or two more unsuccessful sallies in the direction of fishing conversation, but was quietly repulsed.

Joan's line suddenly began to run out. John seized the rod and struck almost savagely—too late. He turned the reel slowly. The end of the line swung into the boat. He rebaited the hook, and sat thinking for a moment. A fantastic idea came to him.

Joan's head was completely hidden. She was absorbed in her painting. Undoubtedly, it took strenuous means to make some people love fishing. It was like diving—the infatuation came all at once. He hated to think of Joan—the only girl in the world—going through life without the joy of fishing.

John reached furtively into his pocket and took out the diamond. Joan remained hidden behind her canvas. He fastened the ring securely to the line just above the hook, let it slip from his hand into the water, and watched it sink, still sparkling, as if it hated to lose the light. Then he replaced the pole at Joan's feet and waited, hoping that she would reel in her line.

She continued to paint industriously.

"Why don't you pull up your line?" he suggested.

Joan gave the pole a condescending yank.

"Nothing on it," she said.

It gave John a strange feeling to think that the tangible reason for his present state of poverty was gently resting on the bottom

of the lake several feet below. It appealed to his sense of the fantastic to have the only girl in the world fish up her own engagement ring on the end of a slender silk line. Also, it might cure Joan of her dislike for fishing.

Suddenly she spoke, and the tone of her voice startled him. It was strangely serious. For a moment he forgot the diamond.

"John, I don't know that you and I—that you and I really ought to be married. I've been thinking that we're not the right sort of life-long company for each other." She said this quickly, with a hint of tears in her voice.

"Why, Joan, whatever have I done?" said John. "Tell me what it is. Honest, I'll make it right."

"You don't understand me," she said in the same awful voice. "People ought either to match like colors or to harmonize. It isn't that I don't love—that is, think a great deal of you. It's because our natures don't harmonize. You'd tire of me. You really like fishing better than you like me, don't you?"

She asked the question plaintively. He could not see her face. The canvas hid it. Suddenly he realized how deeply he hated the sight of a fish; and in the same instant his eyes were drawn irresistibly to the rod at her feet. Not only was the line taut, but the pole itself was moving slowly over the gunwale.

John opened his mouth to answer; but instead, he sprang across the boat to seize the rod. Something was running away with her diamond—the diamond that he had bought for the only girl in the world!

He grasped the rod desperately, and in doing so overturned Joan's canvas, which plumped into the bottom of the boat. One little glimpse he had of it, a flashlike glimpse, before his hand found the reel. The canvas was covered with a meaningless jumble of colors, such as a child might make. She had not been painting at all. That little canvas made John Clement feel like a wretched, unworthy brute.

He reeled in slowly, with the conviction that Joan's eyes were fastened on him in a frightened, unbelieving stare. The line tightened with a jerk that set the reel singing. The lithe pole bent double as he tried to stop the rush, and the line went out till he could see the metal on the spindle before the fish turned.

In the next two minutes he got just one chance to glance at Joan. She was sitting with head dropped and hands covering her face. He felt that she was crying.

The bass gave a great leap from the water, out in the sunlight, away from the shadow. John never hated anything as he hated that fish, and, at the same time, a fear came into his heart—a fear grounded on the size of it. Joan's father had spoken truly. With strong tackle, John knew that he could land any bass that swam, once firmly hooked, but not with this flimsy toy rod and slender line. The diamond was close to the hook. A break, a mere touch of the tight line against any sharp rock, might leave the bass with the jewel—Joan's jewel—and John with a piece of frayed, broken silk in his hand!

He could not explain, could not even try to talk, while that monster, that demon fish, was rushing, leaping, and struggling to break away. There was something horrible in the fight. There was life or death in it for John Clement as well as for the bass.

Once Joan started to speak.

"How can you play with that fish now? I was right, wasn't I?"

"Your ring!" John shouted. "He's got your ring!"

But of course she did not, could not, understand. He felt that she was gazing at him with frightened, tear-filled eyes.

The bass varied his tactics between leaps from the water and wild dashes for freedom. Then, to add to John's torment, Joan suddenly began to laugh—hysterically, he thought. Still worse, she began to give advice. That almost made John drop the rod and stop fighting.

"You'd better give him more line. Remember father—look out!"

He heard her working over something at the stern. She was pulling up the anchor. That eliminated the chance of fouling the line in the anchor-rope.

"Don't hurry!" she advised. "Take it easy. Oh, isn't he a beauty!" This as the

bass threw himself two feet above water. "I think he's tiring a little."

Evidently she cared as little for John as she thought he cared for her. It was terrible to think that a fish could actually interest her at such a time. John worked silently. He felt at once like a martyr and a fool; but the fish was weakening.

"Shall I get the landing-net?" she asked.

"No!" said John. "Yes, get it!"

"Hurrah!" she cried. "Almost got him that time!" The bass slipped away at sight of the net. "Bring him a little closer!"

John was dripping wet from his efforts. She seemed remarkably cool.

"I'll get the net under him this time," she laughed. "Now, just a trifle closer—there! Didn't I do that easily? I'll make a clever fisherman, won't I? Isn't he a whopper?"

John helped her to lift the fish from the water. The diamond hung on the line, close to the black, gasping mouth. It was half hidden by the meshes of the net. Joan did not appear to see it.

John sank limply down on the middle seat, and looked toward shore. The pines, far away, seemed to dance like the fringe of a green aurora. He had saved Joan's diamond, but, in doing it, he had discovered that she really did not care for him. Even now she was unconcernedly fussing over the net. There was a mist in John's eyes as he turned toward her. He cleared his voice to speak.

She was holding up her left hand before his face. On it sparkled the diamond.

"Isn't it pretty?" she said.

John brushed the mist from his eyes, and kept on looking. Still the ring was there; still Joan smiled her old, twinkling smile at him. A cloud seemed to cover his brain.

Then he heard her say the sweetest words that ever came from any lips in the world.

"John, dear"—she pointed to the jumble of color in the bottom of the boat—"see, there was a little hole in the canvas. I peeped and saw you do it!"

A MEMORY

WHAT shall be said
Now that the rose is dead?
This—that it left behind
A crimson memory of its fragrance shed
Forever down the wind!

Clinton Scollard

THE STAGE

IN February last, the press-sheet sent out from the offices of the late Henry B. Harris contained an item headed "Twelve New Theaters in New York Next Season." It went on to quote the opinion of "a well-known manager" that the theatrical year of 1912-1913 "will mark the greatest number of failures ever seen in New York,

because of the large number of theaters for which plays will have to be produced."

Not counting this fresh dozen, New York now has about one hundred and fifty houses requiring regular theatrical licenses—more than Paris and London combined. The new ones are building in face of the fact that during the last year the Bijou was closed al-



ENID LESLIE, WHO SUPPORTED CHARLES HAWTREY IN "DEAR OLD CHARLIE"

From a photograph by White, New York



EMMY WEHLEN IN THE NAME-PART OF "A WINSOME WIDOW"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

most continuously; so also was Weber's until given over to motion pictures; the Garrick remained inactive except for some two months; the Herald Square is now housing photo-plays; the Fulton was lighted only at spasmodic intervals; and the Garden was not delivered from its wonted gloom until spring, when the Kinemacolor people came to set up their screen there.

"Why, then, more theaters?" you naturally inquire. Competition, I answer, for one thing, and the gradual elimination of the star, for another. With the Syndicate and the Shuberts still arrayed in active opposition, you cannot expect them to play each other's houses. With fewer big names at the top of bills, new plays must have a metropolitan indorsement before taking to the road, where the real money is to be picked up.

Sothorn and Marlowe, Maude Adams, Robert Mantell, Viola Allen, Blanche Ring, and a few others need never play on Broadway to roll up big box-office receipts. To be sure, it was on Broadway that they made their reputations, but the time for that sort of thing has gone by. Nowadays, managers do not care to boost a new man or woman into popularity only to have him or her switch to the other side as soon as the sterling mark is plainly readable. Besides, a successful play that does not depend upon a star can be duplicated, and big money can be raked in from it while its vogue is still on the tongues of the people.

Take William A. Brady, for instance, perhaps the most prolific producer in the whole list of them. He plans to have forty companies out under his name during the coming theatrical year, and, outside of Robert Mantell and Mrs. Brady (Grace George), I do not call to mind a single star in the lot. For the new plays in his list, therefore, he must get a New York visé to give them value, just as he did last autumn with "Bought and Paid For," which three or four companies will offer next winter. And the quicker this Broadway approval is gained, the more speedily can the manager get back the money invested in the production.

Mr. Brady has one theater of his own in New York, the Playhouse, and in August he will have another, the



BLANCHE BATES, WHO HAS BEEN STARRING FOR TWO SEASONS IN "NOBODY'S WIDOW," AND WHO MAY APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY UNDER THE BELASCO MANAGEMENT

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

Forty-Eighth Street Theater, where a new comedy, "Just Like John," is to be shown. This was written by George Broadhurst and Mark Swan. If it fails in town, it will make room for "Little Miss Brown," a new humorous play by Philip Bartholomae, author of "Over Night." But, naturally, Mr. Brady is not counting on failure, and meanwhile he must secure another theater for the Bartholomae play, to say nothing of a Manhattan home for "Little Women."

In commenting on "Mary Jane's Pa," some four years since, I suggested that its author, Edith Ellis, should turn her attention to making a play of Louisa M. Alcott's famous book for girls, published in 1868, and still selling into the hundreds of thousands each year. It appeared, however, that

the Alcott family objected to the story being staged, inasmuch as it was all about their own family.

It was Jessie Bonstelle, the actress, who finally persuaded John Alcott—the author's nephew and the *Demi* of the book—to allow a dramatic version to be made, and a scenario was prepared by Colonel Warren, a newspaper editor of Rochester. This was approved by Mr. Alcott, but before the play itself could be written, Colonel Warren died. It is small wonder that Miss Bonstelle, who had been brought up on "Little Women," became discouraged for a while; but, after a year or two, she went at the task again, and this time picked Marian de Forest, dramatic editor of the *Buffalo Express*.



IRENE MOORE, WHO WAS WITH ROBERT EDISON IN HIS SPRING TRY-OUT OF
"THE INDISCRETIONS OF TRUTH"

From a photograph by White, New York

"I selected her," Miss Bonstelle explains naïvely, "because she had never written a play."

But Miss Bonstelle's troubles did not end when the play was finished. She found that the managers were not as confident of its success as she was herself. In vain she reminded them of the money made by "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in the past and by "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" in the present.

"They had no 'punch,' either," she insisted.

"Yes," retorted the managers who declined "Little Women," among whom were Charles Frohman and the Lieblers, "but each had a novelty in the shape of a child as the principal character."

"Well, then," pursued Miss Bonstelle, "look at 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back.' There was surely no 'punch' in that, and no child, either. And you can't say that wasn't a success."

"Ah!" was the managers' retort. "But that had another sort of novelty in the mysterious nature of the stranger, also the advantage of being played by a famous star like Forbes - Robertson."

So the play was kept on its rounds. Mr. Brady received it one night, read it at once, and was ready to sign the contract in the morning. The "try-out" took place in Buffalo early in the present year, and in February the play was put on in Chicago for a two weeks' run. Such was its success that the time was doubled; and rumor says that if Mr. Brady has no theater of his own in New York for the piece, the Shuberts are ready to give him unlimited time for it at one of the large Broadway houses.

There are four acts and two scenes, showing respectively the *March* sitting-room and



ALICE BRADY, WILLIAM A. BRADY'S DAUGHTER, WHO CREATED MEG IN
"LITTLE WOMEN"

From her latest photograph by White, New York.

the Plumfield apple-orchard in autumn tints. Mr. Brady's daughter Alice, who was the *Lady Saphir* in "Patience," plays *Meg*, and is perhaps the best-known member of the cast, which was, nevertheless, most carefully picked. It may be recalled in this connection that in neither "Paid in Full" nor "Seven Days" were there any Broadway favorites when the two plays scored such smashing hits on that thoroughfare.

As most of the Brady productions are American, so the Charles Frohman output is almost wholly foreign. Mr. Frohman's list for the new season is a lengthy one.

For his first and oldest star, John Drew, there is a possibility that he will use an adaptation from the French of Caillavet and De Flers. The comedy, which in the original was called "Papa," concerns a

Mr. Frohman's latest star, John Mason, who is to be *Senator Merital* in Bernstein's latest play, "The Attack." Of this piece, Bernstein himself says that he especially likes the first act. "The Attack," with



HATTIE WILLIAMS, TO BE STARRED IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE"

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1912, by Charles Frohman.

father who deliberately decides that the time has come for him to settle down, be sedate, and live for his son rather than for himself. But he ends by falling in love with this same son's sweetheart, and she with him.

France will also supply the vehicle for

Lucien Guitry in the Mason part, was produced at the Paris Gymnase, as "L'Assaut," on February 3—the first Bernstein première since his "Après Moi" was driven from the boards by a mob last year.

Rumor runs that Bernstein is writing a



CHRISTINE NIELSEN, WHO WAS LADY ELLA IN THE RECENT REVIVAL OF "PATIENCE"

From her latest photograph by White, New York



GLADYS HANSON, WHO IS KATHERINE STRICKLAND IN DAVID BELASCO'S NEWEST PRODUCTION,
"THE GOVERNOR'S LADY"

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago

new play for Ethel Barrymore—writing it in English, too. The heroine is an English-woman of title, wife of an ambassador to France, who figures in an imbroglia concerning certain stolen state documents. Let us hope that rumor is wrong in regard to this latter detail. Surely Bernstein should be above and beyond so time-worn a stage device as purloined papers.

From England Mr. Frohman will bring Pinero's latest and more or less sensational play with the exceedingly Pineroesque title, "The Mind-the-Paint Girl." It was produced in London by Mr. Frohman, in mid February, at his Duke of York's Theater, where it has drawn throngs ever since. Marie Löhr created the heroine, *Lily Paradel*, a type of the girl who makes a hit in musical comedy and then marries a lord. A sample quotation from one of *Miss Paradel's* speeches will make it easy to understand why certain elements of the theatrical world, and also of titled society, resented Pinero's unsparing realism:

All the schooling I've ever had was at a cheap, frowsy day-school in Kennington with a tribe of other common, skinny-legged brats. Everything I've learned since, I've learned by sheer cuteness, from novels, the papers, the theaters, and by keeping my ears open like a cunning little parrot. Ha, ha! That's what I am—a cunning little parrot!

Billie Burke will play this part in America, and I should say that it promises to suit her very well. With respect to another of Mr. Frohman's importations from London for next season, the critic of a New York evening newspaper boldly registered this prediction in February last:

Now watch it come true, in spite of the many denials which are sure to be made at the present time. When Charles Frohman produces "*Bella Donna*" early next season, the title-rôle of the Hichens play will be acted by Mrs. Leslie Carter.

If it isn't Mrs. Carter, I wonder if it might not be Elizabeth Fagan, wife of James Fagan, the Irish playwright, who made the stage adaptation of "*Bella Donna*." The piece lasted Sir George Alexander through his last London season, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the name-part—that of a typical London society woman, who, to quote a descriptive line sent out from the Frohman press bureau, "provided she has a good time in this world, doesn't care what becomes

of her in the next." Alexander's part was that of a doctor who tells *Mrs. Armine*:

It is possible to have preserved the health of the body and yet to have lost the health of the soul.

For the rest, "Plain Brown," a comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, has been secured for the Garrick, and Barrie has promised Mr. Frohman a new play, but Maude Adams is to continue in "*Chantecler*" for another season, her third in a part so ill suited to her. This last is one of the hits that is regrettable, not because of anything objectionable in the play itself, but on account of the bad influence of the monetary success of such pronounced miscasting.

The one American product in the Charles Frohman list is the new play by Augustus Thomas, "*The Model*," at first called "*The Point of View*," and tried out in Chicago for a three weeks' run last spring as "*When It Comes Home*." This is set down as the opening attraction at the Lyceum in New York. Just around the corner, at his Criterion, Mr. Frohman will offer, in August, Hattie Williams in "*The Girl from Montmartre*," a musical version of "*The Girl from Maxim's*," in which she made her first hit at this very same theater. I believe Charles Frohman is also to import "*The Sunshine Girl*," the new Gaiety piece, but I take with a good-sized grain of salt the announcement, made last April, that he will organize a high-class stock company with William Gillette at its head.

Speaking of English musical comedies, Henry W. Savage has the American rights to "*The Mousmé*," the Japanese piece which followed the three-year run of "*The Arcadians*" at the London Shaftesbury. Mr. Savage has been making a world tour, and picked up some properties for "*The Mousmé*" *en route*. At this writing he is still abroad, seeking what he may devour in the shape of promising material for our stage. I am wondering whether he will get the flying-machine farce, "*Parquet Seat No. 10*," which the cables report as having registered a big hit in Berlin on its presentation there early in May. On this side, Avery Hopwood and Gustave Luders have provided him with "*Somewhere Else*," a musical comedy in which Taylor Holmes will be featured.

About the biggest thing in musical comedy promised for the new theatrical year will be the exploitation of Montgomery and

Stone, Elsie Janis, and Harry Bulger in the same bill. Mr. Dillingham assured me with his own lips that this combination was not beyond the bounds of possibility. Why not? With the Weber & Fields reunion, giving us Fay Templeton, Lillian Russell, and Willie Collier on the side, all for two dollars, the public will come to expect good value for its money.

In speaking of "The Jailbird," the new play by H. S. Sheldon, author of "The Havoc," which Henry Miller may bring out, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* observes that the "play is a story of American life, in spite of the fact that its scenes are laid in New York City." We will admit that Gotham is the most cosmopolitan town in the world, but to have ourselves labeled foreign in this frank fashion is a new experience. The play may be described as somewhat of a novelty in the dramatic literature of crime, inasmuch as its hero does not ride on the top of prosperity's wave in the end, but returns to his stripes.

Speaking of the Sheldons, I understand that the other playwright of the name, Edward, author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger," is now engaged in writing next season's vehicle for Mrs. Fiske.

A PLAY IN THREE GENERATIONS

Musical pieces bulk large in the announcements of Klaw & Erlanger. This might be expected, following on the royal dividends they are receiving from "The Pink Lady," which, as I predicted in the April issue, has made an enormous hit with London playgoers. From McClellan and Caryll, the two men responsible for this rare combination of clever libretto and catchy tunes, they have secured two new pieces. Frank McIntyre is to be featured in one of them, at present called, "Oh, oh, Delphine!" This was originally a French farce by MM. Berr and Guillemaud, who wrote "The Million" and "Le Satyre," the play on which "The Pink Lady" was founded. The other is "The Little Café," another farce which has been running at the Palais Royal—where "The Million" was launched—for many months.

"The Little Café" revolves about a legacy left to a waiter at a small restaurant. Somebody gets wind of this before the waiter himself learns of the fact, and, going to the proprietor of the café, arranges with him to offer the unsuspecting heir a life position, with a tremendous fine in case he should

ever leave. The waiter readily agrees, but when the fortune comes to him he determines to circumvent the plotters by sticking to his job, and thus retaining every penny of it. The fun arises out of the subterfuges to which he must resort in order to play the wealthy gentleman and the knight of the napkin at one and the same time.

Franz Lehar's operetta, "The Count of Luxembourg," with its famous staircase waltz, is booked to open the season at the New Amsterdam Theater.

"Milestones," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, is the important dramatic offering of K. & E. So confident are these astute managers that it will repeat the hit it has scored in London that they are arranging in advance for two companies of English players—one for New York, the other for Chicago. You see, it's only once in a while that a real novelty in straight plays comes along, and certainly it is something new to show your hero and heroine as young lovers in the first act and as septuagenarians in the third. It may be remembered that John Drew was called on to do something of the sort in "Rosemary" many years ago, appearing as a very old man in the brief epilogue to a play in which he had figured as the vigorous hero for most of the evening.

It is in association with Klaw & Erlanger that A. H. Woods is to do another of the Lehar operettas, "Eva," the heroine being, I believe, a factory girl. I wonder whether we are to hear another "Carmen," and to whom the title-role will fall. Woods seems to have gone in strong for Eves, as he has secured "A Modern Eve" for the new Julian Eltinge Theater. He also seems to be keen for alliteration, for among the plays he has secured I find "Limousine Love," "Tantalizing Tommy," and "The Widow Wise."

"The Lady in Red," an adaptation from the German, set to what I hear is singularly attractive music, is no relation to the widow of the same hue whom we saw last season, and who is to carry Raymond Hitchcock to the Pacific coast during the coming one. For Julian Eltinge, Winchell Smith has written a new comedy, and Mr. Woods will have James Montgomery adapt for America "The Woman-Haters' Club," a Viennese operetta.

David Belasco has made the most definite announcements of any of the managers, even to setting a limit to the runs of the two new productions that he will bring into New

York in the autumn. At the Belasco, after a brief revival of "The Concert," he will present, on October 1, Frances Starr in "The Case of Becky," a play of dual personality written by E. J. Locke, author of "The Climax." Several other American cities have made favorable comment on this piece since its initial presentation in Washington, early last winter. Its run at the Belasco is limited to twelve weeks, for on Christmas night a new play by Mr. Belasco himself is to be offered, concerning which the customary Belasco mystery has been carefully preserved.

At his other theater, the Republic, the term will start in September with "The Governor's Lady," by Alice Bradley, presented by "William Elliott and David Belasco," the first offering of the new firm formed by Mr. Belasco's young son-in-law and himself. Mr. Elliott, it will be recalled, created the part of the unfortunate boy whom Warfield strikes in "The Grand Army Man." Despite his youth, he has had wide experience in stage affairs, having acted with Mansfield, and having also gone into musical comedy—he was the original *Lucien* in "The Pink Lady"—for the sake of the experience to be obtained in that line.

He was Mr. Belasco's chief reader of plays until the bureau was abolished last spring, and "The Governor's Lady" is, I believe, a discovery of his in that department. It was tried in Philadelphia for ten nights last May, when the program read "A play in three acts and an epilogue in Childs's," the famous whitened restaurants supplying Belasco with a new outlet for his realistic touch. The cast is a long one for to-day—twenty-five people, headed by such clever performers as Emmett Corrigan and Emma Dunn. But no matter what the success of the piece at the Republic, out it must go at New Year's to make room for yet another new Belasco mystery. Can this be "The Love Game," by Winchell Smith?

"QUEED" TO BE STAGED

If Belasco is secretive about half the productions he expects to put out on Broadway during 1912-1913, Cohan & Harris are very explicit in mentioning names for eight of their nine new shows. For himself Mr. Cohan is preparing "Broadway Jones," a comedy about a young man who comes to town from the country and ends up by returning to the land. In straight plays there is to be "The Other Man," by Eugene W.

Presbrey, featuring George Nash, the "enterprising burglar" of "Officer 666." There will also be Winchell Smith's dramatization of "Queed," the title-rôle to be acted by Brandon Tynan, who made such a brilliant success as the young Irish firebrand, *Robert Emmett*, in his own play of that name, ten years ago. Of late, Mr. Tynan has been acting with Nazimova.

As to "Queed," this popular novel by Henry Sydnor Harrison proved singularly exasperating to me when I tried to read it on hearing of its dramatization. I took an intense dislike to *Queed* himself, with the wearisome measurements out of his time. I had not reached the two hundredth page when I accidentally left the book behind me at a railroad-station, and I did not lament the loss. Mr. Tynan himself is enthusiastic over the part; and if anybody can breathe the breath of life into such a novelist's puppet, he and Winchell Smith between them are the men to do it. "Septimus," you recall, failed as a play. We'll hope for better things of "Queed."

According to latest reports, it is Winchell Smith, and not Mr. Cohan, who is writing the new vehicle for Douglas Fairbanks. I am wondering whether it can be an elaboration of the very clever sketch by John Stokes which Mr. Fairbanks did in vaudeville for a couple of weeks in the late winter. It was called "A Regular Business Man," and fitted young Fairbanks as neatly as his suits do. I suggested at the time that it was easily susceptible of expansion.

"The Kleptomaniacs," a name that suggests good opportunities for fun, is a farce by Carlyle Moore; and another—"Room 44," by Frances Nordstrom—is to star Henry E. Dixey. In the musical line, Cohan & Harris are to give us "Seven Little Widows," in the making of which Rida Johnson Young and Victor Herbert are concerned, also "The Polish Wedding," from the German, which has been on their list for some time past. With such an array of new works, these managers will have plenty of use for the five theaters now under their direct control, as they have recently added to their string the Astor in New York and the Grand Opera House in Chicago.

Speaking of the Astor, Wagenhals & Kemper give up their management of this house after seven years of tenancy; during which, three all-season successes were presented there. Two of these were their own productions—"Paid in Full" and "Seven Days."

The other was William Hodge in "The Man from Home." It is said that, although they are abandoning the Astor, the partners will not retire from management on the money that they have made, but will bring out a new comedy by Avery Hopwood, a farce by Mary Roberts Rinehart—the two writers concerned in the making of "Seven Days"—and a satirical comedy by Porter Emerson Browne.

My prediction is that the rumor of retirement is correct, nevertheless. I heard it as long ago as last November, and the relinquishment of the Astor would seem to confirm it. So I should not be surprised to see the three plays mentioned presented under other auspices.

Winthrop Ames has already outgrown the Little Theater, and will have another house, almost opposite, to be ready some time in October. Oddly enough, it is being built on ground originally purchased for the New Theater, of which enterprise, it will be recalled, Mr. Ames was the director during its two years of life. He has gone to Austria for his opening piece at the Little, though of course this is not to be a waltz opera, but a comedy by Arthur Schnitzler, called "Anatol." It promises to be something of a novelty, as it will call for at least five leading women, with each of whom successively *Anatol* falls in love.

Another Ames importation will be "The Great Adventure," a dramatization by Arnold Bennett of his novel "Buried Alive," and three one-act plays by Maeterlinck. For matinee use he will have Grimm's "Snow White," with especial reference to children. America will be represented in his repertoire by a new drama from the pen of Edward Sheldon.

LIEBLER AND HARRIS NOVELTIES

It may be recalled that last year I devoted much space in my annual forecast to the plans of the Lieblers, which were announced early. Up to the present writing there is very little in the way of trumpet-blowing from this firm. They are reported to have renewed their lease of the Century Theater, originally the New, where China, instead of Africa, is to be the background for the firm's big spectacular offering, if present plans hold.

In other words, while "The Garden of Allah" is being presented in Chicago's Auditorium, New York is to see "The Daughter of Heaven," by Pierre Loti and

Judith Gautier. The leading character is the Empress of China, and the story relates to the conflict between two Mongolian dynasties. Rather remote subject-matter, I should say, with which to hope to interest an American audience in the midst of a lively Presidential campaign. However, I must not forget that "The Darling of the Gods," which had not a European or American character, was one of Belasco's biggest successes.

What a London critic calls "that unpleasantly bizarre piece, 'The New Sin,'" is another acquisition of the Lieblers from the other side. It is the first output of a young English actor, B. Macdonald Hastings, and, like "Bunty," it earned promotion from a try-out matinee to a run in the evening bill. Mr. Hastings acts in the piece himself, and I believe Mr. Tyler is to import the cast now presenting the play at the London Criterion.

The loss of Henry B. Harris with the Titanic removes from the field one of the most active producers of American plays. Indeed, one of Mr. Harris's last messages to his office, just before he sailed on that fatal voyage, contained this summing up of the situation:

The biggest European successes are those which are inspired by the sociological and political conditions of Europe. Such being the case, these plays offer very little of interest to the American audience.

The enterprises of Mr. Harris will be carried on by his widow and his father, William Harris, for many years a prominent figure in the theatrical world.

"We probably shall not make as many productions as Henry would have made had he lived," said Mr. Harris, "but we shall produce enough plays to keep our theaters—the Hudson, the Fulton, and the Harris—engaged, and contracts with the various stars will be continued, including Rose Stahl and Helen Ware."

Miss Ware's new vehicle will be "Trial Marriage," for the try-out of which in Cincinnati, last April, H. B. Harris was hurrying home when death overtook him in such tragic guise. The play is by Elmer Harris, and is reported to be absolutely inoffensive. For Clifton Crawford's use as a star, Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, authors of "The Red Widow," are preparing the libretto of a musical comedy. The Harris output will also include a new comedy by

James Forbes, and possibly one by Edgar Selwyn.

The latter, by the way, has associated himself with William Harris, Jr.—brother of H. B.—in a new producing firm, the first offering of which will be Mr. Selwyn's play called "Partners," to be followed by one from the pen of the English novelist, Arnold Bennett. Can this latter be the newspaper comedy, "What the Public Wants," which I saw in London some three summers ago? Another British newspaper play of the same vintage, "The Earth," has been twice tried on this side and failed. It would be interesting to note what fate awaits Bennett's lighter treatment of the same theme.

THE SHUBERTS MAY SPRING SURPRISES

With the Shuberts, the play and not the star is most distinctly the thing. For this reason their announcements are not made very far ahead. A new play of value may turn up overnight, whereas an actor or actress worthy of electric-sign exploitation must necessarily be placed under contract months in advance.

Nevertheless, I can tell you of some Shubert importations already arranged for. In association with William A. Brady, for the Manhattan Opera House, they have secured two Drury Lane productions—a corking melodrama, "The Whip," and a pantomime, "Hop o' My Thumb." Two years ago I saw "The Whip" in London, and recorded my impression of it as being the best thing of the sort that had been done in a long while. There has never been a Drury Lane melodrama that was so successful in point of attendance. With the same attention to cast and scenery, I can see no reason why "The Whip" should not have in America the same big vogue that similar English importations, like "The Sporting Duchess" and "The Fatal Card," enjoyed here twelve or fifteen years ago.

The Shuberts are also bringing over a London hit of the past spring in the shape of "Rutherford and Son," a play about an English manufacturer who rules his children with a rod of iron. The author is a young woman, Miss K. G. Sowerby, who is said to have written the piece for her own amusement, and to have had no thought of offering it for production until an actress friend chanced to see the manuscript. It was tried out at a Court Theater *matinée*, and proved so popular that it was put into the evening bill at the Vaudeville.

The Shuberts have also secured a comic opera by Walter Damrosch, called "The Dove of Peace." The book was prepared by Wallace Irwin, and the scene is laid during the time of the Spanish-American War. The first two acts are said to smack of light opera, taking place respectively on the piazza of a summer hotel on the Atlantic coast and on the island of Guam; but the third is surely a novelty in musical setting, as it calls for the United States Senate Chamber.

Sam Bernard will appear in an imported vehicle, known in Austria as "Du Lieber Augustin," but done in London under the name "Princess Caprice." The score is by Leo Fall, composer of "The Dollar Princess." From Germany, also *via* London, the Shuberts are bringing "The Five Frankforters," a play that sets forth the beginnings of the world-famous bankers, the Rothschilds.

John Cort expects to bring out a new drama of emotional strength called "Ransomed," written by Cleveland Rodgers, a young Southerner, and Theodore Burt Sayre, play-reader for Charles Frohman. He will also present a new opera, "The Gipsy," by Pixley and Luders, authors of that perennial hit, "The Prince of Pilsen."

Margaret Anglin promises to enact the part of a gipsy in a play by Edward Sheldon, to be called "Egypt." Lewis Waller will return to Daly's in September in new productions, besides a revival of Shakespeare's "Henry V." William Faversham plans to give us "Julius Caesar," with Fuller Mellish in the name-part, himself as *Antony*, Tyrone Power for *Brutus*, and Frank Keenan as *Cassius*.

I am writing this early in June, just before leaving for London to look over the new plays there. Announcements for the forthcoming season are being made almost every day, so of course the present forecast makes no claim to being complete.

Nor can I guarantee the arrival of the attractions that I have mentioned. The uncertainties of the theatrical game are proverbial. Even the payment of advance royalties and the selection of a cast does not mean that any given play is sure to see the footlights. I know of one case where the preparations had gone as far as this, when everything fell through because the manager handed the manuscript to his wife to read, and she did not like it.

Matthew White, Jr.

LIGHT VERSE

THE REASON

YES, Mabel's eyes are crossed. None can deny

She hath a squint in one or t'other eye;
Which one it is I really never knew,
But that the squint is there is sadly true.

It was not always thus. Once was a day
When both those eyes of hers looked straight
away,

As much in tune as any bells that chime,
As much in line as any tropes that rime.

I know this for a fact, for it was then
I used to sing their wonders with my pen;
And many a penny's fallen to my purse
From Mabel's optics rendered into verse.

'Tis only since the summer came that she
Hath got those azure eyes so out of gee,
Their straightness in a crooked mix-up lost,
And past all hope of reparation crossed.

The reason? I don't know. I have a guess.
That seems to me a good one, more or less—
She's tried to keep an eye, I sadly fear,
On all the *fancés* she's had this year!

Carlyle Smith

AS TO FAIRIES

DO I believe in fairies? *No, I don't!*
And, what is more, from this time on
I won't!

And this my reason is—one summer day
I met a little fairy on my way
Down by the sparkling splendors of the sea;
And I confess she looked right good to me.

The glint of gold lay in her silken hair,
And oh, her face was more than passing fair!
Her smile was such that saints the most secure
Could never have withstood its witching lure;
And in her eyes—well, there was that therein
That set a trap for me, and I fell in!

Head over heels I fell—oh, what a splash!—
For all my fancied strength and slap and
dash,

I took a tumble then and there, at last,
That for sheer fall was never yet surpassed.
Her look was so demure, so childlike—well,
Well, I, old man Experience, just fell!

I bought her cakes and candies, flowers and
fudge;
For weeks I served as her unfailing drudge;

I took her with her mother ride on ride
In costly motors o'er the countryside;
Her faithful cavalier, I followed round
Just like a dumb, adoring, wall-eyed hound!

And then, to save her from some sudden
wreck,

One afternoon *I cashed her mother's check!*
Who could resist that soft, appealing smile,
So full of confidence, so free of guile?
And ten days later back it came to me
Stamped' by some heartless bank cashier,
"N. G."

ENVOY

Believe me—I'm not talking through my hat—
I can't believe in fairies after that!

A. Sufferan Mann

PEGASUS—HIS SINECURE

I MET old Pegasus one day,
While circling through the air;
He seemed as frisky and as gay
As when the gods were there.
His sides were sleek, his eye was keen,
His mane was freshly groomed;
His stride and sweep were just as clean
As when Parnassus bloomed.

I hailed him with a deal of joy,
For Pegasus and I—
Long years ago, when I, a boy,
Aspired to soar the sky—
Were on good terms, and now and then
He'd tiptoe in at night
And take me from the realms of men
On some romantic flight.

"Dear Pegasus!" I gaily cried,
"My good old friend of yore,
In all your glory and your pride
You glad my eyes once more!
I feared you dead, or, even worse,
Dear Pegasus, alack,
To judge by sundry modern verse—
Hitched to some shabby hack!

"I feared perhaps, like steeds below,
Once sturdy, strong, and fleet,
You'd come upon those days of wo
That showed you obsolete;
No longer driven by the hand
Of singers temerous,
Whose labors of to-day demand
An Auto-Pegasus!"

"Not so!" he whinnied with a smile.
 "I'm happy, as you see.
 I've got a new job of a style
 That suits me to a T.
 I'm stationed on these airy lanes—
 A fairly easy berth—
 To tow the stranded aeroplanes
 That get stuck back to earth!"

John Kendrick Bangs

THE RED RUNABOUT

I LIVE in lonely bachelor state,
 And revel in a dream
 Involving me together with
 A little red machine—
 A runabout, all bright and red;
 It's low and squat, and won't stop dead;
 The spokes are painted green.

The pug-nosed hood is trimmed with brass;
 The car is made of steel;
 Upholstered seats, that lean far back,
 Confront the steering-wheel.
 Whene'er I see that car dash by,
 My working day is one long sigh;
 I cannot eat a meal.

I cannot shut this vision out,
 The one of which I dream.
 Just look at me, and you will note
 My avaricious gleam.
 Perhaps you think I long to twirl
 The steering-wheel? *I want the girl*
 Who drives the red machine!

T. Stempfel, Jr.

STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY

THE LOBSTER

THE living Lobster's always caught
 In what is called a Lobster Pot;
 Once in, he can't again get out,
 Which proves that he's a Dunce, no doubt.

The way is there, but he can't win it,
 Though certainly he came right in it!
 Yet Men, when once entrapped by Cupid,
 Are surely not a whit less Stupid!

The Lobster, live, hates interference,
 And lessons gives of Perseverance,
 His Claws, when once he gets a Grip,
 Are hardly ever known to Slip.

In fact, some writers say the Ocean
 Is most Uneasy in his motion,
 And moans and roars and grumbles so,
 'Cause Lobsters nip his Undertow.

I cannot say how that may be,
 But this I know, if one nipped Me
 I'd roar—the truth must be confessed!—
 And Howl and Screech like one possessed.

When Cook in boiling water throws
 The lobster dark, he straightway grows
 A brilliant red, a crimson rose;
 Then where Good Lobsters go, he goes.

From this we learn, when we get hot,
 To keep our Usual Color; not
 Grow fiery red or do self-slaughter
 The moment we get in Hot Water.

Even when dead, the Lobster seems
 To plague us, waking or in dreams;
 When to enjoy him we have tried,
 He nips and gnaws our poor Inside!

And so the Lobster's hard-shell part
 Is no more horny than his heart;
 For men he has Antipathy,
 And I, for one, shall let him be.

George Jay Smith

THE GREATER LOVE

HUNDREDS of volumes of verses to love
 On library tables and shelves;
 But the poets perverse haven't written a verse
 To the love that we have for *ourselves*!

Believe me, that love is the mightiest made;
 The other kind's not in its class;
 Who will not admit that he makes the best hit
 With the fellow he meets in the glass?

We think that we think others may be as good
 And as wise and as witty as we,
 But we don't really do it, there's just nothing
 to it;

Go look in a mirror and see!

Now, there is the man—or the woman, or
 child—

Who's got all the rest of them beat!
 Yes, licked to a frazzle! Let's go out and
 dazzle

The ornery folk on the street!

Charles H. Mackintosh

PANIER

THE cynosure of every eye
 She passed along the street;
 The men all ogled her and smiled,
 The women cried: "How sweet!"
 'Twas not her grace or beauty made
 A ripple in the town;
 Nor was she famous, but, behold—
 She wore a panier gown!

A donkey to a wagon hitched
 Laid back his ears and brayed;
 He saw the lady gliding by
 In fashion's promenade.

"A pair of paniers, as I live!
 Hehaw! They're nothing new;
 'Way back in Ireland," he declared,
 "I used to wear them, too!"

Minna Irving

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

THE DECLINE IN BONDS

COMMODITY prices in the United States on May 1 last, according to Bradstreet's index number, touched 9.0362, the highest point in twenty years, or since the credit agency first began keeping a record of average wholesale prices. To illustrate the great change which has taken place in the cost of living during the last dozen years, it is interesting to note that the index number for 1900 was 7.8839. It was as low as 5.9124 in 1896, and has since been slowly mounting.

These index numbers are determined by taking one hundred and six different commodities, made up of thirteen different groups—such as breadstuffs, provisions, and groceries; raw and manufactured textiles; metals, fuel, chemicals, and the like—computing to what extent the various articles enter into every-day consumption, and then averaging their current prices, thus arriving at a fair approximation of the cost of living.

Although the index number eased off a trifle in June from the high record of May, the decline was not extensive. Slight fluctuations occur frequently without altering the general trend. It may be said, at the present time, that practically everything which people eat and drink and wear runs very close to the highest prices on record, with the exception of the Civil War period.

If this condition were peculiar to the United States alone, one would naturally look for a possible explanation in some domestic influences, such as the workings of the tariff, or the operations of the industrial trusts; but it is not exclusively a domestic phenomenon. Substantially the same conditions prevail everywhere. Foreign index numbers—each country has statisticians, who compile such records—show that the whole world is finding it more expensive than formerly to live.

Coincident with the enhancement of com-

modity prices, and spreading over about the same period, is another phenomenon of universal application. It is found in the fact that the highest-grade securities—such as government, municipal, and other bonds of a strict investment character—have depreciated. It is an interesting fact that at almost the same time when commodities reached their highest point, British consols sold at $75\frac{7}{8}$, the lowest since 1831, German imperial three-per-cents, at 79, touched the lowest price in their history, and French three-per-cent *rentes* changed hands at 91.65, the lowest Paris Bourse quotation for the national funds of France in twenty years. These low records were established as recently as June.

To show the heavy depreciation in the great European state funds during the last fifteen years, it may be recalled that in August, 1897, British consols, then bearing interest at the rate of two and three-quarters per cent—they pay two and one-half per cent now—sold at 113. At the same time French *rentes* sold at 105.25.

Edmond Théry, editor of *L'Economiste Européen*, of Paris, has taken the more prominent state funds of Europe and reduced them to a common denominator, in order to arrive at a basis for exact comparison between prices prevailing on August 10, 1897, and on April 12, 1912. To illustrate his method with consols, Théry computes that if they had been a three-per-cent issue in 1897, they would have sold at 123.28, to give the same income yield as a two-and-three-quarters-per-cent security selling at 113. Similarly, in April last, as a three-per-cent bond, consols would have sold at 93.90, to establish their equality with a two-and-one-half-per-cent issue selling at 78.20, their price on April 20.

Equalizing the funds of various important states in a like manner, M. Théry has worked out comparative tables showing that in fifteen years the choicest securities have declined as follows:

NOTE—All matter in this department was written before the end of June.

British consols, 29.38 points.
 French *rentes*, 13.60.
 Belgian three-per-cents, 17.10.
 Danish three-per-cents, 19.95.
 Dutch three-per-cents, 17.30.
 Norwegian three-per-cents, 19.40.
 Prussian consolidated three-per-cents, 16.95.
 Russian three-per-cents, 16.70.
 Swedish three-per-cents, 19.50.
 Swiss three-per-cents, 21.

What is typical of the European national securities—general and extensive depreciation—is also true of municipal issues and of gilt-edged bonds of leading railroad and industrial corporations.

Turning to this country, we find virtually the same condition, though the highest prices for American bonds were recorded at a somewhat later period than in Europe; synchronizing with the interval between 1898 and 1901. Thus in August, 1897—the first date of M. Théry's comparisons—United States four-per-cents of 1925 were selling at 125¾. Owing to the false interest basis of two per cent established by the Refunding Act of 1900, this issue was advanced to the extravagant price of 139⅞ in December, 1901. It was depressed to 117 in the panic of 1907, and moved up to 123½ in the recovery which followed. It is now selling at about 114, or 25⅞ points under the highest, and three points below the low record of the panic.

There is another and perhaps a more effective method of showing the change that has taken place in the price of strict investment issues in America—through the comparative records of non-speculative securities, such as municipal bonds, which are the issues for savings-banks and other investing institutions, and for trust estates. Such issues are supported by the taxing power of various communities, and rank second only to government securities. They are usually offered at free public sales, and form our most accurate index of the worth of investment capital.

As shown by the comparative tables of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the various municipalities of the United States, in 1901, borrowed \$140,185,499. Of this amount \$88,664,517, or 63.25 per cent of the total, was effected at three and one-half per cent, or less. In 1911, out of aggregate municipal bond sales of \$395,069,205, only \$6,689,900, or 1.69 per cent, was secured at rates as low as three and

one-half per cent. Only \$7,000 was obtained at three per cent, against \$19,971,249 borrowed at that rate in 1901. The full tables are as follows:

RATES OF MUNICIPAL BORROWING.

	1901.	Amount borrowed.	Percentage of total.
3 per cent.....	\$19,971,249		14.25
3½ per cent.....	68,693,268		49.00
4 per cent.....	27,576,476		19.67
4½ per cent.....	5,214,978		3.72
5 per cent.....	9,301,985		6.63
Higher than 5.....	2,758,797		1.97
Unknown and Unusual	6,668,746		4.76
	<hr/> \$140,185,499		<hr/> 100.00
1911.			
3 per cent.....	\$ 7,000		0.02
3½ per cent.....	6,682,900		1.67
4 per cent.....	126,914,229		32.12
4½ per cent.....	89,030,884		22.54
5 per cent.....	65,092,185		16.48
Higher than 5.....	29,303,108		7.42
Unknown and Unusual	78,038,899		19.75
	<hr/> \$395,069,205		<hr/> 100.00

It is estimated by experts, who have given this subject deep study, that the standard rate for municipal borrowing has advanced three-quarters of one per cent per annum, during the last dozen years. The increase is even higher in some cases, as with New York, for instance, which recently sold bonds on an interest basis of 4.21 per cent, or more than one per cent higher than the rate at which it borrowed in 1900.

It is easy to show what this change in the worth of investment capital means to every citizen of a municipality. Let us refer again to the recent issue of New York bonds, which was to the amount of \$65,000,000. The loan endures for fifty years. Assuming that the borrowing rate of the Empire City now averages one per cent higher than formerly, what does it mean to the taxpayers? Precisely fifty per cent more in interest, distributed over the life of the bond. In the case in point, it means \$32,500,000 more in interest charges for the taxpayers of the present and subsequent generations to provide, than for a fifty-year loan of equal amount negotiated a few years ago.

PRICES AND THE GOLD SUPPLY

NATURALLY, with commodities ruling high everywhere, gilt-edge bonds depreciating, and interest-rates from long-term investments advancing,

economists who study such problems have been seeking the cause. It must be a common impulse or influence, something which affects all countries and practically all commodities and securities alike, or the phenomena in question could not be of such universal application.

What could be better calculated to furnish an explanation than the theory that the standard of value, the yardstick which determines the prices of commodities and the worth or cost of capital—as measured by interest-rates—has undergone a change? Such, indeed, is the view most generally accepted by economists, though it must be admitted that here and there is a dissenting voice.

Let us look at the figures of gold production for the period in which the advance in commodity prices and the depreciation of bonds may be said to have begun—say from 1896 to 1900.

The official figures of the United States Mint have just come to hand. They show that during the period from 1890 to 1899 inclusive, the world's total output of gold was \$1,959,977,820. In the eleven years from 1900 to 1910, inclusive, the production reached the enormous total of \$4,037,621,000. Here you find a basis for the theory that the recent change in prices and values is traceable to the depreciation of gold, owing to its increased production, which is chiefly due to two causes—the opening of new mines, and the cheapening of the productive cost of the metal through the discovery of the cyanid process for treating the ores.

Gold, of itself, on a desert island, is valueless. It is conceivable, under such circumstances, that the owner of a ton of gold might willingly exchange it for a barrel of pork or flour. If it reaches civilization in bullion form, however, it can be carried to the Bank of England and sold at seventy-seven shillings and ninepence per ounce. This is in accordance with an English statutory provision, and it virtually establishes the standard of value for gold, the world over.

Turned into sovereigns, eagles, napoleons, or other circulating media, the metal at its coinage value—which is a shade above the bullion price per ounce, or seventy-seven shillings and tenpence halfpenny for sovereigns—is exchangeable for other things of equal worth. It is only when gold gets into banking channels and bank re-

serves, furnishing the basis for circulation and credit—the latter a marvelous modern instrument of commerce—that the yellow metal becomes a great and potent force in the world's exchanges.

Gold increases in direct quantity as mined, while credit expands in something like a geometrical proportion. This is because the metal is used to establish banking reserves.

If a financial institution is required by law to maintain a reserve of twenty-five per cent, it will readily be seen that one hundred million dollars in gold provides for an expansion of four hundred millions of loans and deposits, or paper credits. In active banking practise, the expansion or inflation of credit is even greater than four for one. In fact, it is doubtful if banks the world over, on an average, maintain a much larger gold reserve than twelve and one-half per cent, which would afford a credit expansion of eight to one, thus making possible a conversion of one hundred millions of bank-reserve gold into about eight hundred millions of credit.

It would appear that this process of expanding credits has been in active operation during the last twenty years, but more particularly since the golden flood swept in upon the financial and commercial world a dozen years ago. The mint report already mentioned shows that the stock of reserve gold in sight—that is, in banking institutions in Europe, the United States, Canada, Australasia, and the South African colonies—on December 31, 1889, was \$1,440,478,423. By December 31, 1910, it had increased to \$4,218,274,422, a gross gain of \$2,777,795,999. On the earlier date—December 31, 1889—the loans and discounts of the world's financial institutions were \$7,782,512,534. By December 31, 1910, these were inflated to the enormous total of \$20,593,333,483.

Roughly, against about four billion dollars of reserve gold, there was outstanding on the latter date more than twenty billions of loans and discounts, and, in addition, more than five billions of circulating notes of banks; for, besides the golden metallic flood, there has also been an enormous inflation of uncovered or only partly covered paper. The above figures show an expansion of credit and notes against gold of about six for one.

Not long since there appeared in the financial papers a symposium, in which

thirty-two professors of political economy in leading colleges expressed opinions on the increased gold production and its effects. Their views, summarized, were:

First, that the increased gold supply is the principal cause of the high cost of living.

Second, that the increased demand for a higher return from investments is responsible for the decline in gilt-edged bonds to a point where this higher return may be secured.

Third, that the production of gold will continue to increase, the cost of living will continue to rise, and the price of high-grade investments will continue to decline.

A PERIOD OF GOLD INFLATION

INVESTMENT capital is worth more to-day, the world over, than in recent years. Of that there can be no doubt, for governments, municipalities, and corporations are paying more for their long-term money. High-grade bonds have declined, and perhaps they are destined to depreciate still further; but that depends upon the future worth of capital.

If money for new undertakings commands increasingly higher rates, the old-established securities must yield still more. It is the only way in which they can adjust themselves to the altered conditions. The life of the old bonds cannot be abridged, nor can the interest-rate they bear be altered; so their prices must give way until the interest yield from the old obligations equalizes with the worth of investment capital borrowed for long terms through bonds of similar character and security.

As thirty-two college professors in symposium assembled have said that the production of gold will continue to increase, the cost of living will continue to rise, and the price of bonds will continue to decline, it seems venturesome to express a doubt whether such actually will be the outcome, to a degree much greater than at present, or for a much more considerable length of time. Even experts, however, may be at fault, for in every equation which deals with the future there are certain unknown factors.

For instance, on this very question of investments, a group of bankers, fully as expert as the political economists on the subject of bonds, interest, income yields, and the like, in another symposium held a

few years ago, went wofully wrong in their conclusions. The occasion was as follows:

In 1899, American bonds were at about their highest, and income yields at about their lowest. Bankers, trustees of estates, and officials of fiduciary institutions were concerned about the future. In February of that year, James W. Alexander, then president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, addressed a letter to many prominent bankers of the country, asking for an expression of their opinion on the subject. The letter read, in part, as follows:

We should be greatly obliged to you if you would be good enough to let us know what rate of interest you consider it safe for a life-insurance company to count upon realizing on its total assets, invested in such securities and mortgages as an institution of the kind should hold, during the next twenty years.

More than one hundred replies were received from presidents of banks and trust companies and other financial and fiduciary institutions, and these letters were reproduced in two pamphlets. In the light of subsequent developments, they make curious reading.

One of the pamphlets, which is before me, contains forty-four different opinions—a more extensive symposium than that recently held. Only two financiers of the forty-four predicted that the yield from high-grade investments for a period of twenty years—that is, from 1899 to 1919—would rule as high as four per cent. The estimates ranged as low as two and one-half per cent and as high as four per cent, the average being 3.19 per cent. Seven years of the interval covered by the forecast remain, but instead of an interest return such as the bankers predicted, the income yield is now ranging close to four and three-quarters per cent on the class of securities in question.

Some reader may remark that the heavy increased production of gold could not be foretold in 1899, and that the bankers' estimates as to interest yields were falsified long before the twenty-year period had run half its length, in consequence of the unprecedented gold production. That, precisely, is the point. The great gold discoveries in South Africa, Alaska, and elsewhere, were the unknown factors in the equation with the bankers, and it is not improbable that an unknown factor, or several unknown factors, will develop with

the more recent predictions of the political economists. At any rate, the episode is interesting. It shows the futility of prophesying upon such a thing as the future of bond prices and income yields.

It is well for persons who may be worrying over the outlook, to recall the old proverb which says that "trees do not grow to the sky." The same thing is true of bonds; it is safe to predict that they will not decline indefinitely.

What the unknown factors may be that will check the depreciation of securities, and halt the advancing tendency of commodity prices, cannot, of course, be foretold. At some point, however, the high costs of labor and material will in themselves apply an automatic corrective. The production of gold on the present scale may become unprofitable at deeper levels, or mines may exhaust themselves.

Again, if commodity prices continue to advance, it will in time become impossible for many persons to purchase their customary supplies. This is another self-corrective, leading first to overproduction and then to an adjustment through the law of supply and demand.

There is another influence working steadily all the time, and that is credit expansion. Under a well-known economic law, credit expands more rapidly than the basis of credit. This has already been illustrated in a reference to the manner in which gold held as banking reserves makes possible a credit inflation of six or eight times its own volume.

A great accession to the customary store of precious metals, or a great inflation of paper money, operates in the same way, stimulating industry, developing new enterprises, making governments, cities, corporations, and individuals wasteful and extravagant, raising the cost of labor and materials, and the like. The constructive work that inflation makes possible, if well founded, will endure; but at some point the rapid conversion of floating capital into a fixed and permanent form of investment reaches its limit. The volume of securities created becomes greater than the power of the community to absorb them.

Something of the kind is now happening abroad, where syndicates, rather than investors, have been forced to take as much as ninety per cent of new loans. In the past this has ever been the sign that credit is becoming strained.

It makes little difference, in principle, whether the metallic reserve is one billion or one hundred billions. If you build the inverted pyramid of credit large enough, the supporting base becomes too small to sustain it; and the tendency of inflation is always toward too large a superstructure, creating a condition of unstable equilibrium. Then something usually comes along to disturb the fabric. Perhaps it is a financial crisis, or a series of devastating wars, such as followed a previous great output of gold—that from California and Australia in the late forties and fifties of the past century.

Speaking relatively, that great accession of wealth was followed by much the same personal extravagance, much the same high prices, much the same industrial development as we see to-day. Then, as now, great quantities of the yellow metal passed into the hoards of India and the Far East; but first the panic of 1857, and then three great wars—the Crimean, the Civil, and the Franco-Prussian—destroyed a great portion of the new wealth. Through these untoward developments there came a gradual readjustment.

It is to be hoped that a restoration of the equilibrium will not move along similar lines in our day. I refer to the subject only in connection with the possibility that unknown factors may at any time enter into the equation.

Because commodity prices are high, and it costs you more to live, there is no good reason why you should buy a poor bond. Rather is the necessity the greater, at a time when banking experts are uncertain as to the tendencies of the investment market, that you should exercise the greatest caution in purchasing securities. One cannot emphasize this point too strongly, for the argument that an investor is entitled to more for his money now than formerly, because it costs him more to live, serves as a cloak that disguises some very poor securities bearing high rates of interest.

When a prospective investor hears this siren song of a larger income, he should pause to consider that one per cent *per annum* in interest return may mean all the difference between safety and loss of principal. Applied to an investment of twenty thousand dollars, it means two hundred dollars more a year. An individual confronted with the problem must ask himself if it is worth while risking his whole twenty

thousand dollars in order to expend an extra two hundred. He must not forget that if he loses his money, it may not be a question

of meeting an increased cost of living, but a case of being supported by charity in his old age.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

HUNDRED-DOLLAR BONDS

Your reference in the June number to bonds of hundred-dollar denomination listed upon the New York Stock Exchange has interested me very much. Will you kindly give a list of a few such bonds?

A. L. K., Louisville, Ky.

Bonds of a denomination of one hundred dollars are affectionately known as "baby bonds"; but because he is a little fellow, the infant is not a weakling. He is as sturdy, or as frail, as is his big brother or sister in the large and interesting family of bonds—no more so, and no less.

Small bonds are secured by the selfsame mortgages and the identical property that secures the big bonds of the same general description, so that a first-mortgage or general-mortgage or any other variety of bond is the same in tenor and security whether the denomination be one hundred dollars, one thousand dollars, or any other amount. In consequence, a man with only one hundred dollars, if he buys the right sort, may own just as good a bond as Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Carnegie with all their millions; and there is no more reason why a man of moderate means should purchase a bad bond than a bad beefsteak.

The list—perhaps one might term it the nursery—of "baby bonds" is increasing in numbers and variety all the while. This is destined to continue, as corporation managers come to realize the ever-growing demand for securities of the very best character, and the huge amount of capital—the neglected capital of countless millions—available for investment in such issues, if only they can be brought within the reach of the man with a small pocketbook. Since the article to which this correspondent refers was written, the city of Philadelphia, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, and the Virginia Railway Company, in bringing out new loans, have made provision for some hundred-dollar bonds. In all probability it will not be long before every company in the land adopts this practise with its new flotations.

At this time about thirty different issues of hundred-dollar bonds are dealt in upon the New York Stock Exchange, though some of them are not readily available for purchase. For a complete list, our Louisville correspondent, and others who may be interested, should write to the firms making a specialty of such securities.

In order to give some idea of the character,

range, approximate price, and income yield of the "baby bonds," the following selection is submitted:

United States government Panama Canal three-per-cents of 1961, price 101 $\frac{3}{4}$, net yield about 2.90 per cent.

Imperial Chinese government five-per-cents of 1951, price 95, net yield about 5.25 per cent.

New York City four-and-one-half-per-cents of 1957, price 107 $\frac{1}{2}$, net yield about 4.125 per cent.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul convertible four-and-one-half-per-cents of 1932, price 102, net yield about 4.30 per cent.

Colorado and Southern refunding four-and-one-half-per-cents of 1935, price 98, net yield about 4.55 per cent.

Southern Pacific, San Francisco Terminal first four-per-cents of 1950, price 92, net yield about 4.40 per cent.

Virginia Railway Company first five-per-cents of 1962, price 99, net yield about 5 per cent.

American Telephone and Telegraph collateral trust four-per-cents of 1929, price 92, net yield about 4.65 per cent.

P. Lorillard Company five-per-cents of 1951, price 96, net yield about 5.25 per cent.

Central Leather Company first five-per-cents of 1925, price 96, net yield about 5.35 per cent.

International Steam Pump first five-per-cents of 1929, price 93, net yield about 5.50 per cent.

From the above it will be seen that a person with only a small sum of money—perhaps five hundred dollars—may diversify his investment and secure safety as easily as a capitalist with fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. Firms who deal in "baby bonds" are prepared to give information about them, and to explain all the essential details of their purchase and sale.

MORE TELEPOST MYSTERIES

As a shareholder of the Telepost, I would like to ask your opinion on the enclosed circular, which has just reached me. Will you please tell me what you think of the plan proposed, to sell the New York-Chicago line to capitalists, or form a new company to build it?

P. E. B., Biddeford, Me.

I, too, am a holder of a voting-trust certificate in the Telepost, but the circular—termed a "referendum"—to which this correspondent refers, and which concerns the future of the enterprise, was not sent to me or to the representative in whose name my certificate stands on the company's books.

Perhaps that is because I own only one share, series C, carrying but one convertible. The company may have regarded that as too small an interest to consider. Still, I paid \$4.50 for my certificate, par value \$10, and it shows me a heavy loss, for I recently found Telepost quoted on a broker's circular as follows:

Series A, with three convertibles, \$2; B, with two convertibles, \$1.50; C, with one convertible, \$1.

However, even if overlooked by the company, I am interested in all Telepost developments, and there seem to have been a number of late, all more or less associated with the alleged New York-Chicago line. The Telepost has been a long while getting this section into operation. It started work, in its literature, five years ago, speaking of the line as "the first to be constructed." It gave me the impression that the contract had been awarded, for the earliest circulars said:

The thousand-mile section between New York and Chicago will be put in operation as fast as the contract work can be completed.

Although the stretch between New York and Chicago is shown in recent Telepost literature by a series of dots, indicating a line projected, some little work appears to have been done. Not long since an announcement was made of a default in the interest payment of the bankrupt Interstate Independent Telephone and Telegraph Company, a concern operating in Illinois. Later it transpired that this company had some time ago purchased something from the Telepost. Looking back through the records, a Telepost shareholder unearthed a report of the Interstate Company, published in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* for June 10, 1911, and containing information unknown to him, as follows:

The Interstate Company has purchased the property of the Telepost Company, which forms the connecting link between its (the Interstate's) property and the western edge of the city (Chicago), where connection is made with the Illinois Tunnel Company line.

It seems quite clear from the above that the Telepost had actually acquired something, or had done some work on a New York-Chicago line, for it could not have sold property to the insolvent Interstate concern, more than a year ago, unless it had something to sell.

More recently still, the Telepost seems to have got into trouble in Chicago. On May 4 last, an application was made to Judge Carpenter, in that city, to declare the Telepost Company of Illinois bankrupt. This is one of the subordinate Teleposts, of which there are about a dozen in the country. The receivership application, made by employees who alleged that they could not collect their wages, was denied, but another application was made on May 9. This was granted, and the Central Trust Company of Chicago was appointed receiver.

The Telepost of Illinois did not owe much—less than one thousand dollars, according to newspaper advices. The press is also authority for the statement that the company succeeded in borrowing two thousand dollars, with which it paid its urgent debts; and on this the court vacated the bankruptcy proceedings and discharged the receiver. The company reopened the Chicago office on May 13, with one employee, who continued in active operation until May 21, when the office, according to Chicago advices, closed again. That was the last report, and at this writing it is impossible to say whether the Chicago office is open or closed.

These developments confuse me, and I do not know how to advise our correspondent on the "referendum" which the Telepost submits. Even if I were a large shareholder, and had been invited to vote, instead of only a small one who has been overlooked in the "referendum," I could not decide the fateful question.

Both plans seem to be at variance with the project as originally outlined. One, in brief, proposes to deal with "capitalists," and sell something; the other, to enter into a contract with a three-million-dollar concern, not yet formed, but, when formed, to have authority to issue bonds to the amount of three million dollars. "Capitalists," or a new company, according to the proposition, are to build the section, entering into a contract with the Telepost to provide a service; and later on, if the Telepost pays the debts, it is to get the lines.

As originally outlined, the Telepost was to have nothing to do with "capitalists," and it was to sell nothing. It was to be an independent telegraph-line built and owned by the "plain people." A board of voting trustees was appointed, whose unanimous consent was to be necessary for the sale of any property.

Aside from that, there were to be no "Wall Street methods" with the enterprise, and "no sale of bonds to take first profits." Serial stock with "convertibles"—whatever these things may be—were to provide a sufficient inducement to tempt capital from first investors. No shares were to be issued without value; yet here comes a "referendum" asking shareholders to issue three million dollars in Telepost paper, in exchange for a like amount of paper in a paper company, which company, in turn, will seek authority to issue three millions in bonds.

Officials of the Telepost make it apparent that they favor the plan of forming a new bond-selling concern; but whether bonds will sell any better than Telepost stock is selling now, is highly problematical. In order to make a salable bond, there must be security behind it; and all investors outside of a madhouse will want to know what the security is. Unless the Telepost has acquired something

very recently, I do not know what basis there can be for a bond issue, even through a new company, which takes over Telepost assets. Only about a year ago, the Telepost officials took oath that the company had no property and paid taxes nowhere, and that none of its sub-companies had earnings as large as five thousand dollars a year.

What the Telepost owns, what it has sold, what it has to sell, and what, if anything, it earns, is therefore a mystery. There is even greater mystery in what has become of all the money—nearly three million dollars—received by the Sterling Debenture Corporation for Telepost stock.

No person could vote intelligently on such plans as the Telepost proposes without first seeing a balance-sheet of the concern, learning how the large sums received have been expended, who forms the new company, and the like. It would also be interesting to know if the Telepost's "fiscal agent," the Sterling Debenture Corporation, will handle the bonds and become "fiscal agent" for the new bond-selling company, if formed; and also what commission it exacts on the bonds. Sterling commissions on stock come high, as we know from the experience of the Telegraphphone Company and the Oxford Linen Mills; but how much of each Telepost shareholder's dollar it retains, before turning the balance into the company, has never been made clear.

FROM A SUCCESS BONDHOLDER

I was unfortunate enough to invest \$300 in the bonds of the *Success Magazine*, and not long ago, I was informed that I had made a total loss. Recently, however, I received a letter which offers to give me, in exchange for my bonds, on a payment of \$30, or ten per cent of my original investment, three shares, par value \$10, or \$30 in "cumulative six-per-cent full paid participating preferred stock," and thirty shares, or \$300, in common stock of the Thwing Company, which is carrying on the magazine. Will you kindly let me know if I should accept this offer?

A. T. C., New York.

Our correspondent was correctly informed as to his investment in the bonds of the *Success Magazine*. The property has been sold in foreclosure, and the company is as dead as Julius Caesar, with fully as many stab-holes in its corpse. It is doubtful if this bondholder will recover as much as a two-cent postage-stamp from his total investment. Virtually there were no assets. What remained of the company was sold at public auction for between \$9,000 and \$10,000, and even this is in dispute, while the liabilities reached the huge sum of \$665,000.

We would rather not advise this inquirer on the proposition that has been made to him. Repeatedly, during the last two years, we have explained that we cannot recommend shares of publishing enterprises for investment, unless the concerns make regular reports and are fortified with tangible assets. We have ex-

plained that the business is one of unusual hazard, and that as publishing companies are mostly good-will concerns, very few of them offer any basis of security to an investor. Their assets, in liquidation, vanish into air.

What it costs to build up a good-will business, and what good-will is worth in bankruptcy, is illustrated by the failure of the *Success Magazine* with liabilities of \$665,000 and gross assets of between \$9,000 and \$10,000. It will require a magnifying glass to discover the net assets.

Our correspondent must determine for himself his course of action on the proposition he submits to us. Having had one experience with a publishing proposition, it should be easier for him to decide about another one.

BAY STATE GAS AND MR. LAWSON

I venture to ask for information on the following points:

Has Bay State Gas ever paid a dividend?

Is it in a fair way to pay one next year?

Do the directors or management of that company ever issue a financial statement?

Are stockholders entitled to a company's statement?

I would not bother you with these questions, but I have made four inquiries for the information from Mr. Lawson, and have only received in reply, letters like the enclosed.

Mrs. H. L. F., Lebanon, Penn.

The note enclosed by this correspondent is written on paper bearing the heading "Thomas W. Lawson, Boston," and carries the signature of "E. A. McSweeney, secretary to Thomas W. Lawson." It reads as follows:

Mr. Lawson is out of the city. Your recent letter will be brought to his attention at the earliest opportunity.

As several months have elapsed since this was written, and as it is one of four letters of like tenor, none of which have been followed by the desired information, our correspondent fears that Mr. Lawson may never find a convenient opportunity to enlighten the unfortunate people who trusted him and his advice on "investments." I am disposed to share our correspondent's opinion in this, for the "properties" Mr. Lawson recommended—to quote a picturesque phrase of his own—"look like a last summer's straw hat in the whirlpool of Niagara."

To answer the above questions, I may say that the Bay State Gas Company of Delaware has never paid a dividend, and that there is no likelihood of its paying one during the next year, or, so far as any one can determine, during the present or the coming century.

To issue a financial statement, a company must have finances. There is no evidence that the Bay State Gas Company of Delaware has such. The laws of certain States require reports of corporations; other States, and among them Delaware, in which this Bay State Gas Company was incorporated, do not require statements from their corporations. A stockholder cannot force a corporation to make re-

ports, unless the laws of the State require it to do so.

The shareholders of a Delaware company, upon a written request, may demand of the principal officers a signed and sworn statement of the amount of stock outstanding, the amount paid in, and the manner thereof. They may also personally examine the books of the company, but few have the expert knowledge, or can take the time and trouble, to do so with a concern like the Bay State Gas Company of Delaware.

The stock of the concern is now quoted " $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, $\frac{5}{8}$ asked"; but I do not know whether these are fractions of cents or fractions of dollars. If the latter, the price would appear to be exorbitantly high, for the value of the shares is approximately that of the paper upon which they are printed.

SAFETY IN BOND PURCHASES

What essentials go to make up the validity of a municipal or State bond, and how may one judge the soundness and worth of a municipal bond? What is an underlying railroad bond?

To whom should a person write, in order to obtain a list or partial list of the bond holdings of the New York and Massachusetts savings-banks?

Miss M. C. E., Denver, Colo.

To be valid, a municipal or State bond must be issued in conformity with the laws governing State and municipal borrowing and indebtedness. Such provisions are embodied in State constitutions, in city charters, or in general statutes and ordinances, and a compliance with every detail is absolutely essential to insure the regularity of the bonds.

No brief summary can do this subject justice, for the requirements differ widely in various States, and the laws are in some instances confusing. Our correspondent will have to study the subject in authoritative books and codes, to gain a knowledge of the necessary provisions, for practically each important bond sale presents some special problem.

Few individuals have the time or the experience to judge of the validity and worth of public securities. In buying bonds of any but important municipalities, investors should consult with experts, many of whom have made a life study of the subject. Investment firms specializing in municipal bonds are familiar with the legal requirements, and they employ special counsel to investigate the validity of the issues they buy. A legal opinion is always available for one purchasing such bonds from a reputable investment firm.

A first-mortgage bond of a railway company which has other or junior issues may be, and sometimes is, known as an "underlying" bond. A stricter interpretation, probably, would limit the term to the first or general mortgage on a property which has become part of some other corporation or system. Naturally, this latter would have securities of

its own outstanding, but they would be subordinate to the first lien on the acquired property. As the name implies, an underlying bond is the "deepest down" bond on a property.

Possibly the New York State superintendent of banking or the bank commissioner of Massachusetts could assist this inquirer in obtaining a partial list of bonds available for the savings-banks of their respective States.

FROM ONE WHO LOST HIS MONEY

Thanks for the excellent articles on financial matters in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. If I had seen them earlier, I should have saved \$2,800, for I have been bitten twice by flaming advertisements, on large sheets of paper, etc. I am not likely to forget my experiences, and I gladly send my subscription for the year.

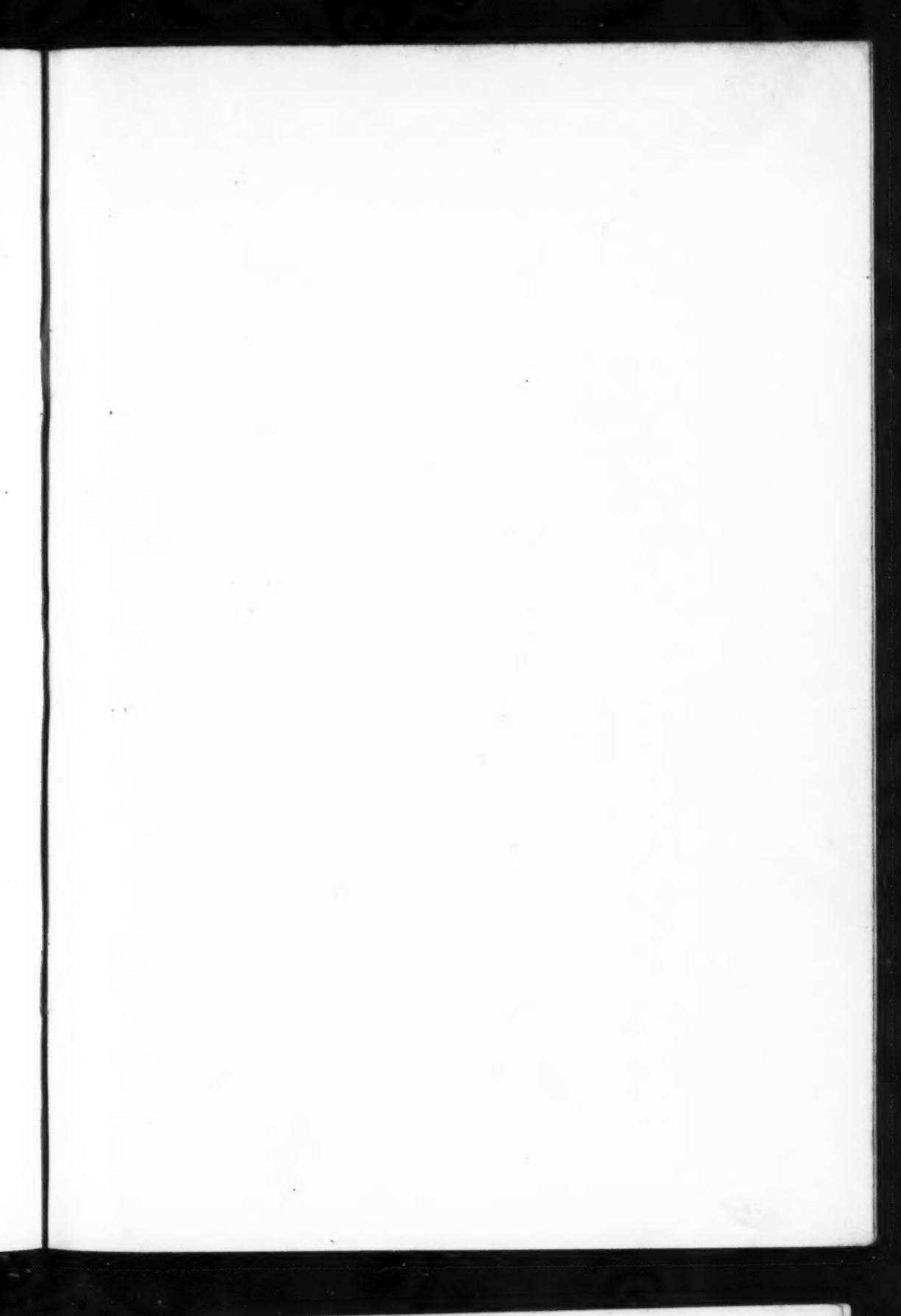
T. W., Atlantic City, N. J.

This department is not much given to self-laudation and "horn-blowing," but we admit that it is a pleasure to receive commendation like the above from a subscriber who, having lost a considerable sum in dubious promotions, is in a position to know what we are doing for others similarly tempted. We have received many such letters, some from readers who regret that we did not embark earlier on our educational campaign, and others from people who, like this correspondent, were unaware of the publication of certain warning articles until they had lost their money.

Still others have come from appreciative readers who thank us for the money we have saved them. One case of which we are quite proud is that of a widow, who was about to put the comparatively large sum of twenty thousand dollars into a company exploiting a patented device. A relative, if he could influence the investment of that amount, was to receive a position as secretary of the company, at an annual salary of five thousand dollars—which, if paid at all, would probably have come out of the widow's money, as long as any of it remained.

Learning of the contemplated transaction, a friend of the widow inquired in person as to the responsibility of the individuals chiefly interested in the scheme. As it happened, we were able to identify the stock-selling force as a band whose promotions have proved disastrous to their dupes. None of them, as yet, has been arrested, but their shady record was sufficient to put this woman on her guard, and her money has now been placed beyond the reach of the get-rich-quick gentry.

We are sorry that we could not save our Atlantic City correspondent his twenty-eight hundred dollars, for it is a considerable sum to lose. It happens that warning notices had appeared in this magazine against both the companies in which he made his unfortunate investments. We know, from letters in our possession, that others did take heed, and thus saved their money.





JOHN MORGAN TURNED UPON HIS WIFE IN A FINE BLAZE OF ANGER AND REVOLT

[See story, "A Man's Treasure," page 952]